The Saturday Evening
POST
December 8, 1956 — 15¢

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LAST CRUISE OF THE AIRSHIP HINDENBURG:

Terror in the Twilight

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...And there on the table,
awaiting his call
Was a huge bowl of Jell-O,
a fine treat for all!

Merry Christmas to all from Jell-O

COPR. 1955, GENERAL FOODS CORP.

JELL-O
BRAND
GELATIN DESSERT
TEN DELICIOUS FLAVORS

JELL-O IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK
OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

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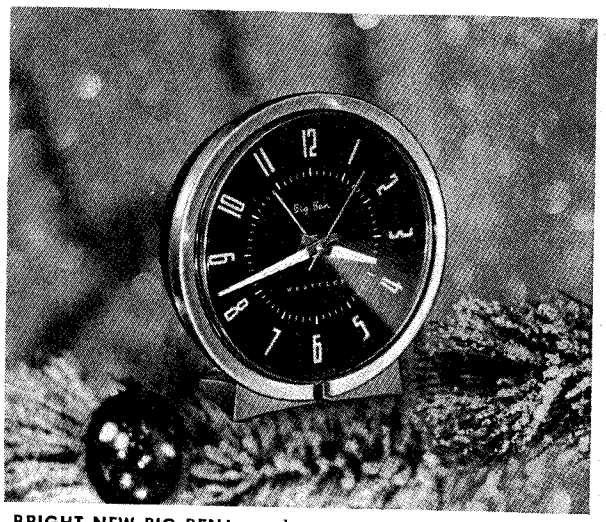
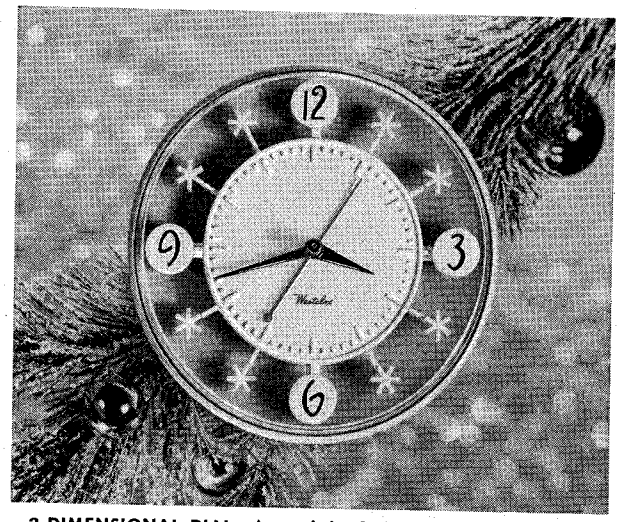
Right on time with all these brand new Westclox!

Fresh and beautiful gifts of time for everyone on your list, these long-remembered Westclox say "Merry Christmas" in the nicest way... not just once, but hour after hour, day after day.

NONBREAKABLE HIGH-IMPACT CYCOLAC* CASE. Dad would love this—the first electric clock with a case that can't crack, chip or peel! It's ELLSWORTH electric alarm, handsome in gray with red and brass dial, or black with pearl-white and brass dial...and only **$8.95.** **Reg. Trade Mark Borg-Warner Corporation*

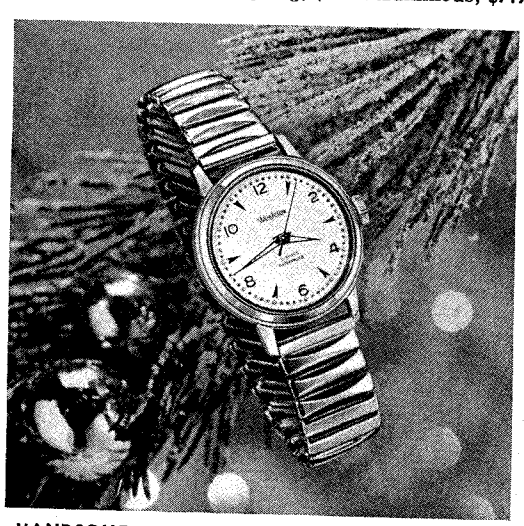


BRIGHT NEW BIG BEN! . . . pleasant surprise for those who have depended on this name all their lives. New Big Ben is a handsome fellow with cone shaped crystal... new finishes, too! Either electric or spring, **$6.95.** Luminous, **$7.95.**

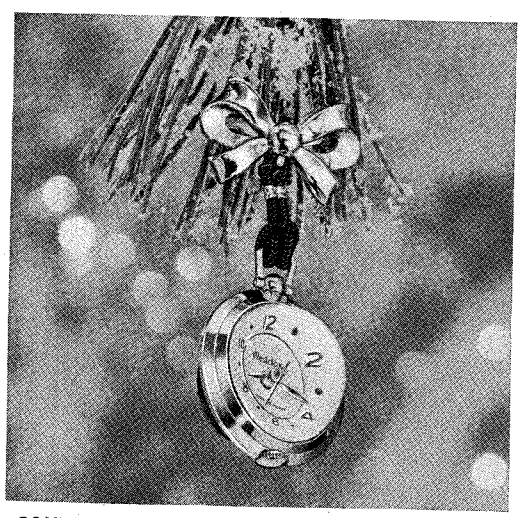


3-DIMENSIONAL DIAL. An original design for delightful giving! The SNOWFLAKE electric wall clock dial stands out against a colorful case in mint green, red, pink or charcoal. Shatter-proof crystal protects entire dial. **$5.95.**

TINIEST TRAVELER. She can carry it in her purse! New TRAVETTE folding leather travel clock is only 3″ square, 1″ deep. Has luminous dial, shatter-proof crystal. Insistent bell alarm. Genuine leather case in tan or red. **$8.75.**



HANDSOME AND THEN SOME! New 7-jewel watch has every modern feature. Waterproof and dustproof†, *unbreakable* mainspring, shock resistant, anti-magnetic. With expansion band and luminous dial, the SABRE 725 is a terrific value at **$18.95.**



CONVERSATION PIECE. Young and gay accessory, the Westclox lapel watch is a miniature crystal ball with gold-color circlet, star-sprinkled sapphire blue back. Globular crystal magnifies the dial; has tiny leveled "back rest" for standing. **$14.95.**

Electric or Spring

WESTCLOX

By the makers of **BIG BEN**

...dependable as the day is long

PRODUCTS OF GT GENERAL TIME CORPORATION

Remember, a luminous dial can be seen in the dark.

†*Stays waterproof and dustproof provided original seal is replaced if opened for service.*

WESTCLOX, LaSalle-Peru, Illinois • *In Canada:* Western Clock Company, Limited, Peterborough, Ontario. *Prices are quoted for U.S.A. only; they do not include tax and are subject to change.*

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LIBERTY MUTUAL

The Company that stands by you

When terror struck— Liberty came to his rescue!

IT was a terrifying experience for this Liberty Mutual policyholder to find himself involved in a bad automobile accident. The fact that he was not badly hurt didn't lessen his fright and anguish. He was almost in a state of shock.

"I'll never forget," he said later, "how that Liberty claimsman stopped my jitters and boosted my confidence in Liberty Mutual, the moment I phoned him right after the accident. He knew his stuff — and he certainly took the trouble off my shoulders."

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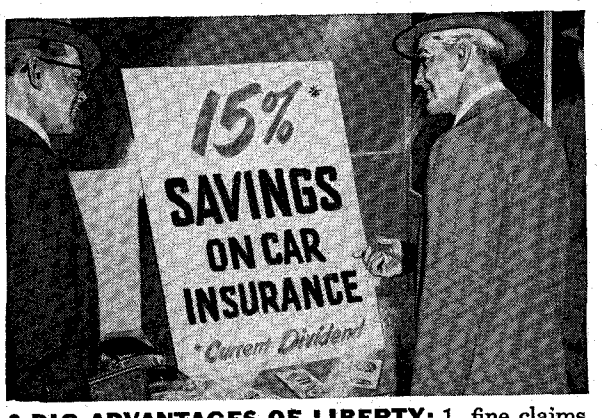

3 BIG ADVANTAGES OF LIBERTY: 1. fine claims service, 2. financial strength, 3. dividend savings (more than $29,000,000 returned to policyholders in '55). Does *your* present insurance offer all these advantages? It's easy to switch to Liberty when your present car insurance runs out. Simply telephone us.

*Except on Massachusetts Compulsory Coverage and Assigned Risks.

LIBERTY MUTUAL

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LIBERTY MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY • LIBERTY MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

INSURANCE FOR: AUTOMOBILES, LIABILITY, FIRE, WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION, GROUP ACCIDENT AND HEALTH, MARINE, CRIME

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

From the assembly lines roll the chic cars of 1957, and from America's homes roll the customers, some with money, some with dreams. If Mr. Sellers' clients do not stimulate his enthusiasm, and they don't, let him reflect that today's boys are the buyers of tomorrow and their dads the buyers of today, and let him stop acting as if he had swallowed a ramrod. A gem of good advice, indeed. One of those boys is evidently thinking about the beauty of the car, or maybe about the beauty of the girl he could take out in it, or probably both. The lad down under will come up with technical questions that may sink Mr. S.; and the driver—better cut her down to 35 mph, son. The car is an Amos Sewell Superwhiz. To manufacture automobiles, Sewell merely has to do a paint job.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILA. 5, PA.

Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

HOW are we to find a target half a world away through an overcast at night?

ARE WE to use jets, rockets or atomic power?

WHAT KIND of weapons will the enemy have to employ against this craft?

DO WE have sufficient counter-measures?

HOW HOT will the craft get at supersonic speeds?

HOW MUCH will the strength of the materials from which it is designed be affected?

WHAT ABOUT vibration and flutter at these speeds?

WHAT PROBLEMS of stability are encountered in passing through the sonic barrier?

As with the all new B-58, America's first supersonic bomber, and the first aircraft to be built under the "weapons-system" concept, these and seemingly endless other questions must be answered by CONVAIR-FORT WORTH'S engineers and scientists as the designs of ever newer aircraft progress.

IF YOU HAVE a formal education or professional experience in any of the fields of engineering and science needed to explore these new frontiers, a warm welcome and an unequalled opportunity to put your ability to its best use awaits you at CONVAIR-FORT WORTH.

You'll join a team of outstanding engineers, and enjoy the finest, most advanced facilities to speed your work, however intricate, specialized, or new-in-concept it may be.

You'll find, too, that you and your family will enjoy better living conditions and a wealth of recreational facilities. In metropolitan Fort Worth and its suburbs, you may choose from modern, new homes in all price ranges. The cost of living is below the national average, and Texas has no state sales or income taxes.

These are just some of the reasons why more engineers and scientists are finding their future . . . NOW . . . at CONVAIR-FORT WORTH!

TODAY, investigate this opportunity to exercise your ability to your best advantage. Aircraft experience is NOT necessary. Address a resumé of your qualifications to:

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C-V FORT WORTH, TEXAS A DIVISION OF GENERAL DYNAMICS CORPORATION GD

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Not sticky, messy—no strong smell! New Minit-Rub® relieves deep-down discomfort without burning skin

Now out of 3 years' scientific research comes a truly *modern* rub—distinctly different from the sticky, messy, bad-smelling rubs you've used before. A rub that relieves chest "tightness" and deep-down muscular misery of a cold—yet won't burn your child's skin.

Cool—Stainless! New Minit-Rub is pleasant to use—can't soil clothing. And it acts faster than greasy rubs! As you smooth it on, Minit-Rub *vanishes*. Just as fast, its 3 pain-relieving ingredients—*all prescribed by doctors*—start working to restore comfort.

Minit-Rub's penetrating, vaporizing action quickly stimulates circulation . . . reduces congestion so every breath feels easier. Relaxes sore, tight tissues too . . . and checks pain impulses even from nerves far down in the muscles.

Next time, bring relief from cold discomforts—other muscular pains—this fast, modern, greaseless way. Ask for new Minit-Rub at any drug counter.

MINIT-RUB IS ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

Letters

Drew Pearson

Dear Sirs:

As a long-time reader of The Saturday Evening Post I am greatly impressed by your success in always obtaining the top representative of the profession under review.

Just in recent months you have covered Crooners (Bing Crosby), Feminine Sex Appeal (Marilyn Monroe), Gyp Artists (The Terrible Williamsons), and now you've done it again in the article on S.O.B.'s [CONFESSIONS OF "AN S.O.B.", by Drew Pearson, Nov. 3–Nov. 24].

L. A. FARMER
Ponca City, Okla.

Dear Sirs:

Drew Pearson and his confessions, pure and unadulterated personalized hogwash.

This scandalmonger, sissy, son-of-brotherhood is a reptile in the alfalfa. He has headed my S.O.B. list for years.

I can think of no greater pleasure than that of introducing my bootmaker to his pantsmaker.

COL. GEORGE G. DUNN, JR.
USAF, Ret.
New Hope, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

The CONFESSIONS OF AN S.O.B. . . . reminds me of a story that I heard recently: "It seems that the senior senator from the state of New York had an occasion to call on President Coolidge. The discussion that took place was about a character who was running for the office of junior senator from the state of New York. The senior senator told the President that he thought the candidate was an S.O.B. Coolidge is supposed to have made a dry remark something like this: 'There are a good many S.O.B.'s and they are entitled to representation.'" I suppose the same thing applies to the S.O.B. referred to in these confessions.

JOHN A. JOHNSON
Frankfort, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

I have asked my wife to throw the next several issues of the SEP into the garbage pail.

DOUGLAS W. LEITCH
Queens Village, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

If Harry Truman in his frank way called him an S.O.B., Harry was right for once in his life.

RALPH B. KRAMER
Chippewa Falls, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

I am surprised that a publication of the SatEvePost caliber would dignify that mountebank S.O.B. Drew Pearson by printing his hallucinations.

He rings true to form in the recent Eisenhower-Minneapolis "Exclusive."

C. R. ARENSCHIELD
Bechtelsville, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Four weeks of *Drew Pearson?* AAAGGHH!

W. H. JOHNSON
Laurel, Md.

Dear Sirs:

I dislike the appearance of profanity in the Post. It is not in the tradition of the Curtis plan for the magazine—a tradition based solidly on reverence and wisdom.

WILLIS THOMPSON
Warwick, Va.

Dear Sirs:

Re:—The S.O.B.:

No matter who's in
He's agin.

WILLIS REDMAN
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Drew Pearson's first article is interesting. His job, I feel, must be quite perilous, if exciting, with a great number of chances to make many enemies. No doubt his salary is very good so as to compensate for all of the risks.

I don't know of any other reporter from Washington I enjoy reading as much. However, he has made some boners.

FREDERICK J. MILLER
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations on doing the Drew Pearson story. It certainly is an interesting one.

I don't know if Mr. Pearson will make mention of it, but deep down in his files, he will find a Certificate of Merit from the National Association of Gagwriters and the National Laugh Foundation which notified him that he had been chosen for the S.O.B. Award (The Sense of Buffoonery Award), for, with all the serious matters with which he concerns himself, he also has had time to project a good sense of humor.

GEORGE Q. LEWIS
Director, National Association of Gagwriters
New York, N.Y.

Japanese Bride

Dear Sirs:

Haru Matsukata's article, MY LIFE IN TWO WORLDS [Nov. 3rd] was very much enjoyed by our family. It's the type of piece, written with human touch, that promotes better understanding between peoples of different races.

BERT STOLL
E. Tawas, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

The most interesting story I have ever read. . . . It should help a great deal in accomplishing the life purpose of Mrs. Reischauer. Truly, there are a lot of wonderful people in the world—and the Post helps us become acquainted with them.

MRS. ANNIE LOU IVES
Cary, Ill.

(Continued on Page 6)

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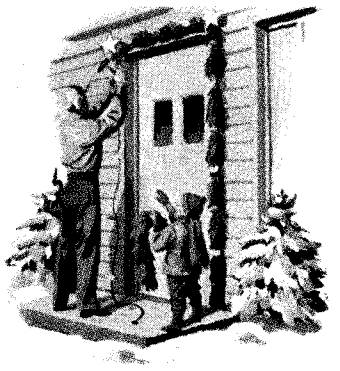
It's Fun...and easy to do...

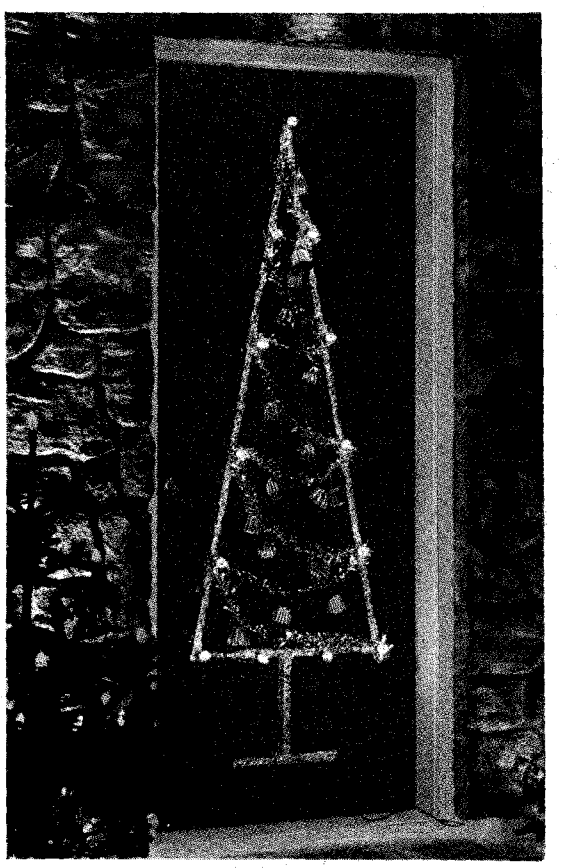


Make your doorway a "Lighted Greeting Card"

Just try it this year! Light up *your* doorway and let it wish all who pass, a friendly "Merry Christmas". All you need is a few strings of General Electric Christmas Lamps, a lighted "ornament" or two, and a dash of imagination. And with today's bright, new G-E bulb colors, you can scarcely miss! But whether you start with materials you already have and add to them, or whether you begin completely new, you and your whole family are bound to enjoy a heart-warming thrill as friends and neighbors admire the beauty of your lighted doorway greeting.

YOUR DOORWAY CAN SMILE a welcome. Outline it with greens and outdoor type G-E Christmas lamps. They're gaily bright . . . and the new baked-on color will not chip, fade, or peel. For close spacing of lights, overlap several strings and wrap them together. Using two or more lamps of the same color together adds greatly to the effectiveness of your holiday display.

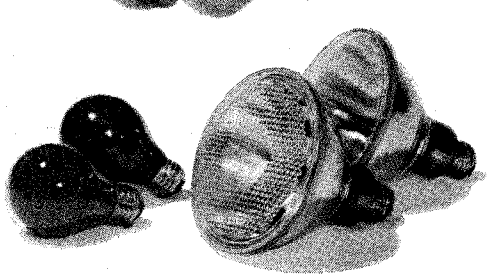
IPLE YET SPARKLING! A G-E Projector t bulb in lantern over door does the trick the light's not in your eyes when you open door. A star of G-E Christmas lamps hides lantern, makes it part of the Christmas plan. uping similar bulb colors adds beauty.



DAD WILL LIKE THIS! The tree can be made indoors and put up as a unit. Wood strips form tree frame. Tape strings of G-E lamps to frame, covering with foil. Add ropes of tinsel and muffin mold ornaments. G-E Projector Floods with color caps behind tree add friendly warmth.

BUILD FROM A SHADOW! It's easy. If you haven't a live tree, make a cut-out tree from hard board or cut out a Santa or an Angel. Then give it the leading role with a weatherproof G-E Projector Spot. Greens entwined with strings of lights and accented with lighted plastic stars bring the whole picture together.

NEW BRIGHTER COLORS, NEW 5-LAMP PACK for General Electric C-9½ bulbs. Brighter, they're ideal for outdoor use. And color will not chip, fade or peel. Series type C-6 and multiple C-7½ bulbs also in handy "5" pack . . . plain or assorted colors. Look for G-E on the bulb when you buy.



25 watt G-E colored bulbs. Give the seasonal touch to porch lights or add joyful Christmas color to other areas in the home. Come in red, blue, green, yellow . . . a total of nine beautiful colors.

Weatherproof 150 watt G-E Projector Spot or Flood. Handy, low cost way to dramatic sparkle. Easy to add color cap for pleasing effect.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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a Christmas gift

he'll use... with pleasure!

The pleasure of doing a job well is real enjoyment. It is the joy of accomplishment. This kind of giving says happy holiday all year.

This new Stanley 6½" heavy duty builders saw is just the gift for the man of the house. He has jobs to do with wood that must be cut to measure. Here is a saw that makes all the cuts, including a 2x4 at 45°. It is completely ball bearing with the exclusive "Motor-Saver" Drive that protects the Stanley-made motor against the shock of impact, should blade strike a nail or other foreign object. Ask for Stanley H68 6½" Saw — *only* $64.95

Another kind of accomplishment you can help bring about with a Stanley electric tool for Christmas is the fun of making something together. Father and son both enjoy the Stanley Router that does 90% of all woodworking jobs. With this new H445 Router Gift Kit you give the big ½ hp router, 5 most useful bits, a straight and circular guide, an instruction manual and 4 *free* Easi-Bild patterns.

All for only $67.95

½ hp H45 Router

Your hardware dealer has these tools or can get them for you. For free catalog No. 400, write Stanley Electric Tools, Division of The Stanley Works, 71D Myrtle Street, New Britain, Connecticut.

STANLEY

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

Hazardous Job

Dear Sirs:

I am surprised that Ben Pearse, in his article, PERILS OF THE POSTMAN [Nov. 10] didn't write what we believe to be the best defense against a ferocious dog.

If a mail carrier (or any delivery man, for that matter) would carry a plastic

squirt gun filled with ammonia and water and shoot a bit at the attacking dogs, the dog will retreat with his tail between his legs.

My husband is a milkman and this always works. No dog has ever attacked him twice.

MRS. D. DAWSON
Berkley, Mich.

Too Many Deer?

Dear Sirs:

Robert Crichton in his article, WE MUST SHOOT MORE DEER [Nov. 3] has done a fine job in presenting the case of deer starvation and means of corrective management. . . .

Sensible, unhindered management will mean healthier deer for all of us; hunter, nature lover or just plain John Q. Citizen out for a stroll in the woods.

STEWART HORTEN
Ithaca, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

It seems incredible that with all the damage deer are doing, we can't do something about rounding them up, slaughtering them and sending the meat to countries that need it. Deer hide, too, has always been superior for garments, and venison is delicious. Clothing and food are being wantonly allowed to go to waste while we turn to sources that are scarce to try and support the world. Someone should organize a system of roundup before these critical winters set in and forests are planted.

MRS. BETTY J. FRANCK
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

If the object is to keep them from starving to death, why not feed them? Every year our Government spends millions of dollars buying surplus farm products (e.g., corn), many of which can be used for the purpose. If the object is to reduce the deer population, why not trap them commercially and put venison on our meat counters nationwide? At least commercial trappers would know what they were doing.

But to implicitly urge individuals to buy firearms and go out and shoot up the country—horrors! There are enough fools on the loose during hunting season now who think that killing is sport.

GEORGE HART
Newington, Conn.

Longhair

Dear Sirs:

Only somebody who has no sense of beauty and no understanding of art in the musical field can write such words: "hot jazz is America's most distinctive contribution to music" [The Face of America: JAM SESSION, photograph by Jim Burns, Oct. 20].

Is there any harmony or melody in jazz, in that nerve-racking and every musical ear hurting hubbub? To assert this

would be the same as to compare the croak of a raven with the beautiful and sweet song of a nightingale. Who looks at the picture, illustrating the above-mentioned article, easily recognizes that this jazz band is not playing a "most distinctive" music. That is not "The Face of America" but "The Face of the jazz."

Jazz is monstrous and horrible.

ROMAN FRANKOWSKI
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mental Health

Dear Sirs:

INSIDE THE ASYLUM by John Bartlow Martin [Oct. 6–Nov. 10] is the finest piece of descriptive writing ever done on America's mental institutions.

The strength of this great series of articles lies in its avoidance of excessive moralizing . . . all the sound and fury about the shortage of psychiatrists in this country does not begin to approximate the impact of Martin's detailed account of one day in the life of Dr. Gordon Smith.

All of us in the mental health field will be forever in your debt for commissioning John Martin to do this series.

MIKE GORMAN
Executive Director
National Mental Health Committee
Washington, D.C.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:
6–Jim Burns. • 23–Gus Pasquarella. • 24–Gus Pasquarella, International, two from United Press. • 25–Two by Gus Pasquarella; Larry Keighley. • 26, 27–Morgan Kane. 28, 29–Gene Lester. • 30–Fritz Willis. • 31–Bill Shrout. • 32–Paris Match (Gamma). 33–Two by H. D. Shourie; two by Eugene Kammerman; Paris Match (Gamma). 34, 35–Douglas Crockwell. • 36–International. • 37–Larry Kritcher. • 38–Gene Lester, ©Walt Disney Productions. • 39–Three ©Walt Disney Productions; Gene Lester. 40–Carlos Snowden, Bill Shrout. • 41–Bill Shrout. • 42, 43–A. H. Scott. • 44, 45–William A. Smith. • 49–Ken Riley. • 56–Black Star, United Press. • 106–Bill Shrout. 136–Two anonymous; Frank Ross, Herald American International.

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See color television *every night* on NBC—a service of RCA.

From TV camera to TV set—it's RCA all the way for Big Color

When you sit enthralled at color television, remember that it is brought to you on a full scale by RCA and NBC. The finest programs and television equipment—from camera to home receiver—bear the RCA hallmark of electronic quality and dependability.

Indeed, RCA pioneered and developed the compatible color television system that lets you see color and black-and-white programs on the same receiver. Thus an RCA Victor Big Color TV set is actually *two sets in one.*

Your RCA Victor dealer welcomes the opportunity to demonstrate color television for you. You'll see exciting programs as you've never seen them before—in glorious color that is so faithful you can tell the exact shade of your favorite star's eyes.

The development of color television is one more achievement in "Electronics for Living," made possible by the work of RCA scientists at the David Sarnoff Research Center, Princeton, N. J. And even now, these scientists are exploring other electronic frontiers that will make life easier, happier, safer.

BIG COLOR—The *Aldrich* by RCA Victor. 254 sq. in. viewable picture area. "Color-Quick" tuning, so easy a child can do it, $495.

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

Electronics for Living

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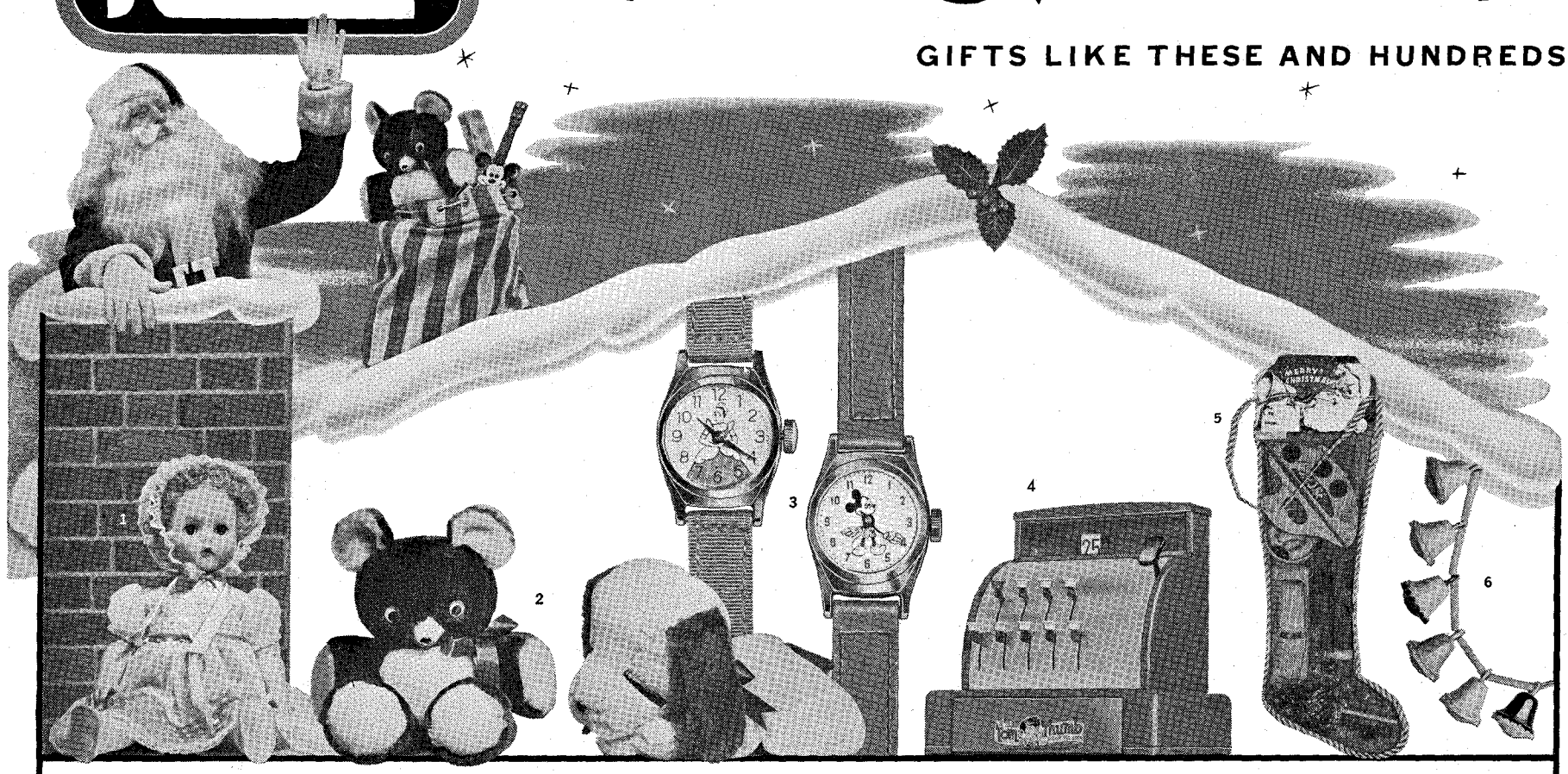
Rexall

A Preview of

GIFTS LIKE THESE AND HUNDREDS

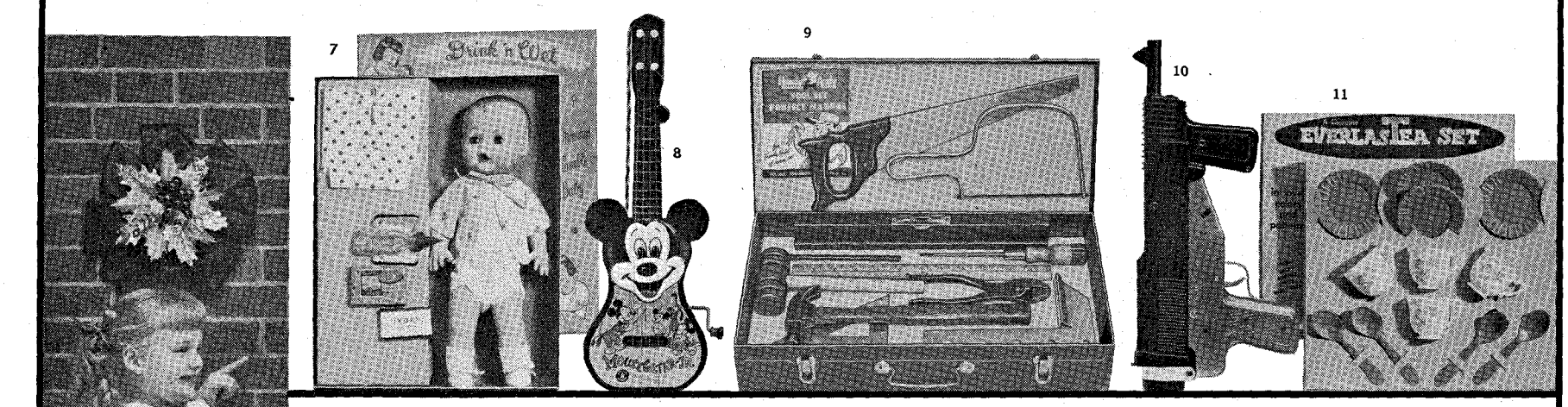


Kiddies write to Santa for toys like these!
1. Baby Doll. She's 18" tall, coos and sleeps, has rooted, washable, curlable hair and is exquisitely dressed! A buy at. . **$4.88**

2. Cuddle Bear and Sleepy Dog. Big, lovable "pets" that win hearts of small fry! They're 18" and have soft, plush "fur." You'll want them both. Each, just. . . . **$3.59**

3. Cinderella and Mickey Mouse Wrist Watches. Shockproof! Each, only. . . . **$6.95**
4. Cash Register. Just like "real"— bell rings and the drawer opens! Just. . . **$2.98**

5. Christmas Stocking, chockful of delicious candy and gift surprises. Just. . . . . **98¢**
6. Carriage Bells. Gay tinkle delights sleepy infant riders. Set of plastic bells. . . . . **98¢**



7. Drink 'N Wet Doll Outfit has dolly, bottle, soap, sponge and extra diaper. . **$2.98**
8. Mousegetar-Jr. has real nylon strings and crank to play Mouseketeers' song. **$1.79**

9. Tool Set. Handy kit with 12 basic carpentry needs in miniature, plus manual, **$3.88**
10. Burp Gun. Safe, automatic cap gun "fires" single shots or bursts. Just. . **$2.98**

11. Poly Tea Set. Twist, drop, squeeze— they won't break! Safe, unbreakable plastic tea service for four including cups, saucers, spoons in lovely colors and patterns. . **98¢**

12. Double-Holster Set. Complete, just **$2.99**
Rin Tin Tin Holster Set. 101st Cavalry Outfit, including holster and spy glass. . **$2.98**
Small Fry Holster Set for little ones. . **$1.98**

13. Little Nurse Kit is filled with toy instruments just like real nurses use. **$1.98**
14. Doctor Kit. Sturdy plastic case filled with realistic toy medical instruments. . . . **$1.98**

15. Pick-up Truck. A little boy's dream come true! It's a scale model of heavy steel and has rubber tires. Here's a durable toy that's made to last for years. Just. . . **$2.98**

Activity Box. Choose from 6 types of hand work for children ages 6 to 9. Each. . . . **79¢**
Disney Story Books. 8 favorites, each **$1.00**

Choral Top. Gay music and colors. . . **$1.98**
Disney Dolls. Many popular Disney characters in vinyl, 10½" tall. Each, just. . . **$1.98**

Disney Cradle Gym. Large, soft plastic dolls that swing and tinkle. Each, only. . . . **$1.98**
Baby Nite Lights. Novel, colorful. . . . **$1.98**

MERRY CHRISTMAS FROM YOUR REXALL DRUGGIST

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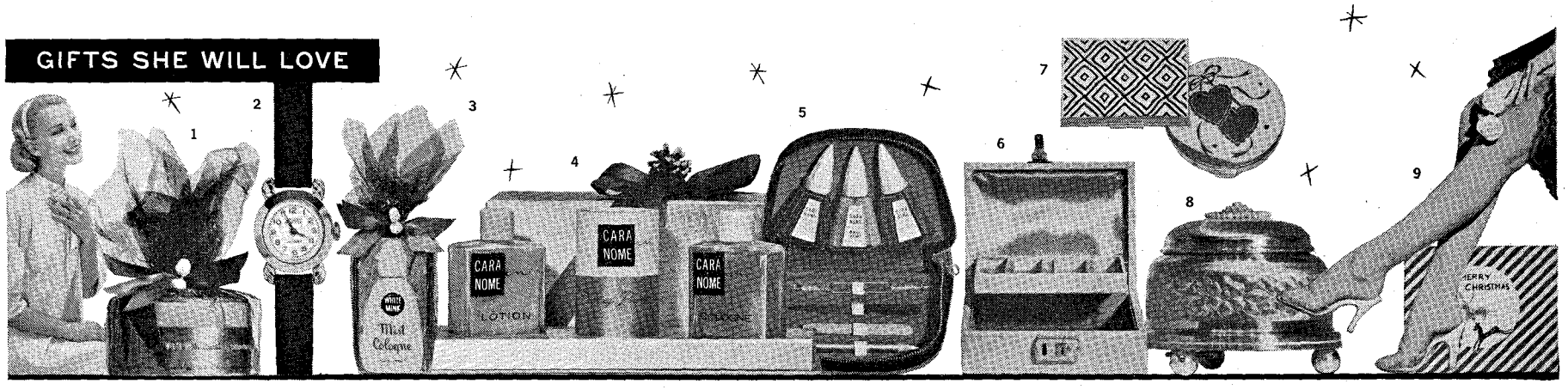
Christmas Surprises!

MORE—ARE WAITING AT YOUR REXALL DRUG STORE

GIFTS SHE WILL LOVE



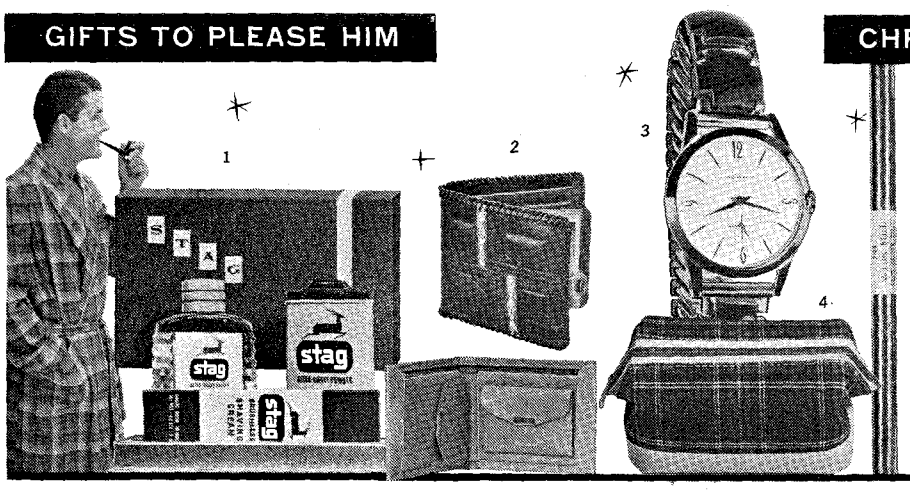
1. Dusting Powder. Cara Nome or exotic White Mink, gift-packaged. Each.....**$1.50**
Or give **Cara Nome or White Mink Lotion,** now half-price! 12 oz., $2.00 value...**$1.00**
2. Golden Princess Wrist Watch.....**$9.95**
3. Mist Cologne. Choose Cara Nome, Springwood or White Mink fragrance. Each **$2.00**
Dresser Sets, 3-piece metal, **$3.98** & **$6.98**

4. Cara Nome Gift Set has popular Cologne, Lotion and Dusting Powder.....**$2.50**
Other toiletry Gift Sets from **$1.50** to **$3.50**
5. Cara Nome Manicure Polish Set. Polish, base coat and 5-pc. set in zipper case, **$3.95**
Other manicure sets from. .**98¢** to **$10.95**
Hair Brush, nylon. 3 styles. Each...**$1.98**
Better Homes & Gardens Cook Book $3.95

6. Jewel Box. Beautiful, deluxe case, **$2.95**
Jewel Box, with lock and key. Just...**$1.29**
7. Compacts. Beautiful styles, just....**98¢**
Other lovely compacts for her up to..**$5.00**
Cara Nome Cosmetic Carry-All. Lovely sequin mesh; fitted, **$5.95.** Others at..**$4.95**
Atomizer for her cologne or perfume, **$1.00**
Other beautiful gift atomizers up to..**$5.00**

8. Musical Powder Box. Imported Swiss movement, lustrous colors. Special..**$2.98**
Duchess Deluxe Musical Powder Box, $4.98
9. Spuntex "Stretch-Right" Nylons. 60 ga., deluxe sheer. 3 prs., gift-wrapped, **$3.95**
Regular Spuntex Nylons. Pair **99¢** to **$1.59**
Cara Nome Nail Polish and Lipstick Set. Gift Special! $1.85 value, now just..**$1.25**

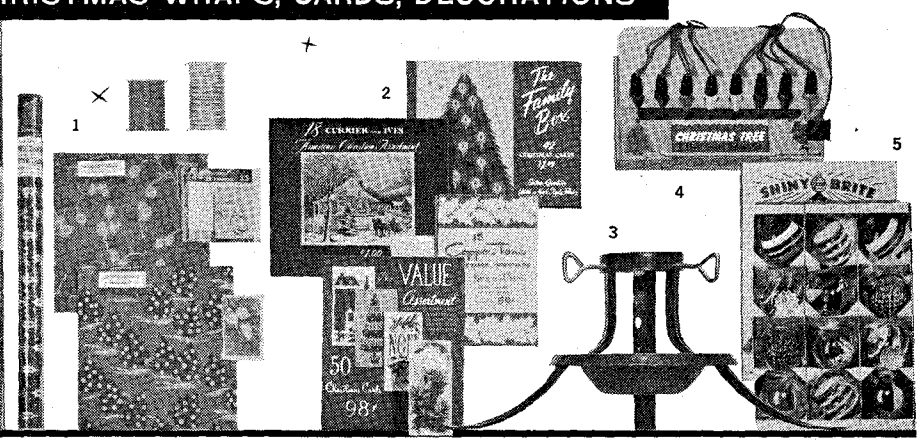
GIFTS TO PLEASE HIM



1. Stag Toiletry Set. Shave Lotion, Shave Cream and Talc in holiday wrap. Set..**$2.29**
Other fine Stag shave sets start at..**$1.69**
Stag "Sweet Adeline" Set. Shave Lotion, Hair Oil, Talc. Gift-boxed. $1.50 value **$1.29**
2. Billfolds. Many styles. $3.50 values, **$1.98**
Billfolds, $5.00 values, now special at **$2.98**
Stag Lather Brush, pure badger. You save $2.52 on this special! $7.50 value...**$4.98**
Poker Chip Rack, with plastic chips..**$4.95**
Plastic Poker Chips, top quality. 100, **$1.19**

3. Executive Watch. Swiss movement, **$9.95**
4. Travel Kit, Scotch plaid, zippered..**$2.98**
Fitted Toiletry Kit. Zips on three sides, **$3.98**
Electric Shavers, Schick "25" or Remington 60 Deluxe. Popular models, ea., **$29.50**
Brush Set, club brush and comb....**$2.00**
Belt, bridle cowhide. Fits all sizes...**$1.98**
Pipes. Popular selection from.....**$1.00**
Manicure Set, 5-piece in zipper case, **$3.95**
Zippo Lighters. Guaranteed for life!..**$3.50**

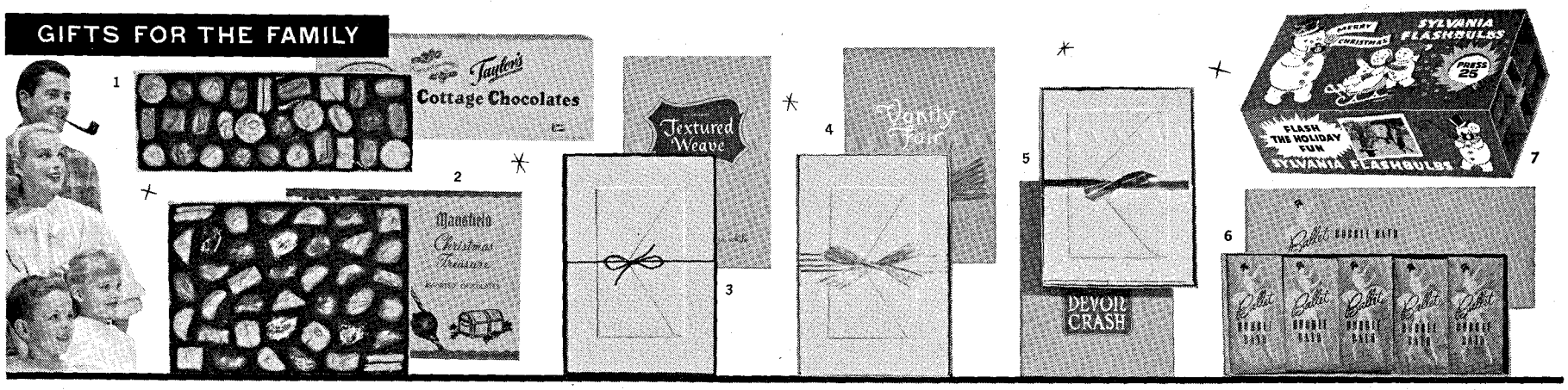
CHRISTMAS WRAPS, CARDS, DECORATIONS



1. Seals, Ribbons, Gift Papers. All finest quality—a choice to suit everyone's taste; to fill every need. Each priced as low as **10¢**
2. Christmas Cards. High quality boxes. Wide choice of appealing new cards with newest styles and features. Start at **59¢**
Sparkle-Tex Cotton. Non-inflammable, **59¢**
"Frosty Snow," 5 oz., 69¢; or King-size 10½ oz. complete with free stencils. Only..**98¢**
Star of Bethlehem Tree Top. Unbreakable. 40" cord and plug. U.L. approved...**$1.59**

3. Metal Tree Stand. A real buy at just **88¢**
Coloramic Stand with 5-color design, **$3.98**
4. Economy 8-Light Christmas Tree Set, C6 series with add-on plug. U.L. approved, **98¢**
C7½ 7-Light Tree Set. U.L. approved, **$2.69**
C9½ Outdoor Light Set. 7 lights, waterproof sealed sockets. U.L. approved. Only **$3.29**
5. Tree Ornaments. 12 shiny brite balls in novel shapes and holiday colors. Just **98¢**
Plastic Ornaments, unbreakable. Deer, angel, or choir boy in silver and colors. 12, **$1.39**

GIFTS FOR THE FAMILY



1. Taylor's Cottage Chocolates. 1 lb., **$1.30**
2. Christmas Treasure Family Style Assorted Chocolates. Big 2½-pound box, just **$1.98**
American Custom Quality Chocolates. Assorted centers. Pound box.....**$2.00**
Taylor's Tropical Mix. Assorted hard-filled candies and toffee. 1 pound, just.....**89¢**
Nylon Stretch Socks. Gift-boxed for men, three pairs for $2.25; children, 3 for..**$1.95**
Luxury Electric Blanket. Contoured Acrilan; U.L. approved. Tax included. Only **$18.95**

3. Textured Weave Writing Paper.....**89¢**
4. Vanity Fair Stationery. Big box...**$1.39**
5. Devon Crash Stationery. Box.....**$1.00**
Captain's Sea Chest Writing Paper...**$2.00**
White-on-White Stationery. Box.....**$1.00**
For Him Stationery. Jumbo box.....**$1.50**
Mint Green Stationery. Box.....**$1.50**
Holy Bible has white zippered cover. King James, $3.50; with black cover.....**$3.00**
Photo Album, 11" x 15½".....**$1.79**
5-Year Diary with lock and key.....**$2.69**

6. Ballet Bubble Bath. Half-price! Box of 20 packets, regularly $1.00, now 2 for..**$1.00**
7. Sylvania Flash Bulb Gift Pack. Gay Holiday sleeve of 24 Press 25 bulbs.....**$2.98**
Brownie Holiday Flash Camera.....**$4.95**
100% Plastic Playing Cards. Pack..**$2.95**
Congress Playing Cards. Single pack, **$1.00**
Timex Watch. Popular styles, each..**$8.95**
Ronson Lighters. All styles. From....**$3.95**
G-E Telechron Electric "Starter" Alarm Clock. Easy-to-read face, smart style, **$3.98**

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Editorials

What Ike Needs Now is a Reasonable Congress!

All the experts and most of the rest of us have private explanations of why last month's election went as it did, but all agree that President Eisenhower won a remarkable personal triumph. The election was a triumph not only for the President as an individual but for his record as the exponent of clean, honest and progressive government. The helter-skelter issues which were calculated to embarrass him collapsed as the campaign went on, and the result was a deserved vindication of Mr. Eisenhower's Administration. Americans of all political parties will wish him success in his efforts to serve them and "bring peace to the world."

Curiously enough, however, the people's overwhelming endorsement of Eisenhower was not accompanied by the election of enough Republican members of Congress to give the President's party control of either house. Several of the candidates who were most emphatically endorsed by Mr. Eisenhower, and whom he would doubtless describe as "modern Republicans," were defeated, while un-modern Republicans like Senator Butler, of Maryland, Senator Dirksen, of Illinois, Senator Capehart, of Indiana, and former Senator Revercomb, of West Virginia, made the grade. Just what caused the people of Oregon, for example, to give Eisenhower a whopping majority, while giving another whopping majority to Sen. Wayne Morse, whom the President was particularly anxious to eliminate, is a political mystery. Those who recall the "Eisenhower jacket" of World War II will remember that it had no coattails!

Without detracting in the least from the President's unprecedented popularity with the American people, it ought to be added that it is not unusual for candidates for the House and Senate to run behind the presidential candidate. The local office seeker faces issues which the national candidate is privileged to rise above. He may have used his influence to place a veterans' hospital in the wrong county or he may be less presentable on television appearances than his opponent. As elections more and more approach the status of popularity contests, there is a decline in party loyalty, along with the old-fashioned idea that, within limits, responsible government becomes all but impossible when the voters pick their candidates haphazard, without much interest in how they are expected to work together.

This divisive situation confronts the President for at least the first half of his second term. It is quite possible, however, that the Democrats in Congress, despite a natural desire to make a strong record in opposition, will conclude from the 1956 presidential election that a good way to make character might be to go along with the administration in matters of clear national interest, reserving criticism for occasions when genuine objections can be voiced.

Although partisanship appears less strong than it once was, there is little substance to the frequently heard statement that "the Democratic Party is dead" or that "the Republican Party would have collapsed had it not been for Eisenhower." Actually, as has been pointed out, in Northern constituencies where there were contests—excluding Southern districts where the G.O.P. had no candidate—the Republicans elected more candidates for Congress than the Democrats did. And Eisenhower expanded his 1952 beachhead in the South. As to the Democratic Party, it showed itself strong in local areas from coast to coast, suggesting that, if it can rid its national leadership of their devotion to the Reuther-A.D.A. heresy, the Democracy promises to be more powerful next time.

The Automobile Show's Renewal is Good News

On December eighth the 42nd National Automobile Show will open in New York. We welcome it. We believe the automobile-manufacturing industry is to be commended for resuming an annual spectacle that once held a high rank among dramatic commercial exhibits. There has always been something reassuring for buyers in the willingness of competitors to stand their products alongside all others in a frank bid for favor.

We do not mean to disparage the Motoramas and other individual company displays which have substituted for the missing auto shows. But there is nothing like having a chance, under one roof and within stepping distance, to compare style against style, price against price, merit against merit in the presence of all makes and models.

It has been a long time since the old shows provided this convenience. There are youngsters with fresh driving licenses today who have never known a National Automobile Show, for the last one, the 41st, was held during the week of October 12, 1940. In that last annual debut of new motor cars a great many of today's commonplaces were missing. There were no power-operated brakes and steering or electrically operated seats and windows.

The 1940 show had a Pan-American theme, celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the Pan-American Union as well as completion of three fourths of the highway linking the countries of the Western Hemisphere. The Ford Motor Company was an exhibitor in a national show for the first time in 1940, and since has become a member of the Automobile Manufacturers Association, long-time sponsor of the nation's annual exhibits.

But the most significant happening during show week of 1940 gained no newspaper space at the time. It was a quiet meeting of motor-car manufacturers in which, unanimously and voluntarily, it was agreed that there would be no 1941 show, that there would be no new model changes in the ensuing season and that every manufacturer would offer his facilities to the Government for the production of aircraft and weapons for defense in a war that was clearly approaching.

Since 1940, passenger-car registrations in this country have approximately doubled, and only two things that we can think of have remained constant: We expect to take the same pleasure that we formerly knew in examining the newest and fanciest automotive products, and we have a dreadful feeling that there is still no parking space on New York's streets.

Government Isn't a Hand-Out Agency

Novels of ideas are so widely accepted that it should be no great surprise to learn that a scholar and writer has employed fiction to expound some important lessons in elementary economics. Dr. Felix Morley, former president of Haverford College and a solid student of public affairs, tackles this task in a novel called Gumption Island (Caxton Printers) which turns out to be pleasant to take, if rather fanciful.

Gumption Island starts out with the dropping on the island of a Russian superbomb which has the effect of blasting the whole place not just into the middle of next week, but backward into prehistoric times. The conventional American inhabitants have to organize a workable society from scratch. In doing so, they give out some wise observations on the nature of government, including this:

"Most Americans have come to regard government as a service agency. The only question in politics is whether people are getting enough free service. The successful politician doesn't waste any time on principles. He simply persuades the voters that he'll give them more, free, than the other guy."

Viewed from a prehistoric environment, that observation is not so wide of the mark. The recent election campaign dripped with promises of blessings which governments have no right to promise: things like the four-hour day and free lifetime medical care for all. Of course, improved technologies and distributional skill may make these things possible, but they are not in the gift of Candidate A or Candidate B.

The reason the former "breadbasket of Eastern Europe" is yelling for bread is that its productive enterprise has been forced into the mold of bureaucratic socialism. Something similar could happen here.

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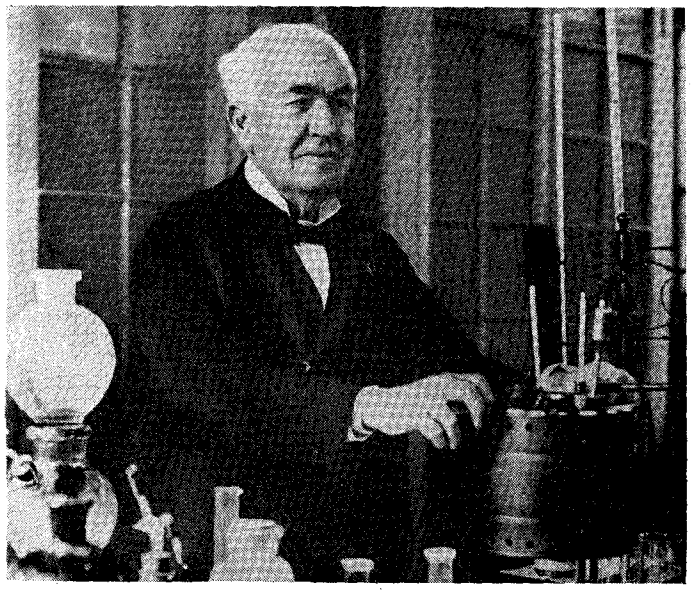
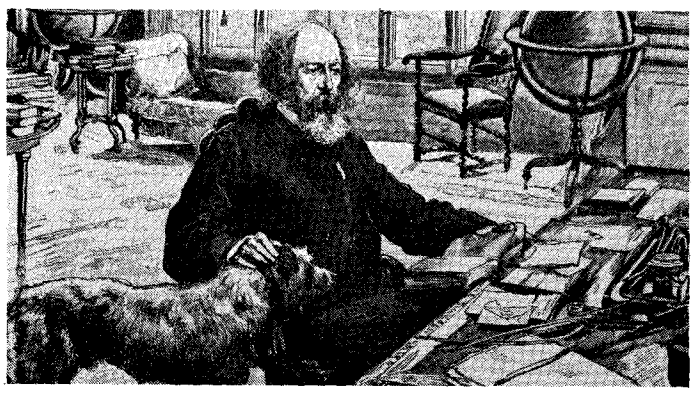


AT 83 THOMAS A. EDISON, an inventive genius, made pioneering studies on the production of synthetic rubber.

AT 79 PADEREWSKI was still a master of the piano, giving concerts before large audiences.



AT 83 ALFRED TENNYSON published one of his most memorable poems, *Crossing the Bar*.

AT 78 BENJAMIN FRANKLIN went to France in his country's service; wrote his autobiography when over 80.

Will your later years be ones of achievement and contentment?

IF YOU THINK about the many contributions which older people have made to the world...you realize how rewarding life's later years can be.

Today, we have more people than ever who are proving that the advanced years can be the time of life's greatest achievements. In fact, there is hardly a business or profession without its share of "youthful oldsters." In addition, there are thousands more who are giving a new meaning to retirement. To them, the years beyond 65 are not years to be *idly spent* . . . they are years to be *actively enjoyed!*

What will your later years be like? That is a good question to think about, because ever-increasing numbers of us are living to reach "the elderly bracket." Already there are nearly 15 million Americans aged 65 and older . . . and by 1975 they are expected to number 21 million.

If you want your later years to be healthy, happy, active ones . . . and who does not? . . . here are some important things which you should begin to do *now:*

1. Adopt the right outlook on aging

Do not worry about old age. Worry will not delay it; more likely this will hasten it. Face up squarely to the problems of aging . . . and plan your life so you can meet future challenges.

2. Broaden your horizons as you grow older

"Mental adventure," whether it be in absorbing hobbies or in activities devoted to helping others, will stand you in good stead during your leisure years. "To learn what is new is to remain young."

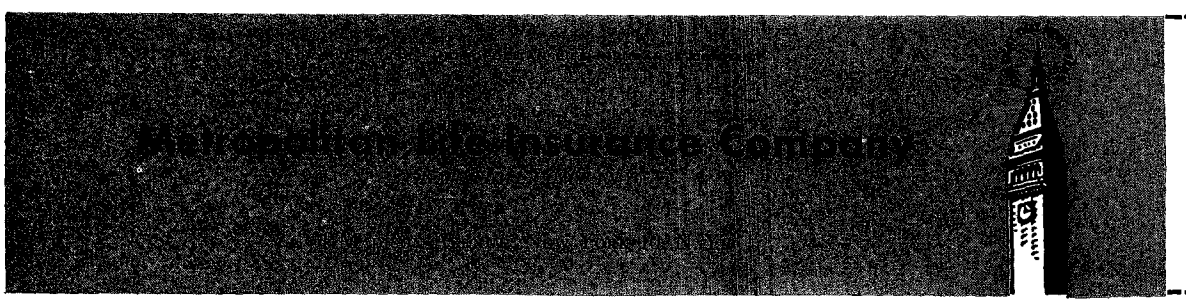
3. Take stock of your health

Complete medical check-ups annually after you are 35 or 40, can help assure you a healthier life in your later years. It is during this middle period of life that your doctor can do most to help you avoid or lessen the effects of many diseases, including heart and blood vessel disorders. These usually begin after middle age.

Not the least of the benefits which you will get from regular visits to your doctor is medical advice about what you should and should not do as you get along in years. You may have slipped into some bad health habits unknowingly...like overeating or not eating enough of the *protective* foods . . . or not getting enough exercise and sleep. These may seem like small matters to you . . . *but good living habits pay off, and you cannot start them too early.*

Look at the older people around you who have mastered the art of growing old gracefully. Find out what they have done to achieve health and happiness in the sunset years. You may learn a lot that will help you. Indeed, you may live to echo the sentiments of an 80-year-old man who said, "I'm not 80. I'm just 4 times 20!"

To help you look ahead and plan wisely for the satisfactions and rewards that later life should hold, Metropolitan offers a booklet *Your Future and You*. Just clip and mail the coupon below for your free copy.



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Please mail me a free copy of your booklet *Your Future and You* 12-56-E.

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Guarded by the ONLY 5-Year Guarantee You Can Give!

New Liqui-Blender—Blends twice as fast, twice as fine! Choice of two speeds. **$39.95** white; **$44.95** chrome.

New Mixette—Now in pink, yellow, turquoise, chrome, or white! **$21.50** *chrome*; **$19.50** colors.

LIQUI-BLENDER
HAMILTON BEACH
The only mixers and toasters with a
5 Year
Free-Service
Guarantee
Backed by a company in business over 150 years! All Hamilton Beach mixers are so well made, you get a 5-year guarantee—4 years longer than standard guarantees. This covers all parts and labor, including the motor, excepting only the cord set, bowls, and damage caused by misuse.
Mixette
HAMILTON BEACH

Home Drink Mixer—Makes real soda-fountain drinks, tasty fruit drinks. **$22.50** white; **$27.50** chrome.

New Automatic Toaster—Gives you toast at its best, and the only 5-year guarantee. **$19.95**

New Food Mixer—Beats *everything* without a spatula! New Cake-Mix Timer (optl.). **$42.95** white; **$53.95** chrome.

HAMILTON BEACH

HAMILTON BEACH CO., Div. of Scovill Mfg. Co., Racine, Wis.

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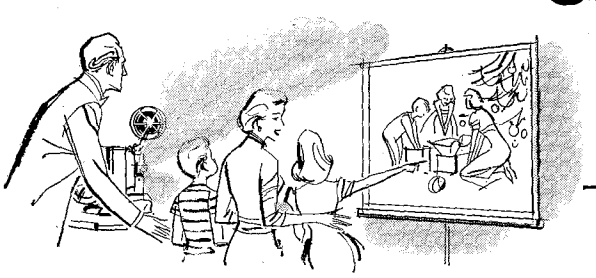
"oooh... Daddy got a BOLEX !"



for home movies the whole family enjoys, give a Swiss precision-made Bolex

Home movies are a family treat—but it's Dad who receives the biggest thrill of all when he gets his Bolex movie camera this Christmas. For Bolex is a real jewel of a movie camera . . . precision-made in Switzerland . . . a superb example of Swiss craftsmanship at its finest.

This craftsmanship is something you sense the moment you first nestle a Bolex in your hand. The tooled precision of each Bolex part—the watch-like ease with which it winds. The clean, businesslike hum of the motor, governor-controlled for constant speed and instant stop.

You'll appreciate the convenience of the controls—the lens settings positioned for easy reading . . . the accurate-geared footage counter... the optical zoom-type viewfinder, which shows precisely the scene that will be filmed, with no confusing masks or hairlines to complicate your filming.

You'll appreciate, too, the ease of loading the camera. And you'll delight in the Bolex versatility that permits such professional effects as slow and accelerated motion, stop-action titling and animation.

With Bolex, it's unbelievably easy to obtain top-quality, professional-like home movies in beautiful, sparkling color. So make this a *BOLEX* Christmas—a Christmas the whole family can treasure and enjoy for years to come.

Bolex 8mm and 16mm home movie cameras await inspection at fine photographic stores everywhere.

For the name of the Bolex franchised dealer nearest you—and for free literature, write to Dept. P-12 at the address below. We will also tell you how to obtain copies of the interesting and informative BOLEX REPORTER magazine.

The camera illustrated is the Bolex B-8 with Yvar ½" F:1.9 FM and Yvar 1½", F:2.8 FM lenses, $222 complete.

Other Bolex 8mm cameras from only . . . **$89.95**

BOLEX

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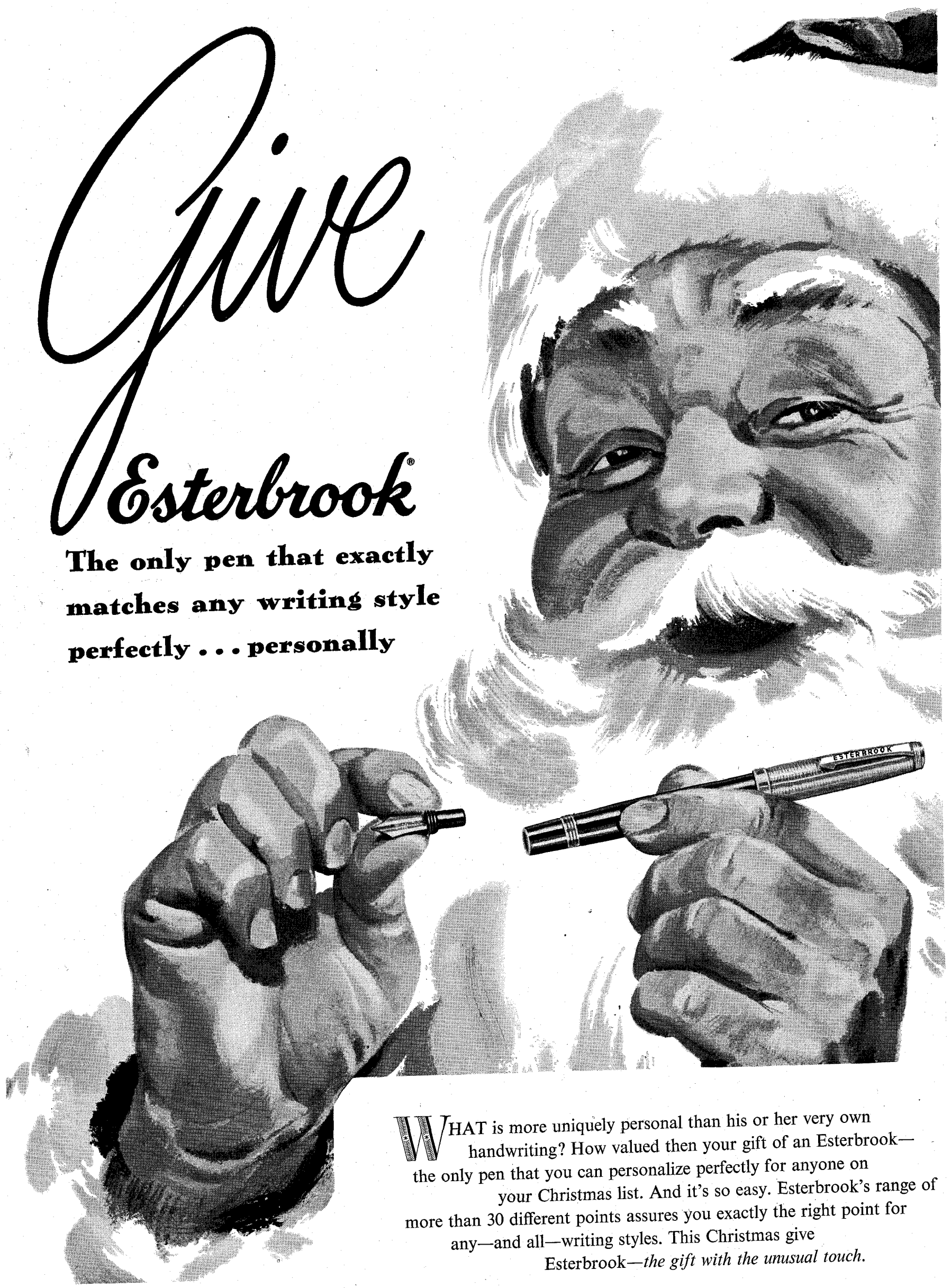
Give Esterbrook®

The only pen that exactly matches any writing style perfectly . . . personally



WHAT is more uniquely personal than his or her very own handwriting? How valued then your gift of an Esterbrook—the only pen that you can personalize perfectly for anyone on your Christmas list. And it's so easy. Esterbrook's range of more than 30 different points assures you exactly the right point for any—and all—writing styles. This Christmas give Esterbrook—*the gift with the unusual touch.*

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1. Standard Fountain Pen in a variety of pearlescent colors. Full selection of instantly interchangeable points. 3 barrel sizes. $3.00 and $3.55.
2. Deluxe "K" Fountain Pen. Handsome, deep-toned barrels—lustrous metal caps. More than 100 holder and point combinations—each assembled in a matter of seconds. $5.20 and $5.75.
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NOW...a precision-made Ball Point
New easy-writing, instant-starting dependability. King-size ink refill with 4½-mile writing capacity. Continues to write long after other Ball Points have gone dry! Medium or Extra-Fine line. Your choice of barrel colors to match Esterbrook Pens. $2.50 and $3.75.

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Esterbrook has the right point for every writing job

From the extra-fine line required for accounting and chart work . . . to the specialized (Gregg-Approved) shorthand point . . . and the broad executive stub—you're sure to find just the right point from Esterbrook's exclusive wide range of 30 different points! See the Esterbrook point-selection chart at *any* pen counter. Every point is listed by number—with writing classification and sample. You can't go wrong!

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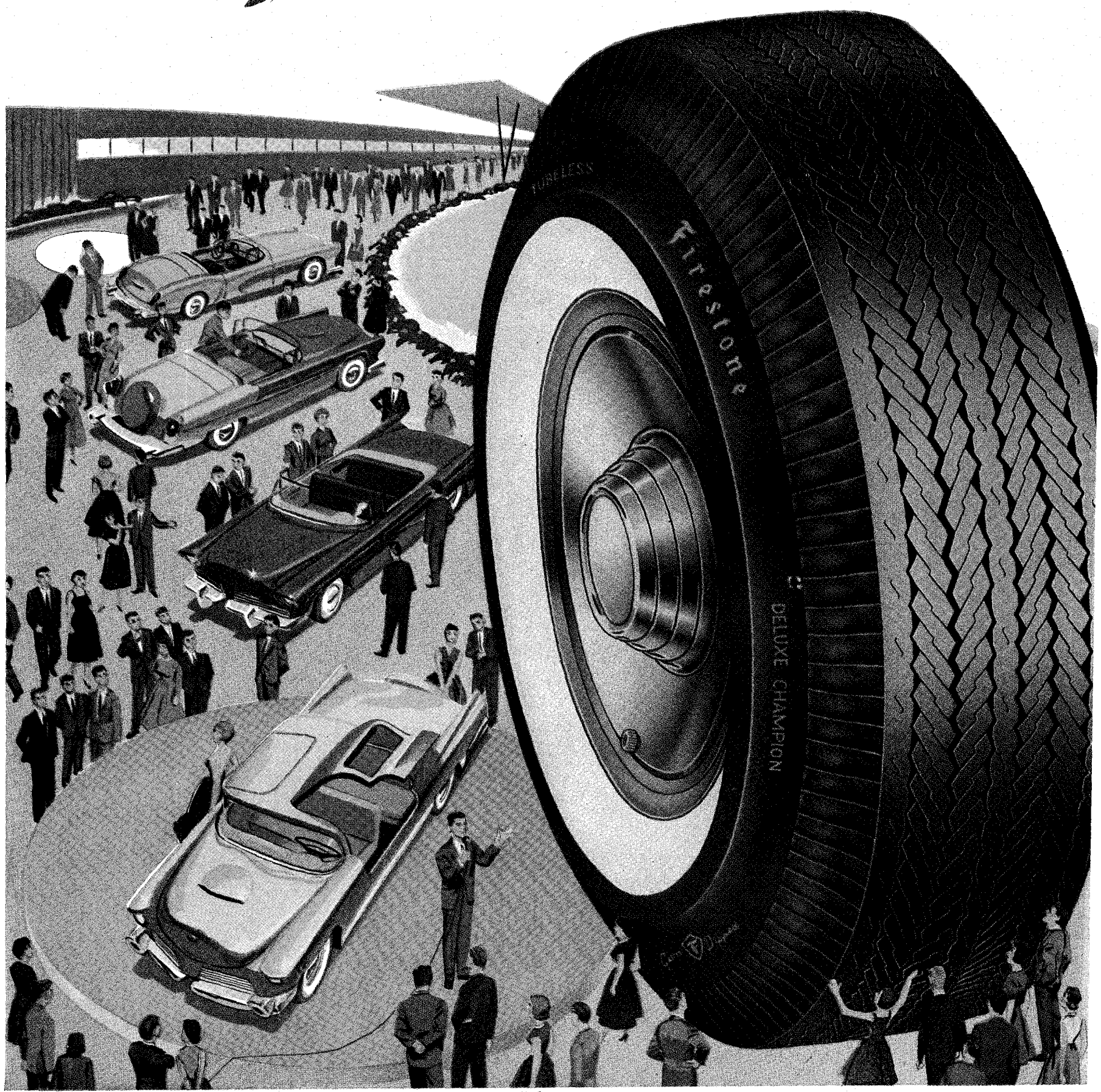
First Choice on the

The New Firestone



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1957 Automobiles

De Luxe Champion Tires

On the proving grounds of car manufacturers, tested by their own scientists, engineers and technicians, Firestone De Luxe Champion Tires have proved their superior performance in mileage, in comfort, in quietness, in styling, and in *built-in peace of mind.*

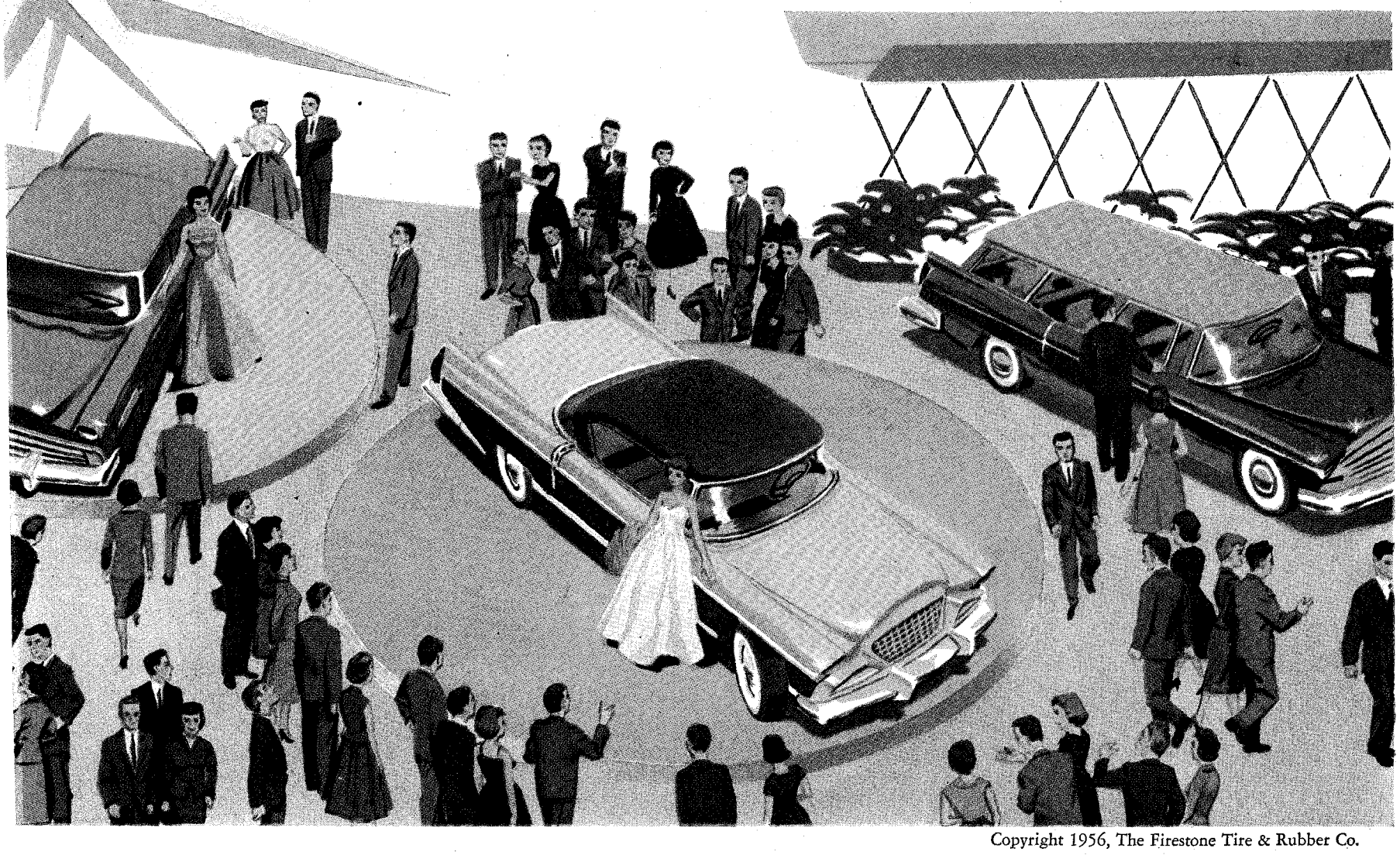
That is why, for years, Firestone De Luxe Champion Tires have been the first choice of automobile manufacturers. And that is why they are standard equipment on the new 1957 models of America's finest cars.

If you are planning to buy one of the beautiful new 1957 model automobiles, you can order it delivered, at no extra cost, on Firestone De Luxe Champions and enjoy the newest of tires on the newest of cars.

Or, if you are planning to continue driving your present car, you can bring it up-to-date in tire safety, performance and style by equipping it with tubed or tubeless new Firestone De Luxe Champions.

Go to your nearby Firestone dealer or store and find out how little it costs to make your car tire-safe. You can buy on convenient payment terms, if you desire . . . in fact, the allowance you get for the unused mileage in your present tires may easily amount to the down-payment on your new tires.

Your Safety is Our Business at Firestone



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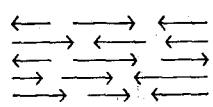
Feel the wonderful difference of Norelco's *Rotary Blades*

Up to now, electric shavers have used a straight back-and-forth action – the blades changing direction thousands of times a minute. This often pinched and pulled, made irritation the price of a clean shave.



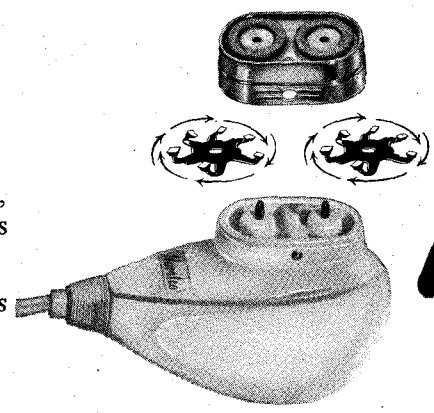
Only *Rotary Blades* shave closely without skin irritation, and only Norelco has tested Rotary Blades. Norelco's blades never stop, never change direction; shave with the smooth, *continuous* stroke of a barber's razor.

Suddenly *every* man can get a clean, close, comfortable shave with an electric shaver. Soon every man you know will be using one. Using a Norelco – because Norelco's Rotary Blades mean no razor burn, no break-in period, no "half-shaved" feeling, no soap-and-water fuss.

Here's how Norelco's Rotary Blades work:

Precision silver-steel alloy blades rotate beneath stationary skin-guards, shaving off whiskers in one continuous sweep of power.

Exclusive with Norelco, Rotary Blades are electric shaving's first basic improvement in 22 years.



Discover for yourself why this remarkable precision shaving instrument, the largest-selling electric shaver in the world, is now the fastest-growing shaver in the U. S. . . . and the best investment you can make in shaving comfort.

8 MORE REASONS WHY YOU'LL LOVE A NORELCO

1. **You can shave as close as you like without hurting your face. Blades are self-adjusting to your shaving touch.**
2. **Blades sharpen themselves every time you shave.**
3. **Genuine brush motor never heats up in hand.**
4. **Lubricated for life – never needs oiling.**
5. **Startlingly quiet – quietest of all 4 leading shavers.**
6. **Modern design – made to fit comfortably in the hand.**
7. **Easiest shaver to clean – no fumbling with parts.**
8. **Norelco's exclusive skin stretcher upends whiskers no matter which way they grow . . . sets them up for skin-close shaves.**

Ask about 15 day FREE home trial. Offered by most drug, jewelry, appliance and department stores.

Norelco®

$24.95 AC/DC
Model SC7759
with leather
travel case

PRECISION ROTARY ELECTRIC SHAVERS

For gentle, feminine grooming– Lady Norelco Electric Razor. Model SC7767 AC/DC..$24.95

Norelco Sportsman. Runs on flashlight batteries or car lighter. Model SC7750. $29.95

NORELCO is known as **PHILISHAVE** in Canada and throughout the rest of the free world. **NORTH AMERICAN PHILIPS COMPANY, INC.**, 100 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Other Products: High Fidelity Radio-Phonographs, Research and Control Instruments, Electron Microscopes, Medical X-Ray Equipment, Electronic Tubes and Devices.

See Norelco's Exciting New TV Spectacular–the "JAZZ AGE"–story of the Roaring Twenties–Thursday Evening, December 6, NBC-TV Network.

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You'd never guess how little these watches cost!

Almost nobody can. We proved that by having professional researchers stop hundreds of people on the streets of New York and Chicago and ask them to guess the prices of Ingraham Sentinel watches. Almost every person interviewed guessed high and a great number guessed many times what they would actually have to pay.

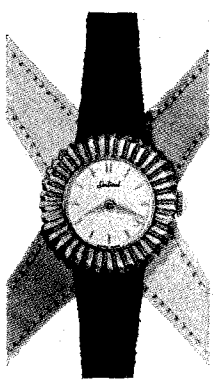
So, if you have watches on your gift list, why not select one from this page? Each one is shock-resistant, anti-magnetic, and keeps accurate, dependable time. Model 28, our wafer-thin dress watch priced at just $11.95, makes a fitting gift for any man. And Model C11, a gorgeous watch for only $10.95, is certain to delight any woman.

Both watches are shown above. Like all other Ingraham Sentinels, they look and work like many times their modest prices.

INGRAHAM
Sentinel

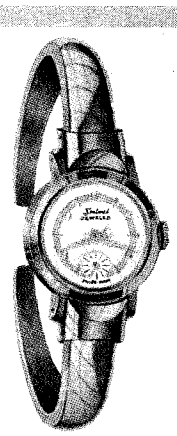
Taxes are not included in prices

*As long as back, crystal and crown remain intact or are expertly serviced



She'll love this excitingly different "sunburst" watch with three interchangeable straps to match her mood or dress.

Model 29 $12.95

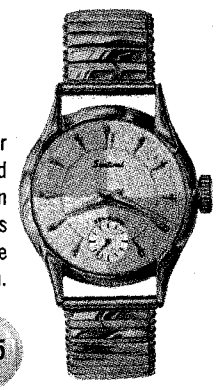


Sister or sweetheart will be thrilled with this smartly-styled clip-on bracelet watch.

Model 10 $11.95

This waterproof-dustproof* watch will make a perfect gift for the outdoorsman in the family.

Model 4 $11.95



Big brother will be pleased as punch when he sports this handsome dress watch.

Model 33 $8.95

This lovely watch with its stunning dial treatment is sure to make any Mom happy.

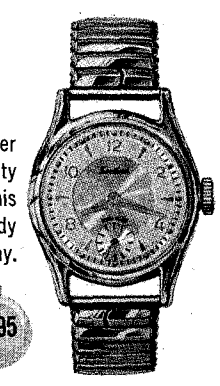
Model B11 $10.95

A dependable watch that is ideal for the sportswoman, perfect for the nurse.

Model 8 $8.95

Dad may already have a more expensive watch but you'll find him wearing this one just as often.

Model 1 $7.95



Young brother will be mighty proud of this watch that's sturdy enough for play.

Model 31 $7.95

If your dealer can't supply you, send check or money order (no cash, please), plus 10% Federal Excise Tax, to The E. Ingraham Co., Bristol, Connecticut.

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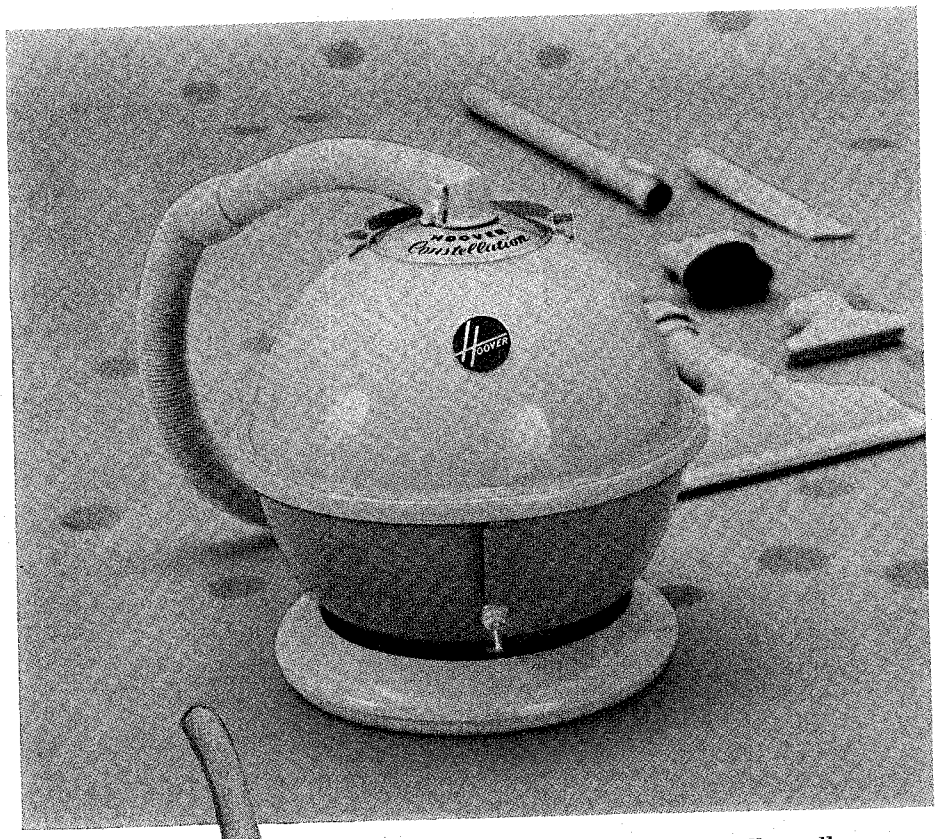
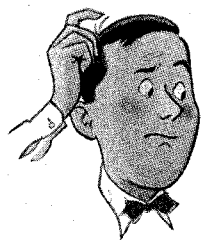


New Hoover Constellation. *Actually walks on air.* Follows her around under its own air power. She just guides rolling nozzle. $97.50.

New Hoover Steam-Dry Iron *with the first stainless steel soleplate.* If she says her ironing takes too much time, she needs this Hoover. Makes ironing faster, smoother, easier. $17.95.

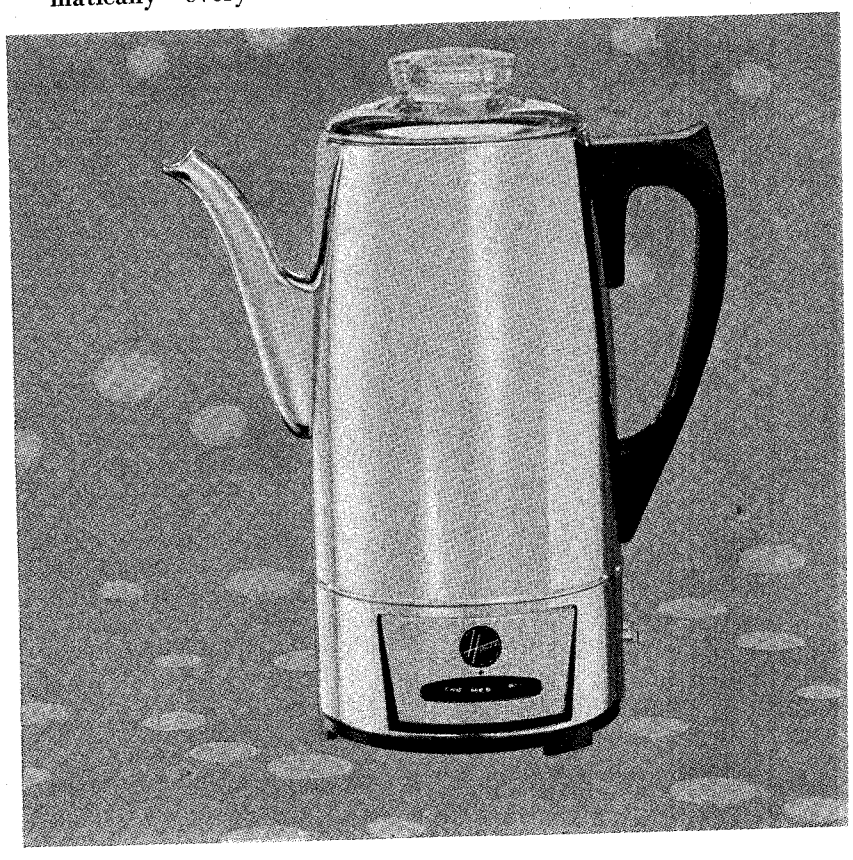


WHICH OF THESE HOOVER APPLIANCES DOES MY WIFE WANT?

Give her you

New Hoover Citation. Doesn't she deserve the world's finest cleaner? Keeps rugs bright. "Beats, as it sweeps, as it cleans" to get deep-down dirt. $124.95. Tools extra.

New Hoover Automatic Coffeepot. Doesn't she like coffee with that old-fashioned flavor? This Hoover brews it that way—automatically—every time. Makes 4 to 9 cups. $24.95.



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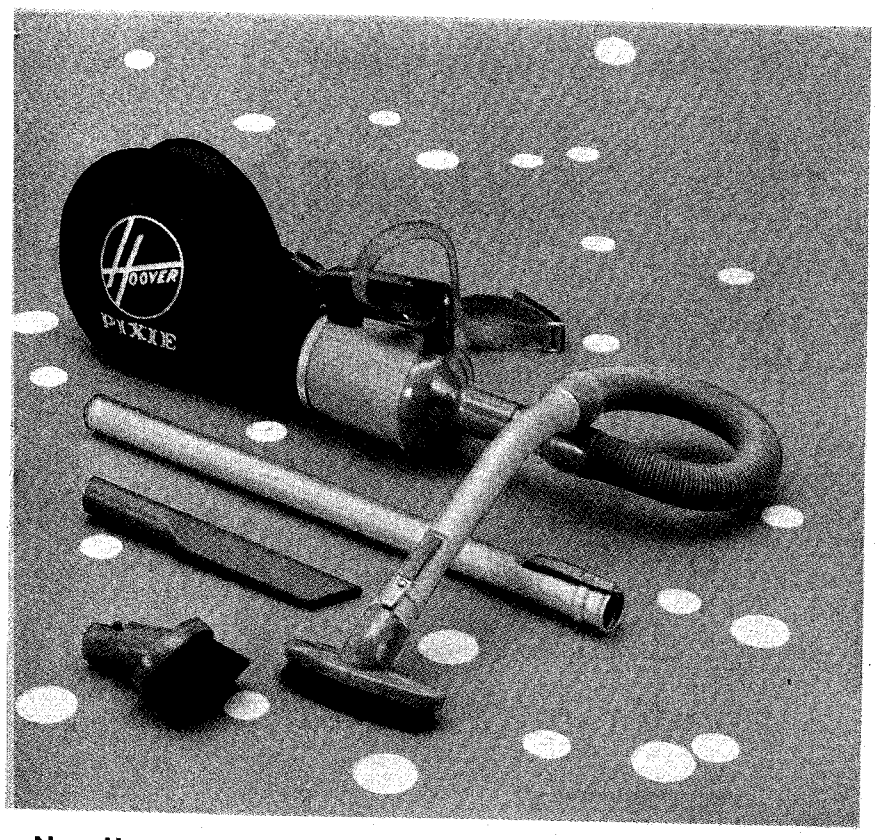


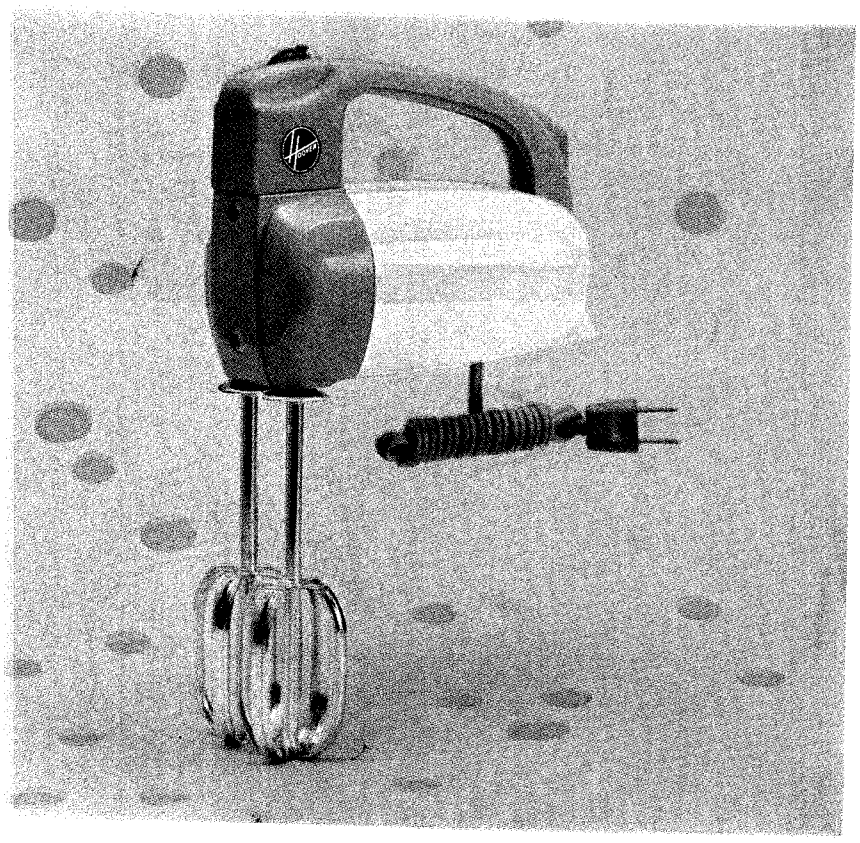
New Hoover Pixie®. For quick dusting and cleaning. Goes anywhere dirt goes. She doesn't carry it, she wears it with the shoulder strap. Handy for cleaning the car and workbench, too. $39.95.

New Hoover Lark®. Lightest upright of all. Yet, light as it is, the Lark "beats, as it sweeps, as it cleans". No dust bag to empty. Only, $69.95. Exclusive double-stretch hose and tools extra.

a HOOVER® and give her the best

HOOVER
FINE APPLIANCES
. . . around the house
. . . around the world

New Hoover Handmixer. If she likes to cook, here's the lightweight, portable mixer for her. Plenty of Hoover power for "big mixer" jobs, weighs less than 3 lbs. $18.95.



New Hoover Scrubber-Polisher. She wants beautiful floors—and she can have them, in minutes instead of hours. She can scrub, wax, polish and buff all hard-surfaced floors—with practically no effort. $69.95 plus excise tax.

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Here's why your family should be among the millions who use

ONLY GLEEM – *the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal*

JUST ONE BRUSHING destroys decay-and odor-causing bacteria

MOUTH BACTERIA, CHIEF CAUSE OF DECAY, BUILD UP OVERNIGHT LIKE THIS

AFTER ONE GLEEM BRUSHING, UP TO 90% OF THESE BACTERIA ARE DESTROYED

Can you and your family always take time to brush after meals, even though it's best? Then use Gleem, the toothpaste that meets this modern problem. Just *one* Gleem brushing destroys most bacteria. That's how Gleem with exclusive GL-70 gives added resistance to decay . . . and protects most people against mouth odor *all day*. You'll discover youngsters love Gleem's flavor so much it's easy to get them to brush regularly. That's why so many families use *only* Gleem—it's the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal.

Mouth odor stopped all day with *one* Gleem brushing. Scientific tests prove just brushing with Gleem before breakfast gives most people *all-day* protection against mouth odor. Start *your* day with Gleem.

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Horror-struck eyewitnesses will never forget the great ball of blazing hydrogen bursting from the ship's after section on that tragic spring night at Lakehurst, N.J.

Terror in the Twilight

This is the story, reconstructed from survivors' reports, of the terrible holocaust of the airship Hindenburg two decades ago.

By John Toland

On Thursday afternoon, May 6, 1937, the seventh-place Brooklyn Dodgers were playing the leaders of the National League, the Pittsburgh Pirates, at Ebbets Field. And the Dodgers were winning. The Brooklyn fans were so busy cheering their pitcher, Van Lingle Mungo, that little attention was paid a giant airship that was floating lazily over Bedford Avenue. In fact, the following morning not a single sports writer mentioned that the airliner Hindenburg had been briefly a witness to the surprising 9–5 Dodger victory.

In less partisan sections of New York there was more interest. Along Broadway, automobiles, trucks and rattletrap trolley cars stopped; passengers craned their necks to get a look at the flying hotel—now nearing the end of its

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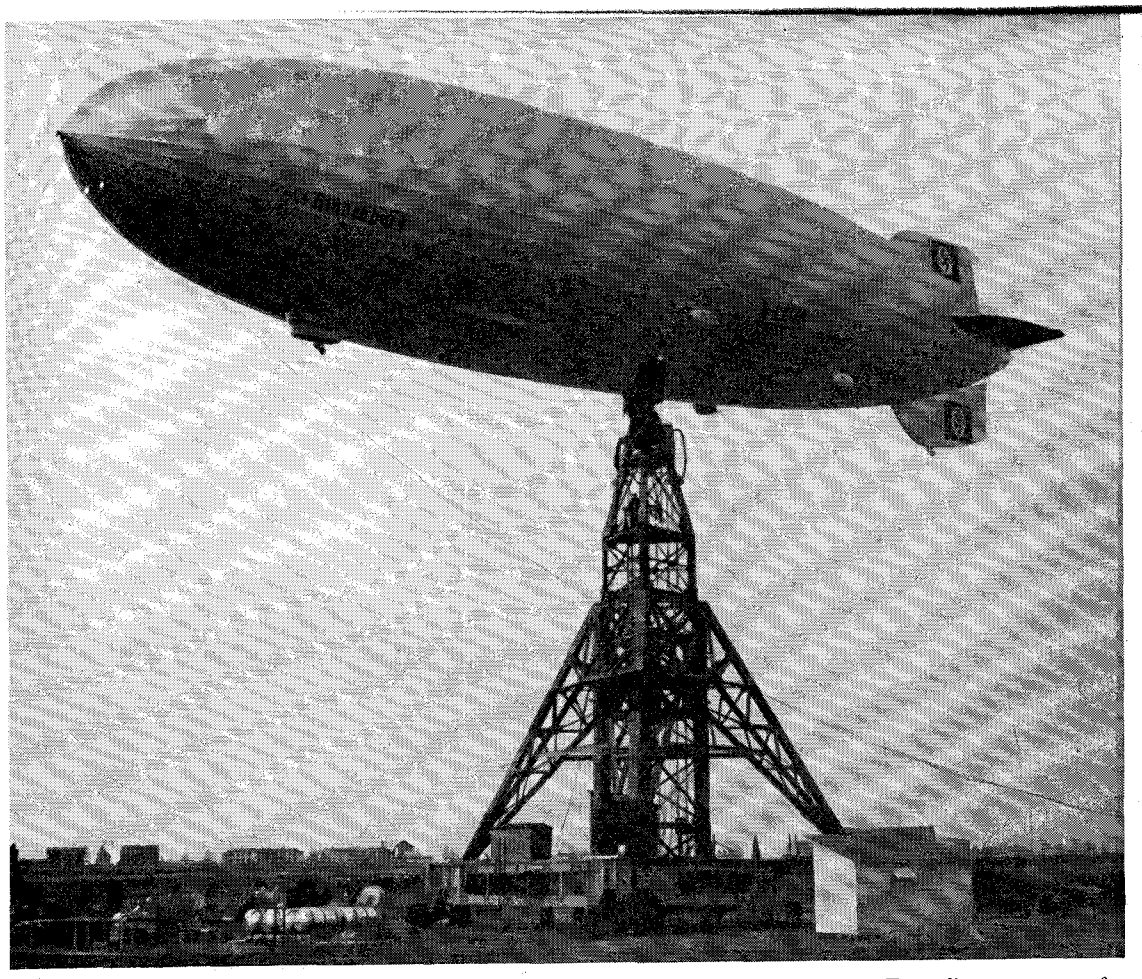
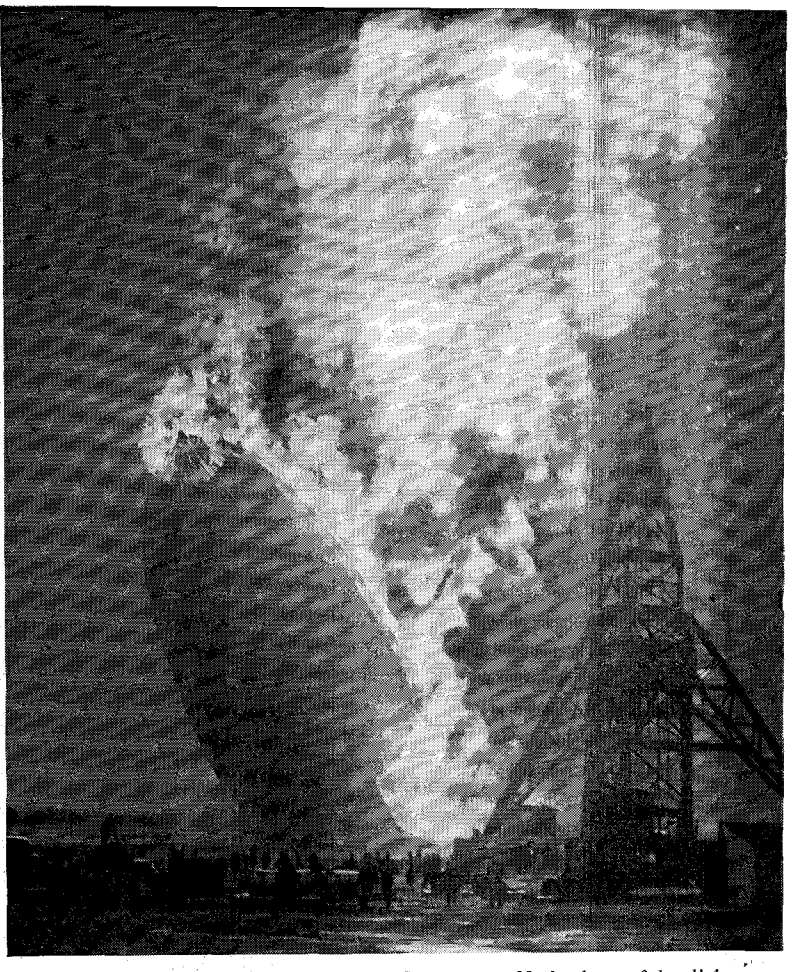


7:22 P.M.: Three minutes before the catastrophe, the great Zeppelin maneuvers for a landing while passengers watch the operation from the windows.



7:25:22 P.M.: A mass of flames engulfs the bow of the dirigible as it settles to the ground tail first.

first transatlantic trip of the year. Taxis and buses honked their horns in greeting.

From the Battery to the Bronx, faces were turned up. New Yorkers had seen the dirigible on many of its ten round trips the year before, but the Hindenburg was still a sight of wonder and beauty. It was awesome to look up and see, high in the sky, an object 146 feet high and 803 feet long—ninety-three feet longer than the biggest battleship afloat.

At 3:32 P.M. just as the Hindenburg was turning gracefully over the Empire State Building, the sun peered through lowering clouds. Its rays glittered on the huge black Nazi swastikas painted on the fins of the ship. On the Hindenburg's promenade deck, two authors, Mr. and Mrs. Leonhard Adelt, were waving at the crowd on the observation platform of the Empire State Building. The ship was now so close to the tower that Adelt noticed sight-seers taking pictures.

Then the Hindenburg, with ninety-seven passengers and crewmen aboard, headed south for its destination—Lakehurst, New Jersey. Curious New Yorkers went back to work, believing they had seen the successful end of another routine passage of "the safest aircraft ever built"—a ship so safe that Lloyd's, of London, had insured it for £500,000 at the very low rate of 5 per cent.

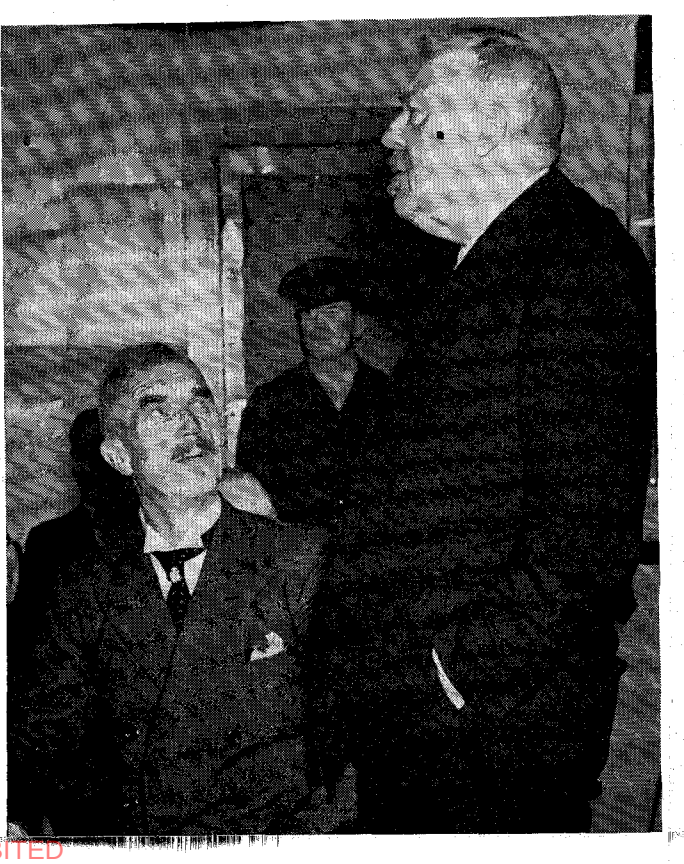
On the bridge of the ship's control car, 175 feet from the bow, Capt. Max Pruss, a blond, blue-eyed man, was giving quiet orders to the men at the two wheels. Kurt Schönherr, the rudder man, stared straight ahead, like the helmsman of any seagoing ship. Eduard Boetius, the elevator man, stood sideways with his right shoulder pointing ahead.

Watching Pruss was Capt. Ernst Lehmann, commander of the dirigible on its last dramatic trip of the 1936 season. During this voyage over hurricane-tossed New England, Lehmann had handled the great airship so skillfully that the passengers never realized they had gone through the worst storm of the year. Lehmann was a cordial, quietly forceful man. Now, as an observer, he still felt the weight of duty—so deeply was a sense of duty impressed on every officer and crewman of the German Zeppelin Transport Company.

Just aft of the control car, passengers lined the slanting observation windows of the fifty-foot promenades on each side of A deck. On the starboard side, just outboard of the main salon, manufacturer Philip Mangone was trying to find the building on Seventh Avenue which housed his showrooms. In the adjoining reading-writing room, Mrs. Hermann Doehner was crocheting while her three children—Irene, ten; Walter, eight; and Werner, six—played games.

On the port-side promenade, just outboard of the forty-six-foot-by-sixteen-foot dining

Pallbearers salute the casket of the Hindenburg's captain, Ernst Lehmann, at a Nazi-style mass funeral in New York for the German victims.



Dr. Hugo Eckener (right), designer of the Hindenburg, and Dr. L. Duerr, chief engineer, at the investigation into the cause of the tragedy.

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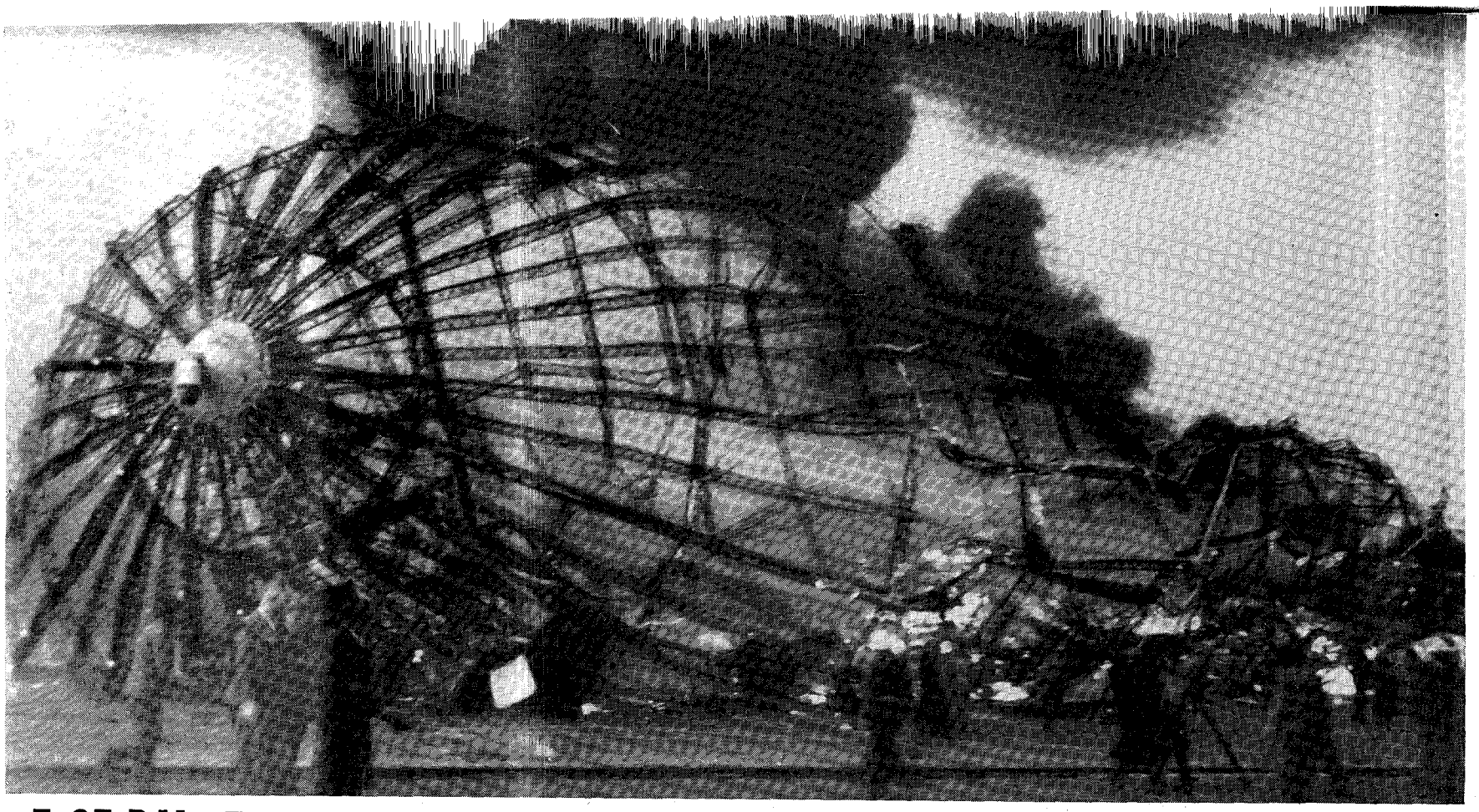


7:27 P.M.: The rescuers, themselves almost in a state of shock, fight searing heat to pull survivors from the crumpled skeleton. Many passengers and crewmen plunged out of the falling ship's hatches and windows. Miraculously, sixty-two of the ninety-seven persons aboard somehow got out alive.

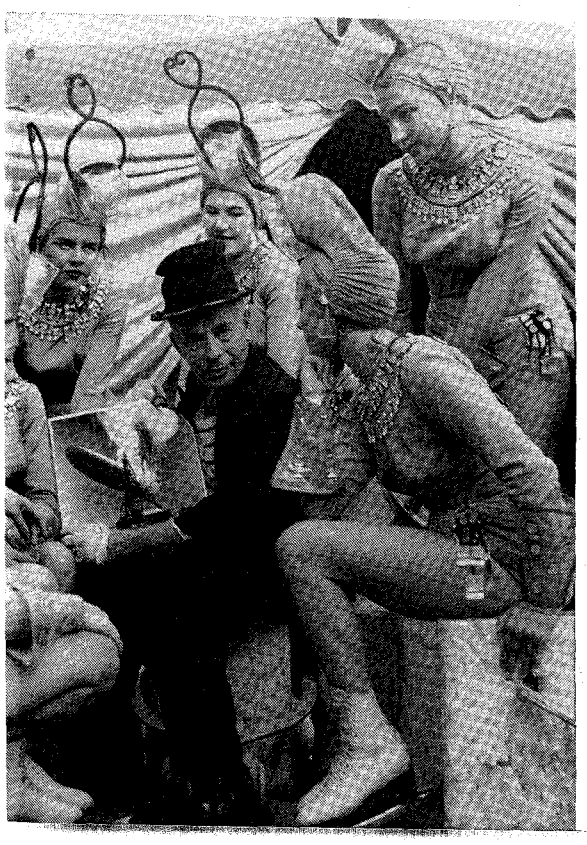
room, acrobat Joseph Spah, who made a good living taking comic falls under the stage name of Ben Dova, was trying to see his home town, Douglaston, Long Island.

He had just finished an engagement at Berlin's Wintergarten Theater and had flown on the Hindenburg so he could appear at Radio City Music Hall on May twelfth.

A slender, energetic, balding man joined Spah. He was Birger Brink, correspondent of the Stockholm Aftonbladet. Brink had never seen New York before, and Spah pointed out the big ocean-going ships tied up at the West Side piers.

As the Hindenburg glided across New Jersey, some of the thirty-eight passengers hurried to their cabins in the middle of A deck. Others, aware of the not-uncommon delays in landing, sauntered down the wide staircase that led to B deck. Because (Continued on Page 50)

7:28 P.M.: Sailors lead a badly burned victim from the wreckage. The death toll of 36 included 22 crew members, 13 passengers and one member of the ground crew.



Today, survivor Joseph Spah is an acrobat and clown working in an ice show under the name Ben Dova.
Here he tells the girls of his troupe about the tragedy.
He escaped with only a broken ankle.

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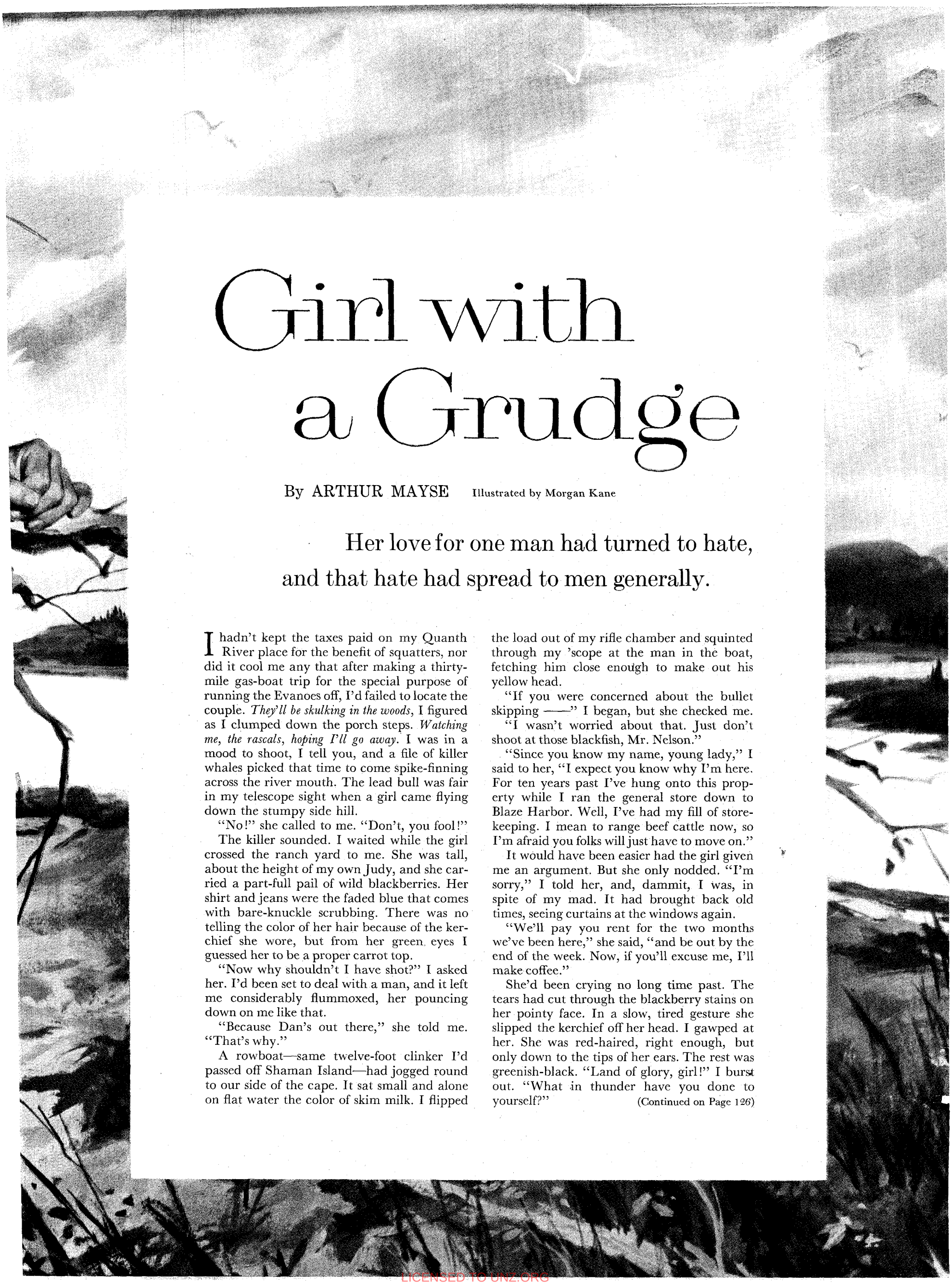

Girl with a Grudge

By ARTHUR MAYSE Illustrated by Morgan Kane

Her love for one man had turned to hate, and that hate had spread to men generally.

I hadn't kept the taxes paid on my Quanth River place for the benefit of squatters, nor did it cool me any that after making a thirty-mile gas-boat trip for the special purpose of running the Evanoes off, I'd failed to locate the couple. *They'll be skulking in the woods*, I figured as I clumped down the porch steps. *Watching me, the rascals, hoping I'll go away.* I was in a mood to shoot, I tell you, and a file of killer whales picked that time to come spike-finning across the river mouth. The lead bull was fair in my telescope sight when a girl came flying down the stumpy side hill.

"No!" she called to me. "Don't, you fool!"

The killer sounded. I waited while the girl crossed the ranch yard to me. She was tall, about the height of my own Judy, and she carried a part-full pail of wild blackberries. Her shirt and jeans were the faded blue that comes with bare-knuckle scrubbing. There was no telling the color of her hair because of the kerchief she wore, but from her green eyes I guessed her to be a proper carrot top.

"Now why shouldn't I have shot?" I asked her. I'd been set to deal with a man, and it left me considerably flummoxed, her pouncing down on me like that.

"Because Dan's out there," she told me. "That's why."

A rowboat—same twelve-foot clinker I'd passed off Shaman Island—had jogged round to our side of the cape. It sat small and alone on flat water the color of skim milk. I flipped the load out of my rifle chamber and squinted through my 'scope at the man in the boat, fetching him close enough to make out his yellow head.

"If you were concerned about the bullet skipping ——" I began, but she checked me.

"I wasn't worried about that. Just don't shoot at those blackfish, Mr. Nelson."

"Since you know my name, young lady," I said to her, "I expect you know why I'm here. For ten years past I've hung onto this property while I ran the general store down to Blaze Harbor. Well, I've had my fill of storekeeping. I mean to range beef cattle now, so I'm afraid you folks will just have to move on."

It would have been easier had the girl given me an argument. But she only nodded. "I'm sorry," I told her, and, dammit, I was, in spite of my mad. It had brought back old times, seeing curtains at the windows again.

"We'll pay you rent for the two months we've been here," she said, "and be out by the end of the week. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'll make coffee."

She'd been crying no long time past. The tears had cut through the blackberry stains on her pointy face. In a slow, tired gesture she slipped the kerchief off her head. I gawped at her. She was red-haired, right enough, but only down to the tips of her ears. The rest was greenish-black. "Land of glory, girl!" I burst out. "What in thunder have you done to yourself?"

(Continued on Page 126)

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California's Stickiest Business

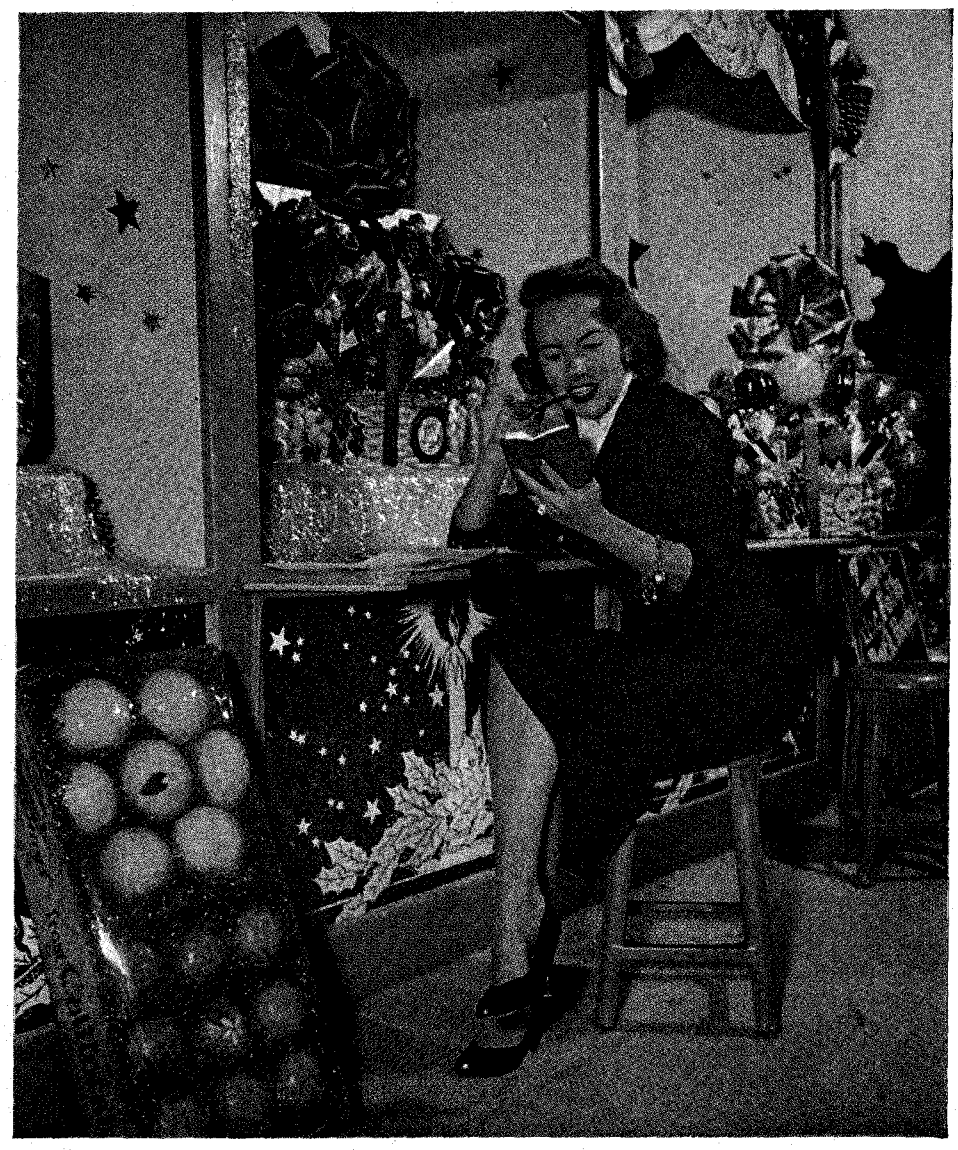
On the West Coast they do their Christmas shopping the easy way—by sending little bits of California to those "unfortunates" who live elsewhere.

By Andrew Hamilton

"Craziest business I know," a conservative California banker declared recently. He ticked off the reasons: 90 per cent of sales are made within a period roughly bounded by Thanksgiving and Christmas; the customer pays from $2.29 to $50 for the product, but can't take it with him; a skilled labor and sales force of 1500 persons must be corraled each fall for two months' employment; engineers have hopefully tried to mechanize the packing process, but it remains a riddle apparently unsolvable. Prior to yuletide the company's name is dinned into West Coast ears almost as incessantly as the song White Christmas, but afterward it becomes as defunct as an old holly wreath.

This banker was referring to Mission Pak, a thirty-six-year-old Los Angeles firm, which claims to be the oldest and largest of a score of companies in the highly competitive, sudden-death, fancy-fruit business. The "fruit-salad gamble," as it is sometimes called, is comparable to investing in penny uranium stocks or drawing to an inside straight.

Mission Pak spends $500,000 a year on brochures—with cheesecake covers—and other gimmicks to drum up yuletide business. For its sales force, however, the firm sticks to the gray-haired, grandma type.



Film actress Terry Moore, a native of Los Angeles, makes out her Christmas list at the Beverly Hills shop. But Mission Pak's most avid customers are newcomers to California who want to show the folks back home what grows in the land of milk and honey.

Photographs by Gene Lester

Fruit comes in so many goofy sizes that machine packaging is impossible. So more than a thousand nimble-fingered Mexican-American women (right) do the job.

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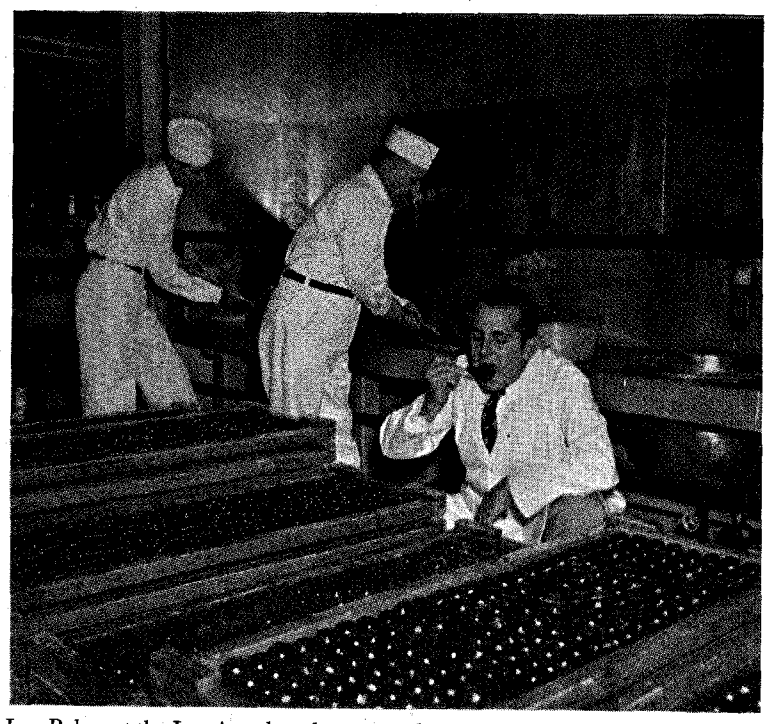
John Landis (right) one of Mission Pak's owners, scours the state on his buying trips. Here he examines crop samples with J. F. Wright, a date grower, on a ranch at Indio, Calif.



Lee Palm, at the Los Angeles plant, samples candied fruit. For some varieties, the "glacé" process takes a full year.

But while many other companies have gone bankrupt, Mission Pak has showered the world with more than 20,000,000 packages of gaudily wrapped oranges, grapefruit, apples, avocados, nuts and dates; of candied figs, pears, tangerines, peaches, pineapples and cherries; plus preserves and fruit cake. This Christmas the company plans to deliver another 2,000,000 packages.

Though Mission Pak experienced some shakiness during the depression, it has never failed to turn a profit and has made millionaires out of George Page, a canny Nebraska farm boy who founded the business, and Albert Waxenberg and John Landis, the present management. Waxenberg's twenty-two-year-old son, Duke, and Landis' twenty-seven-year-old son, Eugene, are now learning the business. As part of his training, Duke went to study at the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce at the University of Pennsylvania. Stuffed with book learning, he returned to Los Angeles last Christmas before leaving for a hitch in the Air Force.

"Dad, we're heading for trouble," he said solemnly. "My professors tell me Mission Pak violates all basic economic theories."

"I know, son," Waxenberg agreed. "According to slide rule and calculus, a bumblebee can't fly either. Fuselage too heavy for wing surfaces. But he does fly—and we're doing all right too. Sales are up twenty per cent this year—ought to go over five million dollars."

Mission Pak ships to all parts of the world except Russia and Mexico—which bans imported fruit. During World War II and the Korean war it sent thousands of fruit packages to servicemen abroad. Other recipients have included Presidents Eisenhower, Truman, Roosevelt and Hoover, and congressmen and governors by the score, Albert Einstein, Helen Keller, King George V of England, Henry Ford, movie stars and scientists, admirals and generals.

It is Mission Pak's good fortune that about 75 per cent of California's 13,000,000 people are from out of state. At Christmastime these exiles stream through the company's stores with two fixations about sending a present "back home": it should be typical of California and it must not entail the fuss of packing and mailing. The Mission Pak people recognized such human foibles years ago, by advertising: GIVE US THE ADDRESS—WE'LL DO THE REST.

The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce and the All-Year Club of Southern California treat Mission Pak like a rich relative. Fresh and glacéed fruits, colorfully packed in redwood boxes, in baskets and in kegs, help to paint California as a land of sunshine, golden fruit and rich abundance. These gifts are persuasive when, elsewhere, the snow drifts window-deep and the thermometer falls below zero.

Mission Pak's customers include many business and industrial firms which play Santa Claus to customers and employees by plying them with fruit. For years an automobile manufacturer, an electrical company and a book publisher have spent $25,000 apiece with Mission Pak. Another company, which once budgeted $10,000 for an office party, now presents fruit packages to employees. The biggest basket ever assembled by Mission Pak was a $600 item six feet tall and six feet wide. It was shipped to a Pittsburgh steel company in a piano box.

(Continued on Page 96)

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My hands dropped from the steering wheel and I felt my head going back and my eyes closing.

He Kissed Me

How does a girl treat a man who insults her one minute—and makes love to her the next?

By S. A. OFFIT

My best friend, Gertrude, has an expression for girls like me. She calls us "foggy in the crumpet." That's because she's English. It means that we're lunkheaded. If we really go off the deep end, she says we're "balmy in the crumpet." Particularly me. I'm balmy.

Gertrude and I both teach in a private school in Jersey City. We specialize in sober things like arithmetic and the Gettysburg Address, only she thinks the Magna Carta is more important.

I keep telling her that I, too, have rights, but somehow it never penetrates. Take the situation in our apartment. We share three rooms. As if that isn't trouble enough, Gertrude likes to keep the temperature at sixty degrees, below health-department standards. She says it makes her feel at home. It makes me feel like a parakeet in an igloo.

Just before Easter I was particularly cold. Maybe the lilies were blooming somewhere, but in Jersey it was raining most of the time. I was dressed for a North Atlantic blizzard, and Gertrude, in Bermuda shorts and ballet slippers as usual, was looking through travel folders in between marking test papers. She was planning her summer vacation—a cruise in the Caribbean.

"Don't you think the heat will be too much for you?" I asked, biting my own red pencil and wishing it were Gertrude.

She answered haughtily, "If you wear a long-sleeved waist and a low skirt, you can keep most of the heat off." It made a lot of sense—shorts in winter and long-sleeved blouses in the middle of the tropics. "I think I shall be particularly fond of Nassau," she continued. "It's British, you know."

I took a fast look at her travel folders, at the bathing suits, the sun and the bronzed young men on water skis. Then I looked around our apartment—at my old black winter coat, the electric lights and the picture of my father and mother which I keep on my desk.

"I think I'll go to Nassau for Easter," I said casually. "I went home Christmas."

"But you can't, Sara Jane! It costs so much for such a short time! You'd better save your money for your trip to Europe next year." To Gertrude, the American dollar is more precious than water on a desert island. "Besides, it's so dreary in Nassau now," she added, as if she knew

(Continued on Page 75)

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This Kentucky city has come up with an ingenious plan to combat the growing menace of young traffic violators—

TRIAL by TEEN-AGERS

By HENRY F. and KATHARINE PRINGLE

The young jury above heard the case of two fellow teen-agers who drove a motor scooter without operator's licenses. Left: Judge John D. Darnell and County Attorney William A. Young (center).

A couple of years ago two seventeen-year-old boys summoned their courage to the point of no return and spoke up protestingly to Judge John D. Darnell, of the Juvenile Court at Frankfort, Kentucky. Caught by the city police, they had entered guilty pleas to the charge of racing each other in two hopped-up motor vehicles at seventy miles an hour in a thirty-five-mile zone.

The pair of adolescent speed maniacs told his honor that their punishment, actually an extremely mild one of having their licenses suspended for two months, had been cruel and unusual. It was, they said, an example of adult tyranny toward the young. So they asked that future traffic violators of their age group be tried, instead, by teen-age juries. To the ultimate regret of many of them, the request was quite feasible under Kentucky's modernized juvenile code.

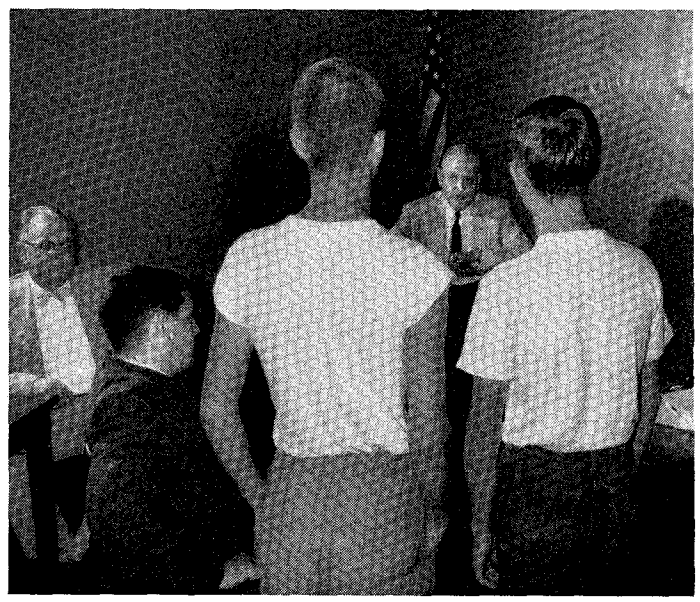
The jurors obtained from among their high-school peers turned out, in the main, to be considerably tougher than the kindly, even indulgent, juvenile court judge had been. And it quickly became clear that there were other complications, few of them pleasant. The football or basketball captain of a Franklin County high school found his guilt being weighed by some fragile little girl in the junior class, upon whom he had looked with masculine tolerance because her only interests had appeared to be Byron, Shelley and Keats. The muscular hero, who had violated the law, heard her voting to invalidate his driving license for two months, six months or a year without batting a pretty blue eye.

"And suppose," one horrified miscreant remarked after one of the early sessions of Frankfort's teen-age court, "you find that your best girl is on the panel before whom you find yourself. What then? What then!"

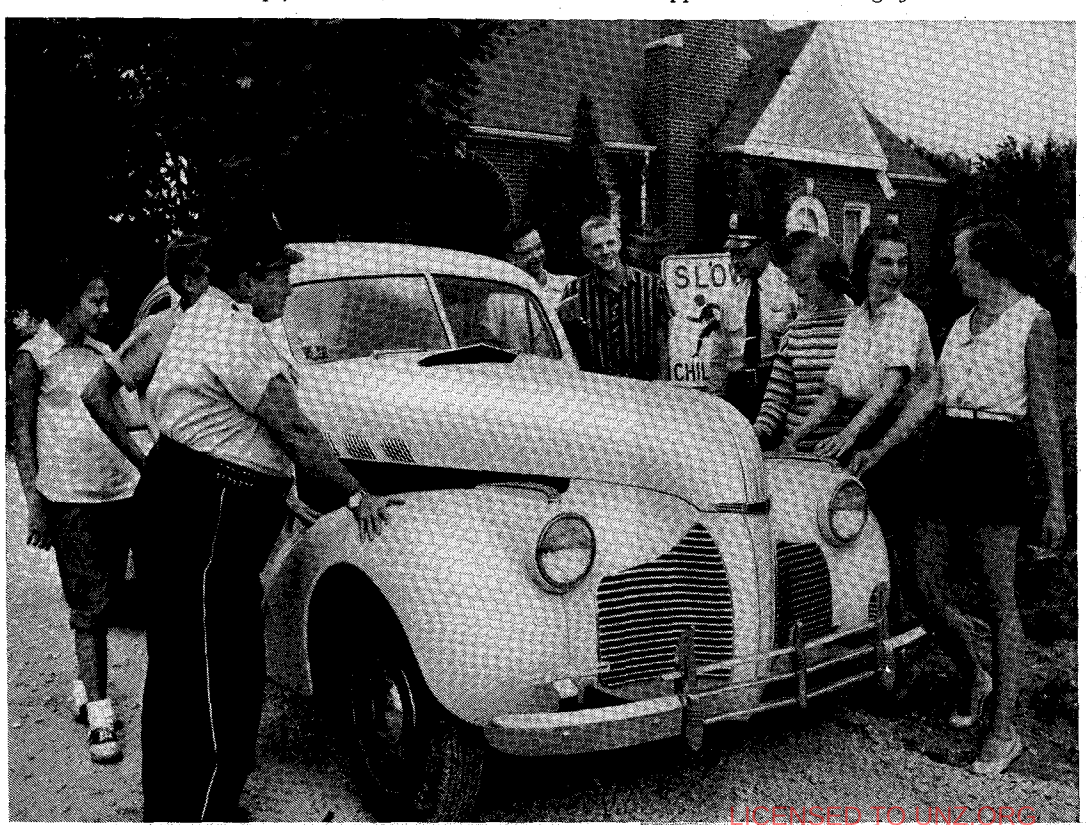
The answer is that George Doakes—not his real name—who has slid past two or three red lights while thinking of that same best girl, feels like considerable of a fool if she is selected to pass on his guilt. But even the hot-rodders of Franklin County—not to mention their worried parents—admit the value of the sharply reduced number of traffic violations which has followed the inauguration of the teen-age jury panels. It is still too soon, however, to draw definite conclusions. Last October they had been in existence for only nine months. But Judge Darnell is being deluged, to the point where it is hard for him to handle his mail, with inquiries from judges, traffic-enforcement officials and juvenile-delinquency workers all over the country. Perhaps Franklin County, via the two young idiots who raced in the streets, has found the answer to an acute national problem.

"I have been very much impressed," Darnell wrote Judge (Continued on Page 101)

The offenders hear Judge Darnell uphold the jury's verdict: send the scooter drivers to traffic school.



Frankfort cops and kids get along better now. The number of traffic arrests there has been sharply reduced, and even the hot-rodders approve of the teen-age juries.



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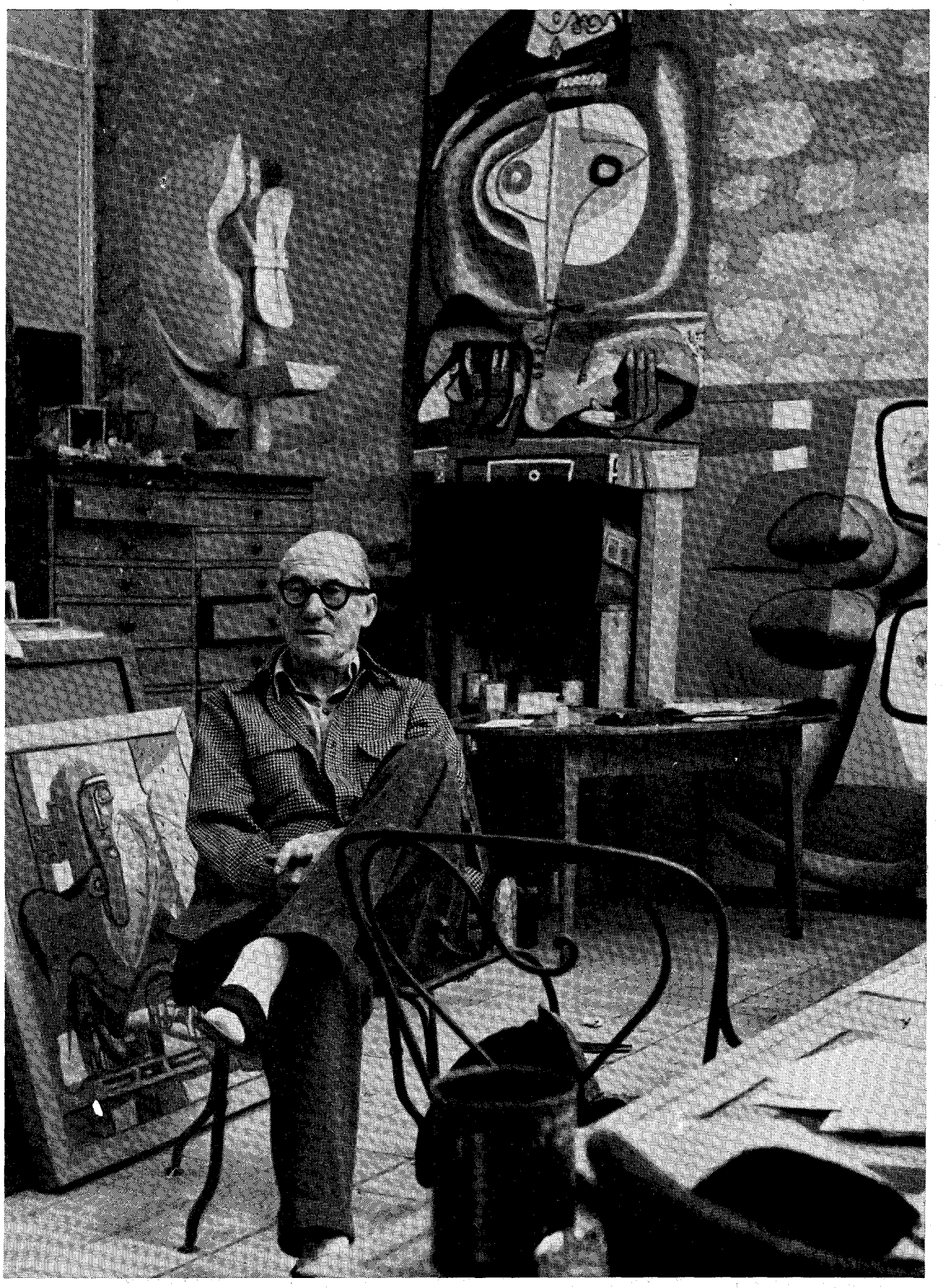
REBEL IN CONCRETE

This irascible Frenchman invents the world's most controversial buildings. He has altered the cities of many people who have never heard of him.



Le Corbusier at his Paris studio. When not designing controversial buildings, he paints controversial pictures.

By ERNEST O. HAUSER

PARIS.

The architect—what other calling holds out the promise of such self-fulfillment? The lawyer's? He may win his case. The farmer's? He may gather in the harvest. The surgeon's? He may save the limb. But he, the architect, can watch his paper dream become a house, a three-dimensional reality where fellow men live, love, work, eat and die. He can create a universe. His ego, consequently, is in constant danger of inflation.

Le Corbusier, the Swiss-born Frenchman who ranks among the two or three great pioneers of modern architecture, has suffered from a troubled ego all his life. Today, approaching seventy and in the midst of the most active period of his long career, he is best known for his rambunctiousness and his extraordinary knack for making enemies. Visitors sometimes find him in the emotional condition of a bleeding bull. In his more tranquil moments, he merely shrugs and spreads his hands as if to say, "Too bad I am the only thinking person among idiots."

A tall, lean, slightly stooping man with a long face, he has the blue, appraising eyes of a Swiss artisan, and a thin mouth whose bitterness seems to belie his favorite expression, "I couldn't care less!" Le Corbusier does care. In fact, much of the scar matter that crusts his tender soul stems from the fact that people do not always let him do what he would like to do.

His brilliant project for New York's United Nations Building, for example, served as the basis for the final plan, but he was never asked to have a hand in the construction. Twenty years earlier, his drawings for the League of Nations Palace in Geneva—which "stood out like a gem," according to their author, from the 300-odd designs submitted in the competition—were voted tops, but finally thrown out in favor of a more conservative approach. Even his model for a Palace of the Soviets was considered too audacious by the Kremlin. And while his visionary plans for redesigning such ripe cities as Paris, Antwerp, Algiers, Barcelona and Buenos Aires met with polite applause when he came out with them, each of these "relics of the centuries," to his dismay, still wears its gray and wrinkled face.

"Architecture," says Le Corbusier, "is the expression of the spirit of a period." A revolutionary from the start, whose radical ideas have kindled arguments down through the

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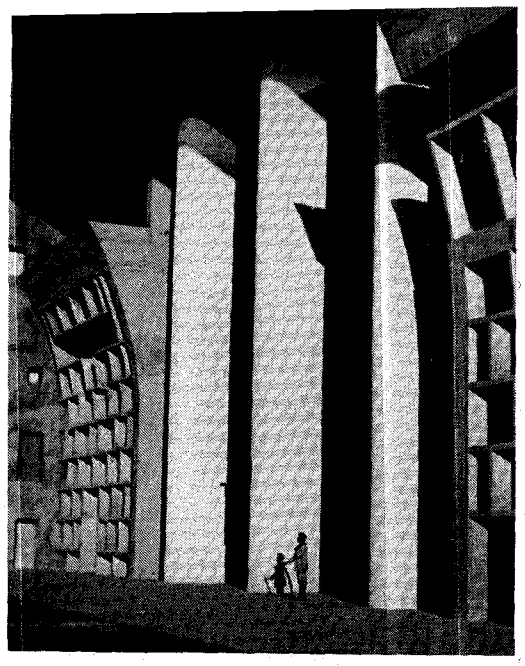
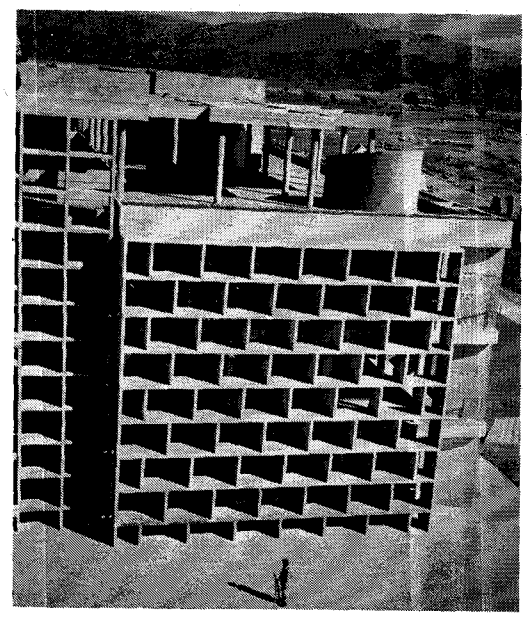


He laid out the city of Chandigarh, capital of the state of East Punjab, India. Here (*above and below*) are two views of the city's spectacular High Court.



years, he has frightened off more people than he has won over. Under the circumstances, the record he has left in reinforced concrete is even more remarkable. His structures range from pocket-sized cubistic villas in suburban Paris to ministries in Moscow and Rio de Janeiro; from a small church in Eastern France to Marseilles' mammoth "Habitation Unit," which still, four years after its opening, remains the continent's most controversial building. Now at the height of his renown, and busier than ever, he is working, among other things, on a Berlin apartment house, a monastery near Lyons, a Tokyo museum and the government buildings of Chandigarh, a new state capital in India.

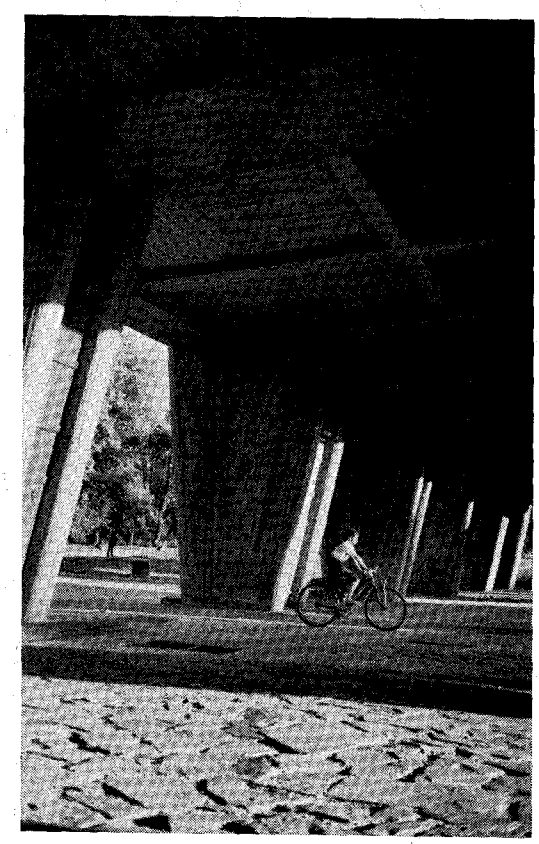
True, even at the rate at which he is going, he will never match the copious production of Frank Lloyd Wright, his great American antipode, who has, by now, brought forth more than 500 structures. Le Corbusier has built no more than forty. But both men would insist that quantity is a poor yardstick for measuring the mettle of an architect. While Wright, who is now eighty-seven years of age, creates from the exuberance of his Wisconsin soul, giving even his most utilitarian buildings a romantic presence, Le Corbusier is coldly analytical. His structures are creations of the intellect. And his enormous influence on our time has been achieved far less by way of concrete, steel and stone than by his sharply angled theories.

On paper, his output is prodigious. He has drawn up some 1400 plans and projects. You'll find his books—he has written more than thirty—crowding the shelves of bookstores in Paris' Latin Quarter and in the libraries of universities in England and America. Few architects or city planners do without them. One well-thumbed volume was the favorite in the circulating library of a French prisoner-of-war camp. And one young architect recalls putting a book by Le Corbusier into his knapsack when joining the big wartime exodus from Paris—"It was a torch I carried," he now says.

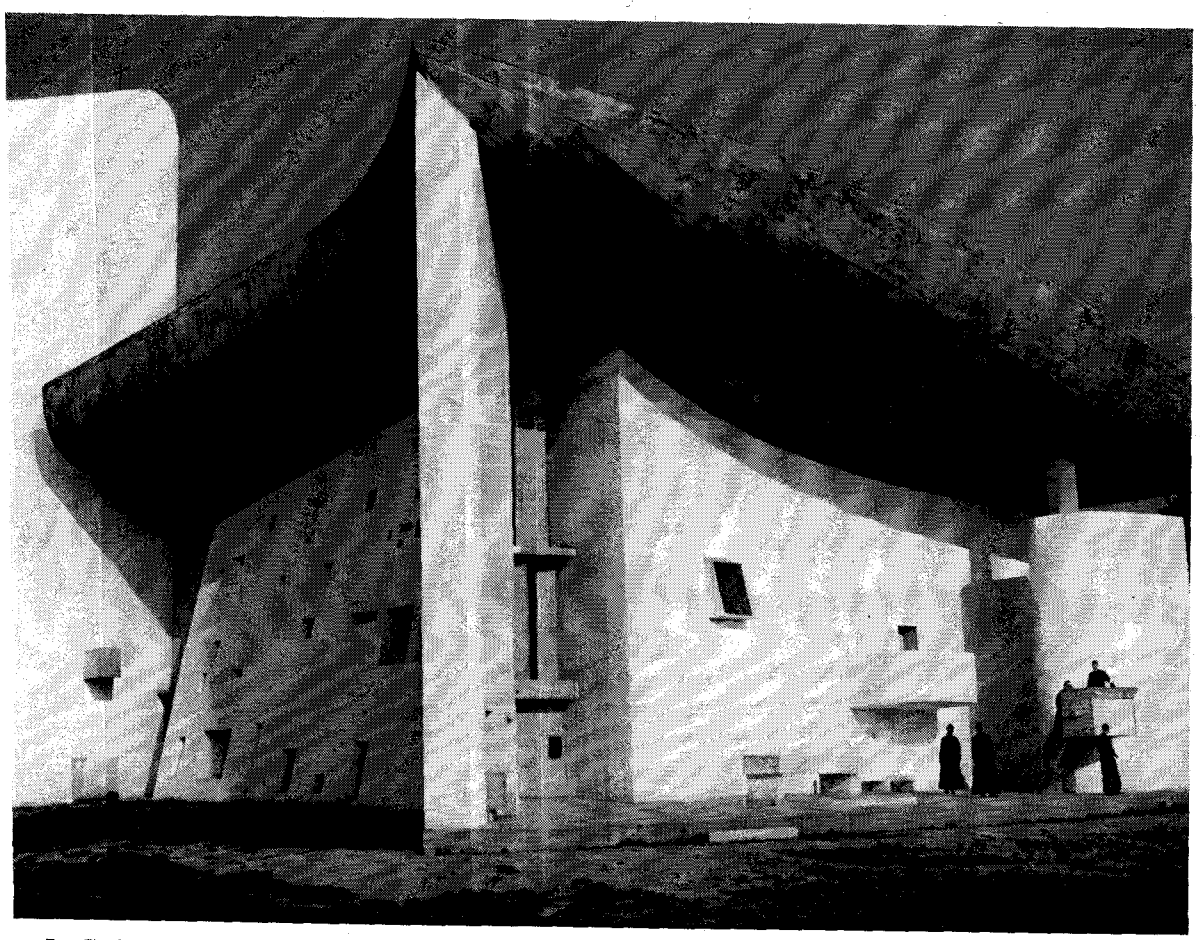
Le Corbusier knows that he is no ordinary architect. Whenever an inhabitant of one of his creations hazards a complaint, he views him with amusement. What of it? What if the kitchen has no light, what if the bedroom has no air? He once nonplused a lady client who called him in because her roof was leaking by floating paper boats in a large puddle in her dining room. A house built by Le Corbusier is there to make a point. It illustrates a theory. And, as his theories are anything but cozy, the tenant will be happiest if he accepts the role of animated footnote.

"A house," Le Corbusier has said, "is a machine to live in."

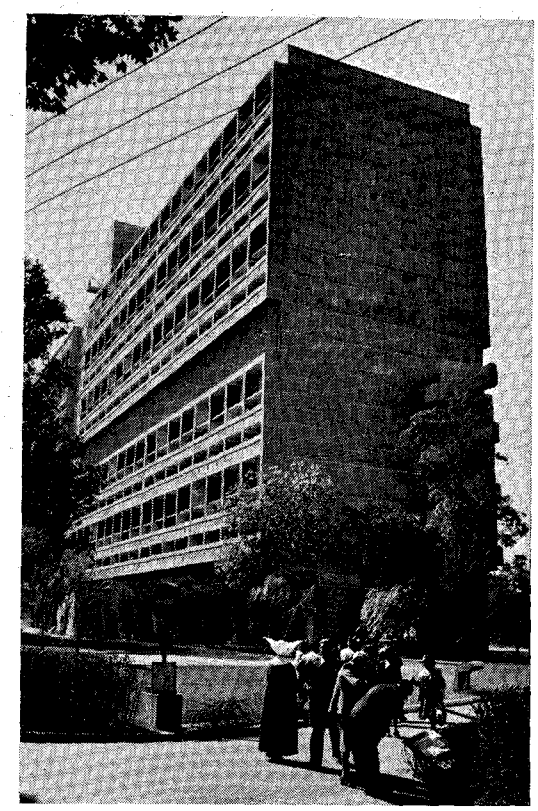
There is something no-nonsense even about his ancestry. (Continued on Page 133)



Stilts are Le Corbusier's trade-mark. Here (*above and below*) they support the "Habitation Unit," $6,000,000 apartment building in Marseilles.



Le Corbusier made this Roman Catholic chapel entirely of concrete. It is at Ronchamp, in the Vosges Mountains.



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Johnson wrapped a spare bandage around the child's leg to match the bandage on his own.

MISSING IN ACTION

How an American private interrupted a war to save a child . . .

By Alan Le May Illustrated by Douglass Crockwell

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Barely a week after the Korean truce, a girl named Annie Freelander, twenty-two, of Oakland, California, was dumfounded to learn through Immigration that she seemed to have inherited a small boy.

Core of the bewilderment proved to be the signed statement of a GI still carried as missing in action. This scribble had been found on the person of a Korean child—or part-Korean child—carried to safety by a lost rifleman, who knew nothing about it. In certified true copy the scrawl said:

Op Officer, Combat Cargo
Jade (or nearest strip)

This little boy is Howard Johnson Jr., he is my natural son, his mother is a very high class nice Korean girl, she is dead. Please send him to my wife Annie K. Freelander in Oakland, not Mrs. because we was married secret, she will understand.

(signed) PFC HOWARD JOHNSON

Annie Freelander had known the guy, all right. She even would have married him, at the time he shipped out, if he hadn't slid out of it. But since then he had written to her once—a lone post card from Japan—and that was the last out of him. Annie could swear there never had been any real ties between herself and Howard Johnson at all.

Selling this fact to her aunt was another matter. Aunt Millie Harker, with whom Annie lived, was a secretary in a bottling works, a Republican precinct worker, and nobody's sucker. "Uh-huh," she said. "I thought something funny was going on."

"I am positively not his wife," Annie insisted. "And not his common-law wife either," she added, beating Aunt Millie to the punch. "I wanted to marry him, I told him I'd marry him—but no."

"The guy says different," Aunt Millie reminded her.

"Howie must have been out of his mind. Maybe battle fatigue—you know? I read where all that noise rattles their marbles."

"H'm. Possible," Aunt Millie considered. "Knowing Howie. Well, you'll have to go down there and straighten it out."

Annie got a day off from the telephone company and (Continued on Page 108)

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The Bard of Broadway at work. After his death, his ashes were scattered over Manhattan from an airplane.

By ARTHUR GORDON

Runyon's Last Round

A poignant story of how the man who created all those delightful Guys and Dolls went down fighting.

Whenever I walk by a certain hotel on 57th Street in Manhattan, the past reaches out and taps me on the shoulder. I went into that hotel only once, and spent less than an hour there, but ——

It was in the winter of 1946. I had walked out of the Air Force into a magazine job of some consequence, and one of the items I found on my desk was a manuscript by Damon Runyon. The script had been bought and paid for, but I didn't think much of it. I had always admired Runyon's work; in fact, I considered him one of the truly great American short-story writers. But this effort seemed tired and careless and weak. And so, although I'd never met Runyon, I decided to ask him to rewrite it.

Knowing that his hotel was only a few blocks from our office, I asked my secretary to find out if it would be convenient for me to stop by and see him after work. Back came word that this would be satisfactory, so at about six o'clock I took the script and walked through the cold twilight to the hotel. If I had any qualms about telling one of the giants of contemporary fiction that his story wasn't much good, I don't remember them now. I had the raw, unabashed confidence of youth. Also, new brooms have a compulsion to sweep fanatically clean.

I got my first shock when Runyon opened the door of his suite. I recognized him instantly, from photographs I had seen. But nobody had warned me about his throat cancer. Nobody had informed me that he breathed through a tube masked by a bit of gauze at the base of his throat. Nobody, certainly, had told me that he was unable to speak a word, not even in a whisper.

He motioned for me to come in, and I did. The suite was small and untidy and rather dark, and there was something unhappy about it, something lonely. I found out later that Runyon had a friend who lived with him, a sort of male secretary who took messages and handled phone calls. But he was out. The two of us were alone.

Near the window was a table with a portable typewriter on it, and scraps of typescript lying around. There were two chairs, and Runyon indicated one of these. I sat down, feeling tension begin to build up inside me. Runyon twirled a sheet of paper into the machine and tapped out six words: "What can I do for you?"

For a moment I thought of backing down completely. I had not committed myself. It would have been very easy to say that I had always wanted to meet him—which was true—add something complimentary about his past work, and make a graceful exit. But I didn't. I put the manuscript on the table between us, and my nervousness made me three times as blunt as I had intended to be. I said, "Mr. Runyon, I don't think this is very good."

I saw the already-grim mouth tighten, the eyes behind the horn-rimmed glasses go cold, a red flush creep up the broad forehead. Later I was to learn that writing the story hadn't been Runyon's idea. He had been bribed and badgered until finally, more to rid himself of the incessant editorial pressure than anything else, he had wearily undertaken it. But I didn't know this then. All I knew was that he was angry.

He was angry, but he couldn't express the anger. All the searing words that must have flashed through his mind were dammed up there because of the cancer that had him by the throat. He was silent because he had to be silent, but all the same I felt his anger like a blow.

He clenched his fist once. Then, very calmly, he hit the spacing lever of the typewriter and wrote another line: "What's wrong with it?"

I knew, by this time, that I was making a terrible mistake. That he was sick, and lonely, and unhappy. That he had done the job as well as he could do it with the vitality that was left to him. I knew nothing about his personal life or the sadness that dwelt there, but I could sense it. I could sense, too, a kind of basic fear in him that could have been only one thing: the fear of extinction, the fear of approaching death. And this was reinforcing his anger, because fear and anger are never very far apart. And, in a way, I was a messenger, reminding him of all the grim, inevitable things he wanted to forget.

But I had gone too far, now, to turn back. So I told him what was wrong with the manuscript. I told him, and technically what I said was entirely true, but the fact that it was true just made it worse for both of us. Here was a man whose best work would be read and remembered for generations. Who was I to tell him what was good or bad? Why should he accept criticism from a stranger less than half his age, of no reputation or distinction? Why?

He did not accept it. He shook his head, mute and furious. With jaw muscles clenched, he hammered out explosive negatives that sounded like bursts of machine-gun fire: "No! Disagree! That's absurd! No!"

The thing was becoming a nightmare for both of us. I got the impression that he did not dare admit that anything was wrong with the story, that such an admission would be devastating to him, somehow final. We were near the window, and the cold winter night was outside, but my shirt became soaked with perspiration. I felt as if the truth had been put into my hands as a weapon, and that I was using it against a man who could not defend himself. It was like fighting a man with both hands tied behind him. After a while you wish that your hands were tied too.

I stuck doggedly to my point that the script needed revision. "Rewrite it yourself," the typewriter snarled. At least I had sense enough to know that nobody could rewrite Runyon, and I said so. He slammed his hand down on the manuscript; the typewriter sputtered again: "It IS Runyon; what more do you want?"

I did something then that was cruel, I suppose, but I was almost as upset as he was, and when your nerves are stretched that far you don't think very clearly. I couldn't bring myself to say it in words, but I pulled the typewriter away from him and wrote five words that summed it all up: "I want the old Runyon!"

He flicked a glance at the sentence, then he looked at me. I can still remember how the silence sang in the room. And suddenly he must have seen how young and frightened and miserable I really was, because a change came over his face. A remarkable change. The anger died out of it, the steel-trap mouth relaxed, a wry, resigned humor came into his eyes. He turned the typewriter sideways, so that I could read, and this time he typed slowly: "The old Runyon doesn't live here any more ——" He glanced up again, then went on: "—— but if you say so, I'll try."

And he did. He didn't make the story much better, but that isn't the point. The point is that he tried. He was sick and lonely and tired and dying—but he tried.

I still have that piece of paper somewhere, with the words we both typed on it. And maybe Damon was right in thinking that the magic was gone from his typewriter. But he was wrong about one thing.

The old Runyon did live there. He lived there until he died. THE END

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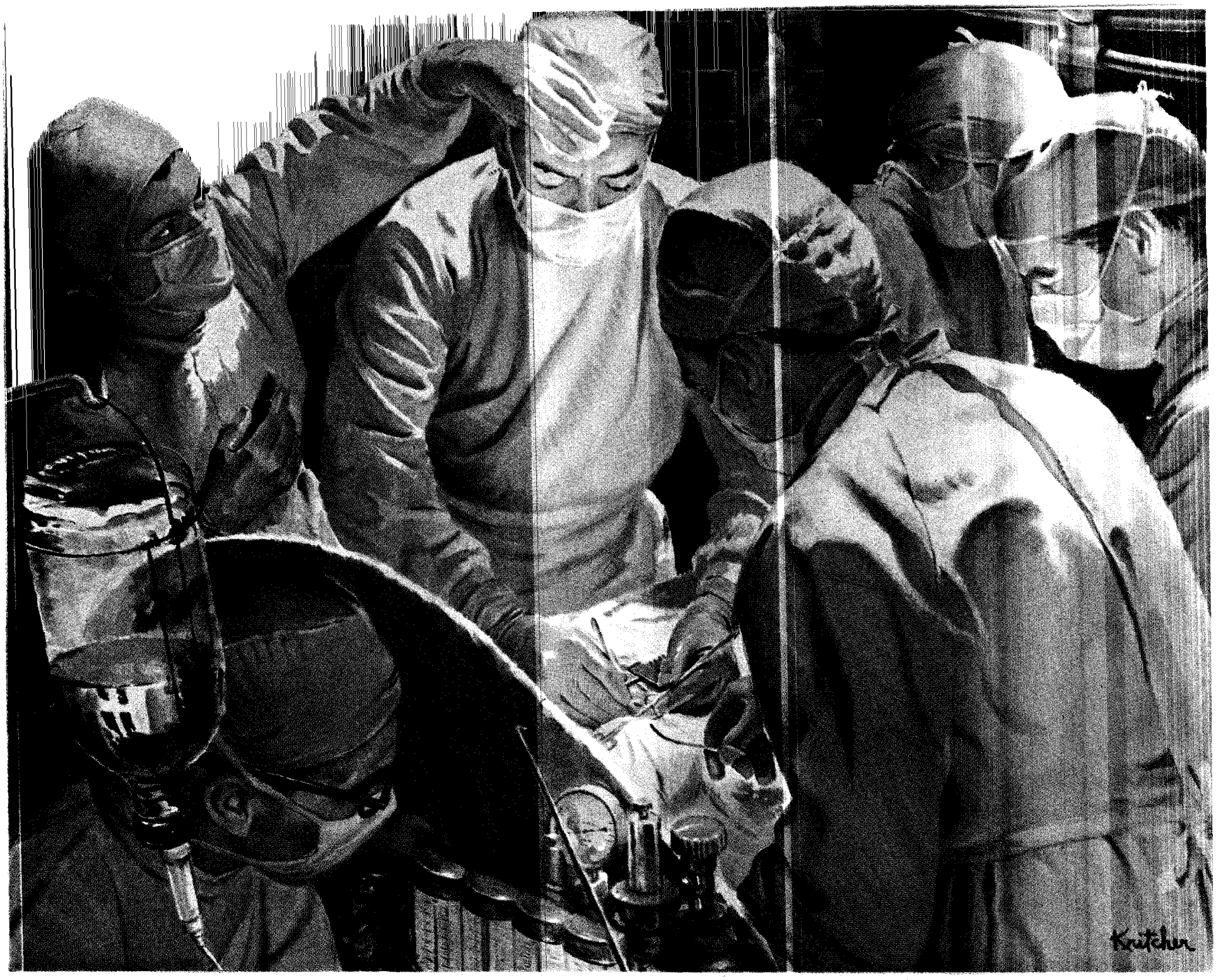

Periodically Bette dabbed gently at the big globules of perspiration that were forming on his forehead.

A LIFE IN HIS HANDS

By RONALD SERCOMBE

He couldn't just stand there and watch a woman die—when by taking a desperate chance he might save her.

The fourth floor of the spanking-new wing of Jacksonville Medical Hospital overlooked Ortega Bay, a vast blue bulge in the busy St. Johns River, North Florida's maritime aorta. It was a peaceful vista.

As he walked reluctantly down the fresh and gleaming air-conditioned corridor, Dr. Dennis Sullivan, chief resident in surgery, glanced out a window. He stopped walking. Briefly, his penetrating blue eyes absorbed the scene. Some tiny white boats were skipping over the dimpled blue waters.

How, the doctor wondered, *can there be such tranquillity out there and such turmoil in here?*

He resumed walking, thrusting his solid jaw forward a little as he steeled himself for the unpleasant task ahead. The wide, glossy plywood door to the Family Conference Room opened silently, swiftly. It closed with a soft pneumatic thump.

The early visitors were sitting in stiff-backed chairs and they were looking at Ortega Bay. A quick glance at the profiles told Doctor Sullivan they were father and son—father about forty, son about twelve. Both of them looked uncomfortably dressed up.

"Good morning," Doctor Sullivan said, manufacturing a quick professional smile. "I'm Doctor Sullivan." He extended his large right hand. "You're Mr. Jamison, I believe."

Mr. Jamison stood up quickly. He was a fine-looking man with a thick shock of black hair and serious brown eyes. He was, Doctor Sullivan knew, a highly successful manufacturer of small boats. Contrary to pattern, success had humbled him.

"Good morning." Mr. Jamison's hand was also large—callused too. The boy stood up. He was a miniature replica of the father. "This is Billy, Junior, doctor," Mr. Jamison said. The boy shook hands like a man and said good morning.

Hesitatingly, and with obvious trepidity, Mr. Jamison said, "I was expecting Doctor Withers."

Doctor Sullivan nodded. "Doctor Withers has flown to Atlanta. A death in the family, I'm sorry to say." (Continued on Page 65)

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My Dad, Walt Disney Part Four

By DIANE DISNEY MILLER, as told to Pete Martin

When the Animals Began to Talk

Mickey became an international celebrity, but Walt, betrayed by a good friend, had a nervous breakdown. So he decided to have fun, just like his own creations.

In 1927 the firm of Walt and Roy Disney was being secretly undermined. The young partners suspected nothing. Then my father went to New York to see the distributor of his cartoon series, Oswald the Rabbit, and discovered that the distributor had him over a barrel.

Unless the Disneys took a cut in price, he said, he'd go into production himself. "Four of your top artists are ready to sign with me," he revealed. He took the Rabbit too. There must have been something in the fine print of their contract that did that. "If those four guys will do this to me, they'll do it to you, too, when they get a chance," Dad told him; and jumping ahead in this story for a moment, that's just what they tried to do. They helped the smart operator who'd lured them away from Dad produce Oswald cartoons for a year. Then they tried to grab the Rabbit away from him. "But," Dad tells me, "they didn't get away with it. An old-timer in this business—he must be an old-timer since he's been in cartoons longer than I have—slipped in and took charge of the Rabbit. I was on his side all through that in-fighting and I must say I got a kick out of it when he outsmarted the four artists who'd left me."

But that came later. When Dad first lost Oswald, his impulse was to send a telegram to Uncle Roy, back in Hollywood, and tell him in detail how the roof had fallen in. But he was so mad that he choked up. Not only that, he didn't want to worry Uncle Roy. So he just wired, "EVERYTHING O.K. COMING HOME," and that night he and Mother were on a train headed for California.

I've already told what happened on that train—how Dad, in a flash of desperate inspiration, dreamed up a hitherto unheard-of character called Mickey Mouse. But Uncle Roy knew nothing about the Mouse when he met Dad's train in Los Angeles; he didn't even know that Oswald was a dead rabbit. He must have smelled trouble, though, because he asked no questions until they reached Dad's house.

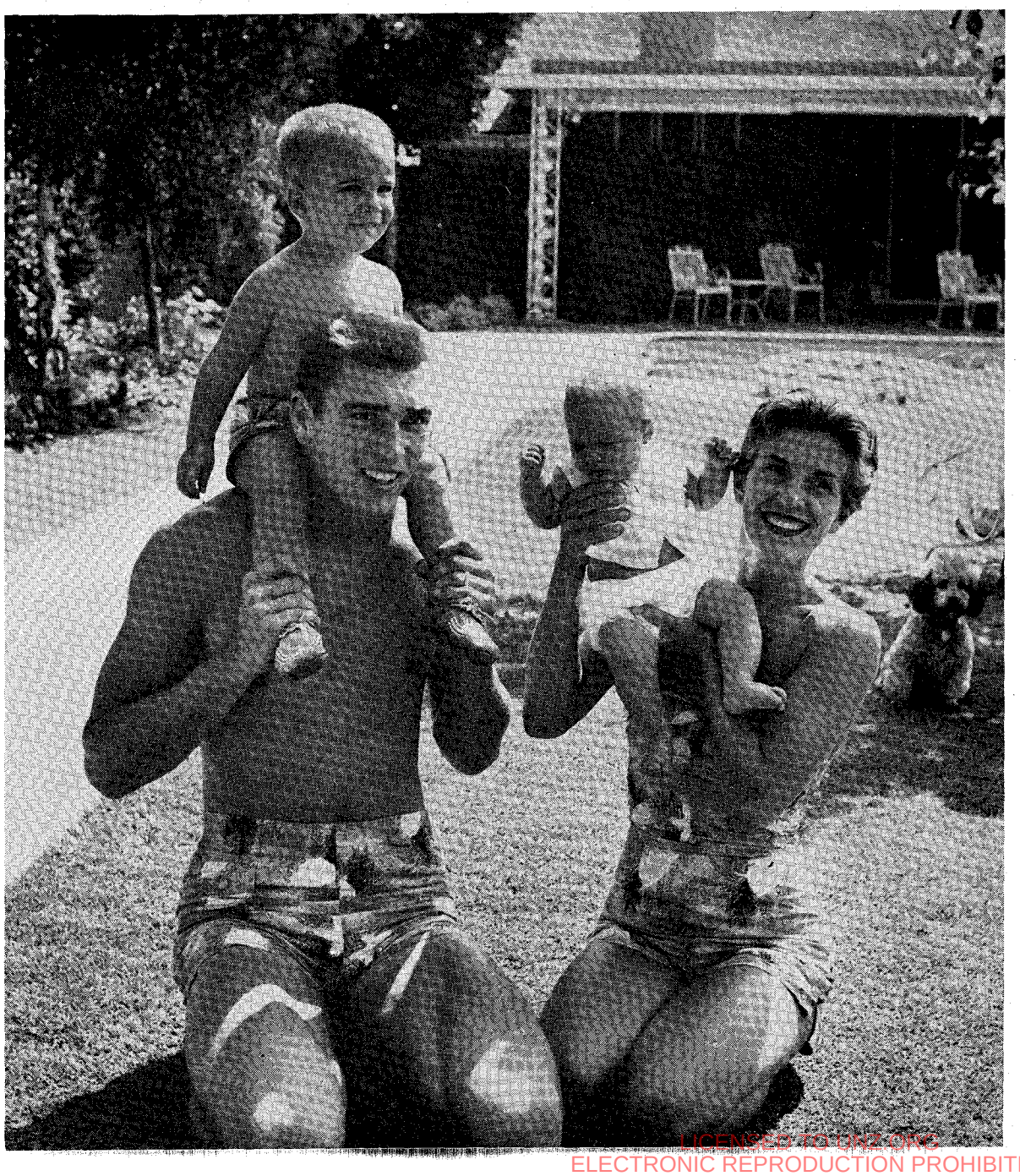
"Tell me all about it, kid," he began. "What kind of a deal did you make?"

"I haven't got a deal," Dad said. He explained what had happened to him in New York. "We're going to start a new series," he said. "It's

(Continued on Page 79)

NEXT WEEK . . .

Diane tells how cartoons such as The Three Little Pigs made Walt world famous. Illustrated in full color.



After his crackup in 1931, Walt obeyed his doctor's orders to acquire outside interests. As a result, he wound up with a string of twenty polo ponies and a daughter named Diane (here aged two).

The author and her husband, Ron Miller, with their children, Chris and Joanna. Ron plays professional football with the Los Angeles Rams.

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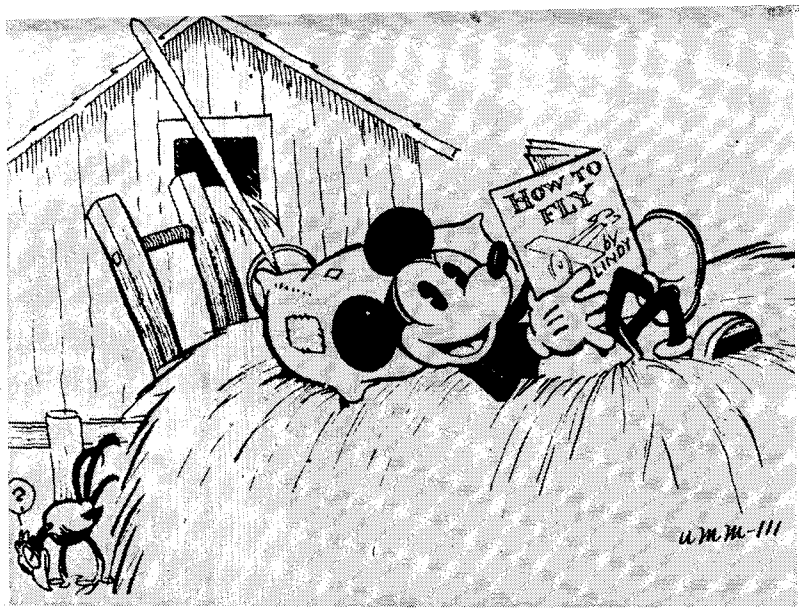
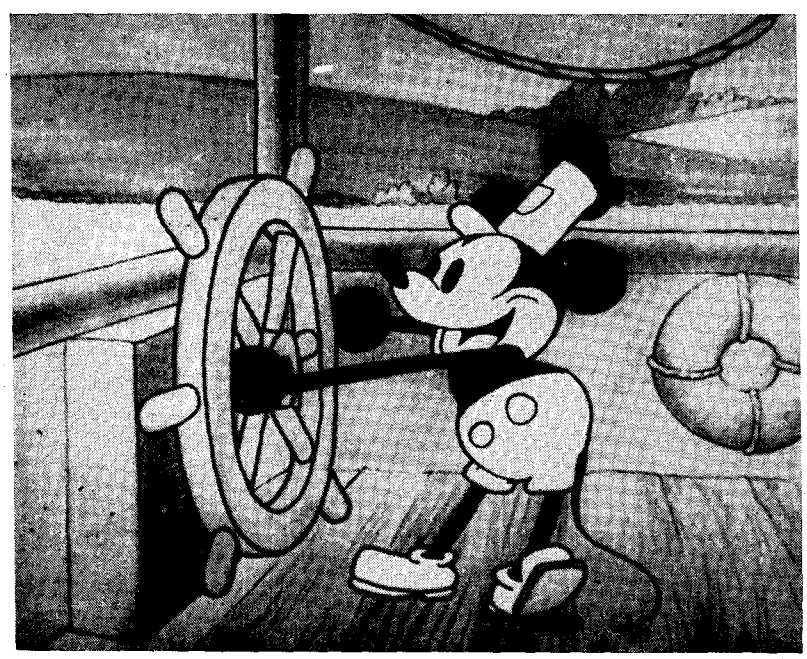


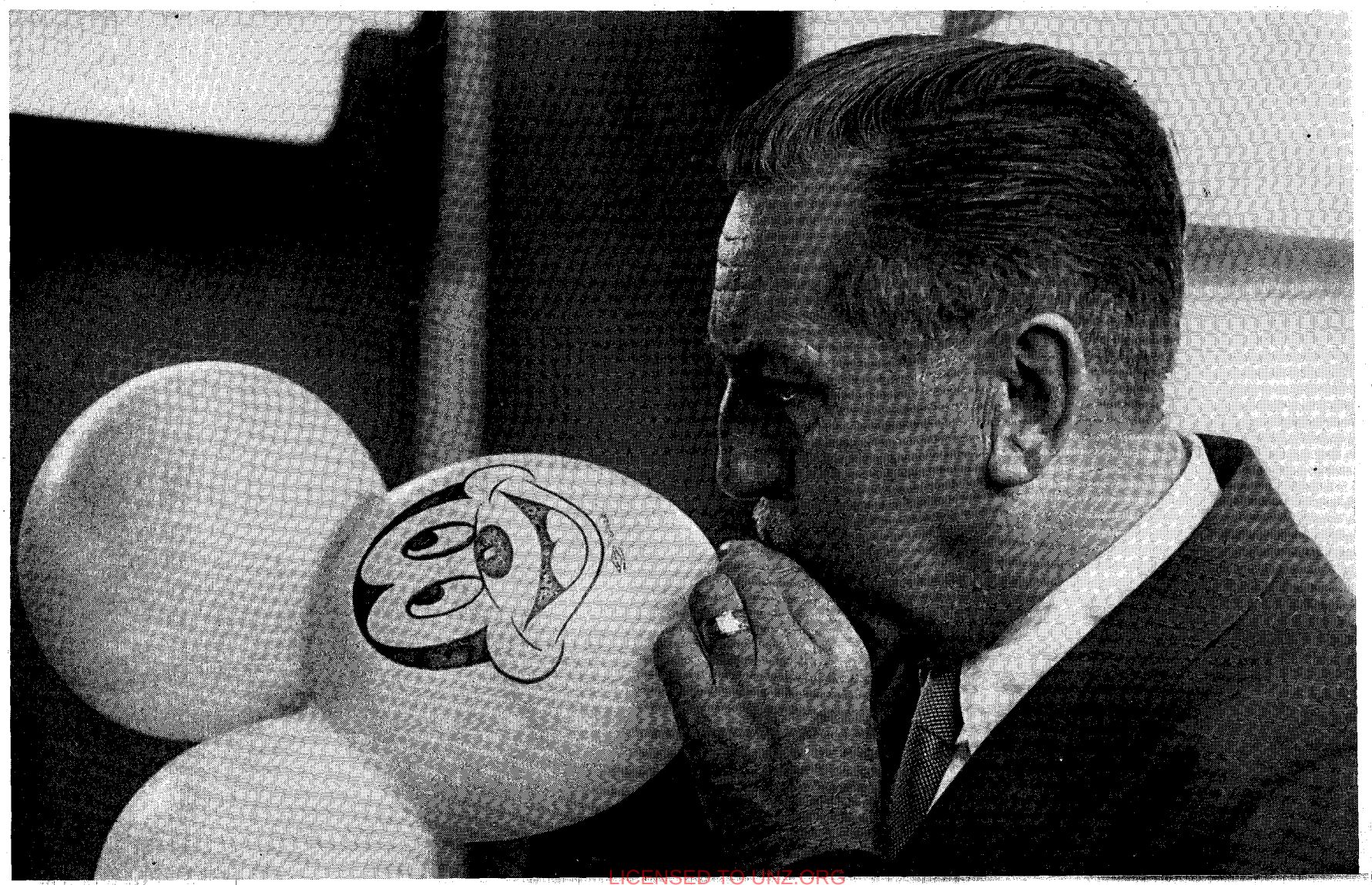
Mickey Mouse made his debut in 1928, in a silent cartoon called Plane Crazy.



That same year, 1928, the first talking picture was released, making Disney's soundless mouse obsolete. But Walt wouldn't be licked. He and Mickey met the challenge in Steamboat Willie, the first animated cartoon with sound.

In 1932, Walt won the first of his innumerable "Oscars." It was awarded to him for creating Mickey Mouse. Here, Walt (standing behind Mickey), his brother, Roy (at Walt's right) and the Disney staff mark the big event.

Today, twenty-eight years after the coming of the mouse, Walt and Mickey are more popular than ever—and Walt himself is having the time of his life.



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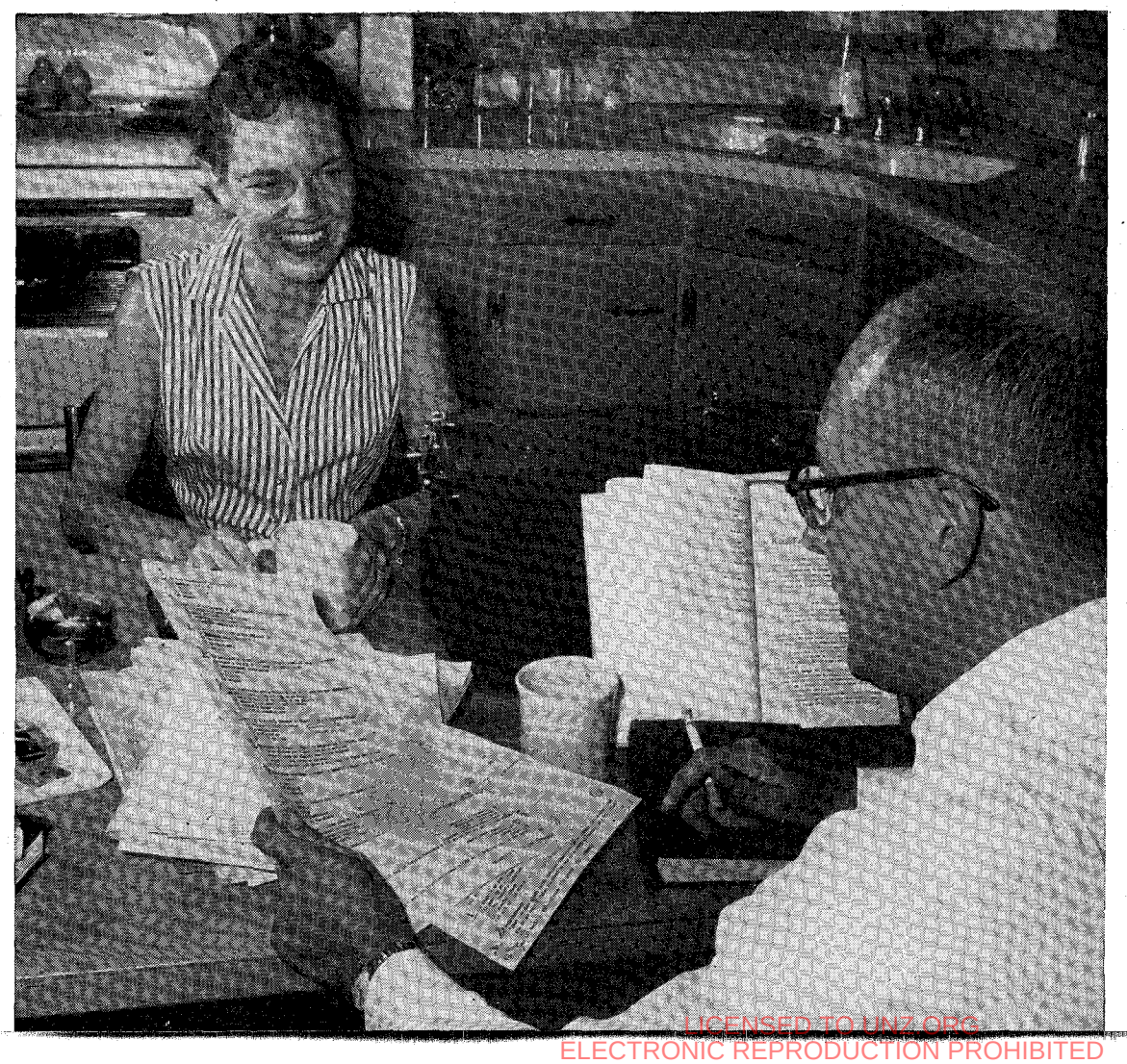
My Twelve Years as a Blind Man

An explosion victim reveals what "permanent" blindness did to him, and tells of the near-miracle that gave him back his sight . . .

By WILLIAM WINSTEAD, as told to Steven M. Spencer

The author (right), then a sightless, ex-GI student, and his bride Charlene at their wedding reception. They met when she offered to help him with his college reading assignments.

With 20-20 vision restored to his good left eye, Winstead now corrects homework papers without assistance. He was blind when he became a sociology professor four years ago.



It was two weeks before Christmas, in 1943. The date, December tenth, was my twentieth birthday, the last birthday I was to see, in a literal sense, for a long, long time. Several of us, from the 209th Combat Engineers, stationed in Burma on the Ledo Road project, were standing on the bank of a creek. One of the men was holding a stick of dynamite when suddenly there was an explosion. The next thing I knew I was rolling face down in the dirt, and all I could see was a horrible bright redness.

The redness was blood in my eyes—or what was left of them. In a few minutes the blood clotted, and then there was only blackness and a lot of pain. Someone got word to the medics, who came with litters, gave us some morphine shots—although I swear they missed me the first time around—and carried us out to the road and to the nearest evacuation hospital.

Then we were moved up to the 20th General Hospital, a cluster of bamboo buildings with dirt floors set in a big clearing. It was operated by doctors and nurses from the University of Pennsylvania Hospital, and it was there that I met a man who was to play a tremendous part in my life. He is Dr. Harold G. Scheie—pronounced "Shay"—then a captain and now a civilian eye surgeon in Philadelphia. I was just beginning to feel the shock of the injuries, and was thrashing around so much that he had a hard time examining my injured eyes.

I say I met Doctor Scheie, but, of course, I didn't see him. I didn't see much of anything but lights and shadows and fuzzy silhouettes for the next twelve years. My right eye had to be removed in Burma and the other wasn't much good. I was, for all practical purposes, a blind veteran, with all the rights and privileges pertaining thereto—and with all the handicaps and frustrations and fears. So far as I knew, I would be blind for the rest of my life.

But I did see this doctor on a glorious day in September, 1955. I saw him leaning over me after an operation in the hospital of the University of Pennsylvania, where I had gone from my home in Missouri. A few hours after returning to my bed from the operating room, he held a lens before my eye while he changed my dressings, and I saw him almost as clearly as if nothing had ever happened to my eyes.

Then, for the first time in my life, I saw clearly another face—my wife's. She was on the verge of tears and so was I. But she tells me that I only grinned at her and wisecracked, "What a big nose you have, darling."

Actually, Charlene is a good-looking girl, with brown hair and eyes, and a warm, sweet smile. I had always known that, because peo-

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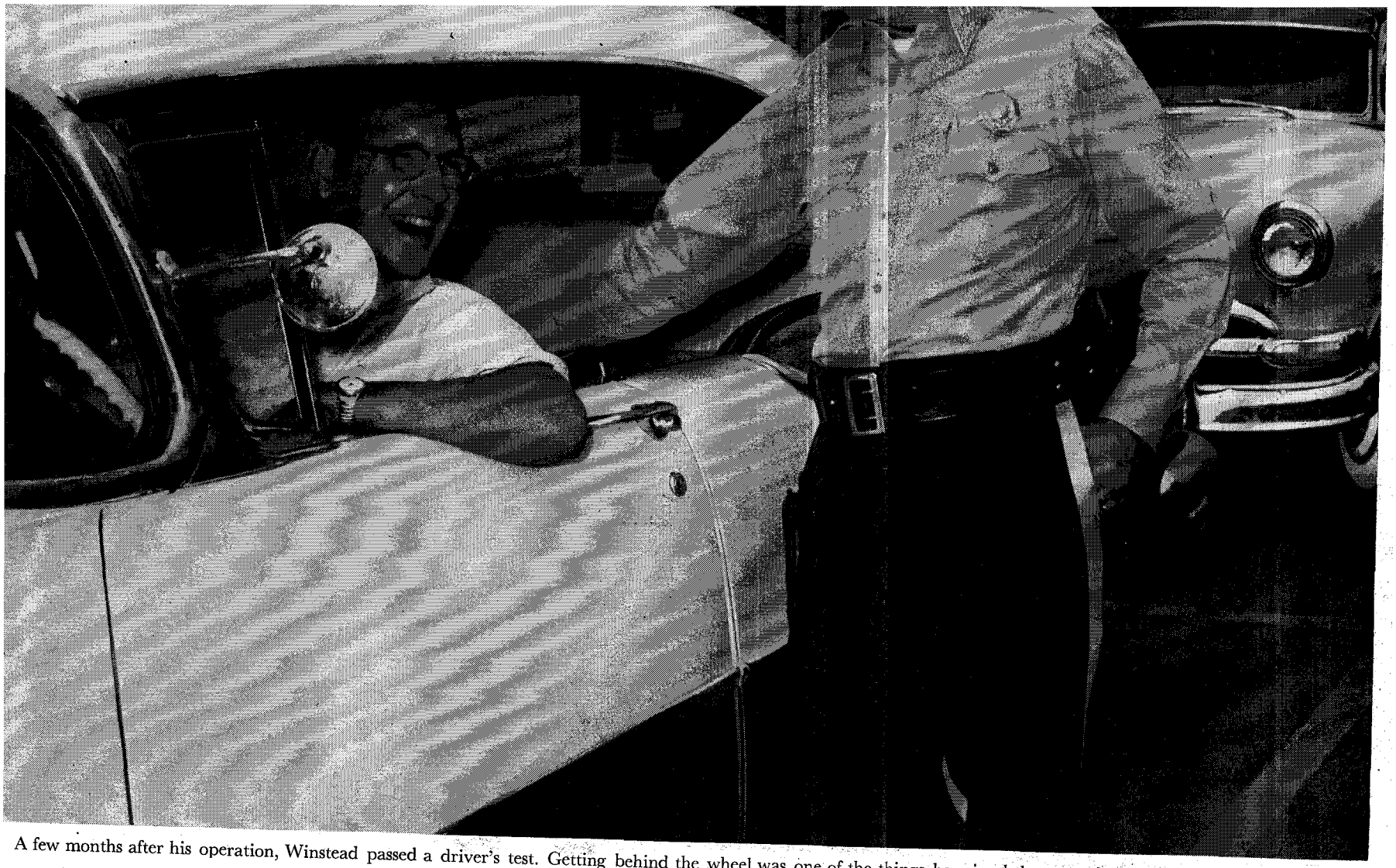


A few months after his operation, Winstead passed a driver's test. Getting behind the wheel was one of the things he missed the most during his blind years.

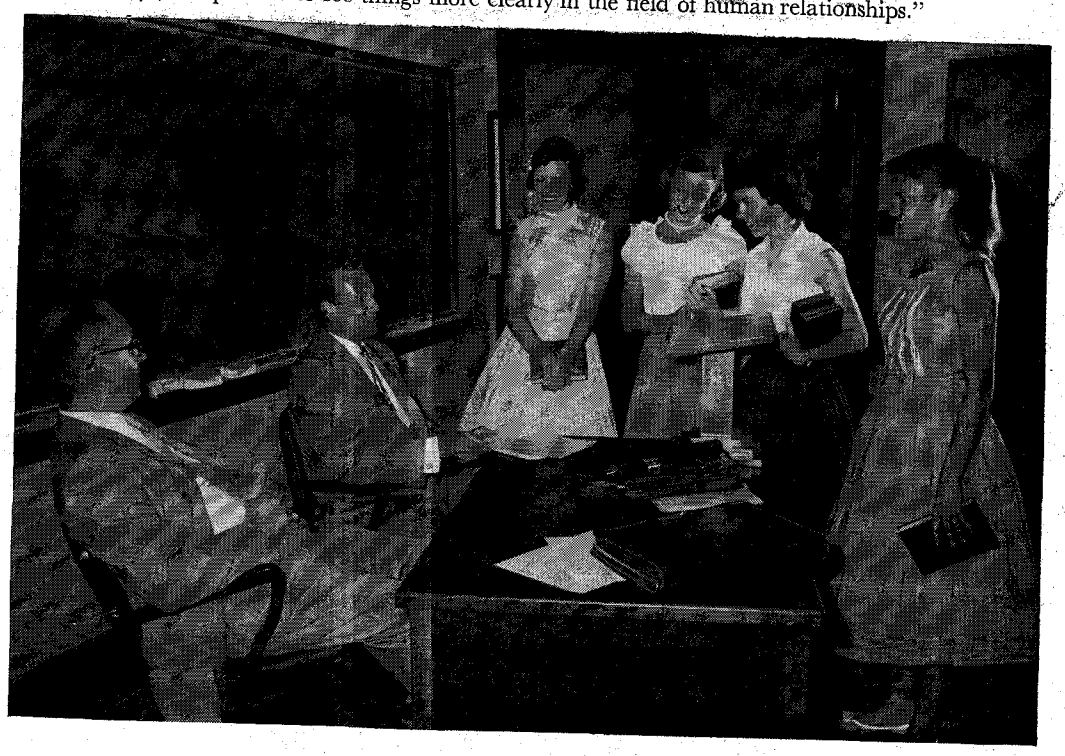
ple had told me so. And I could tell from touching her face—"Brailling" her, to use a slang expression the blind vets employ—that her nose was just the right size and shape. But I had never realized until that moment in the hospital how really beautiful she is—nor how beautiful the whole world is. I had been looking at it through a thick gray fog, and now suddenly I saw it in all its magnificent color and detail. The first time I saw the streets of Philadelphia after my operation they appeared so brilliantly lit that it seemed like Christmas.

The transition from blindness to almost normal vision has been a wonderful experience—and in some ways a strange one. Not only have I had the joy of seeing the faces of my wife and my family and friends; many little things have brought unexpected pleasure—looking up telephone numbers for myself or reading a menu instead of having someone read it to me, and learning the prices without having to ask about them. And it has been fun getting acquainted with the visible details of a town I had known only as an array of big and little shadows, each approached by a counted and memorized number of steps up or down.

There have been disturbing aspects of my "adjustment to

(Continued on Page 89)

The author (left) back in the classroom at Christian College, Columbia, Mo. "My blindness," he says, "helped me to see things more clearly in the field of human relationships."



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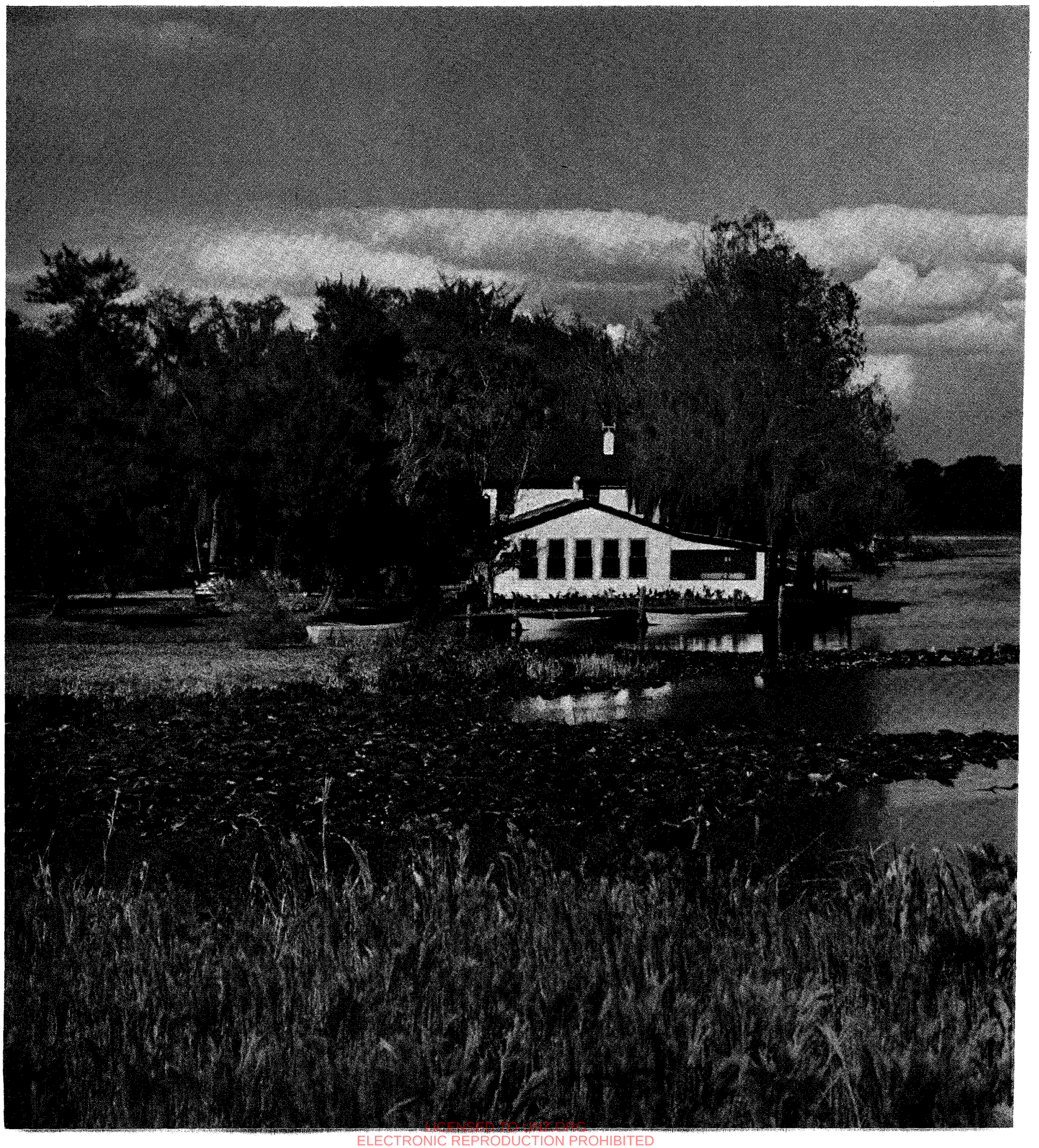
The Face of AMERICA

Winter Fishing Camp



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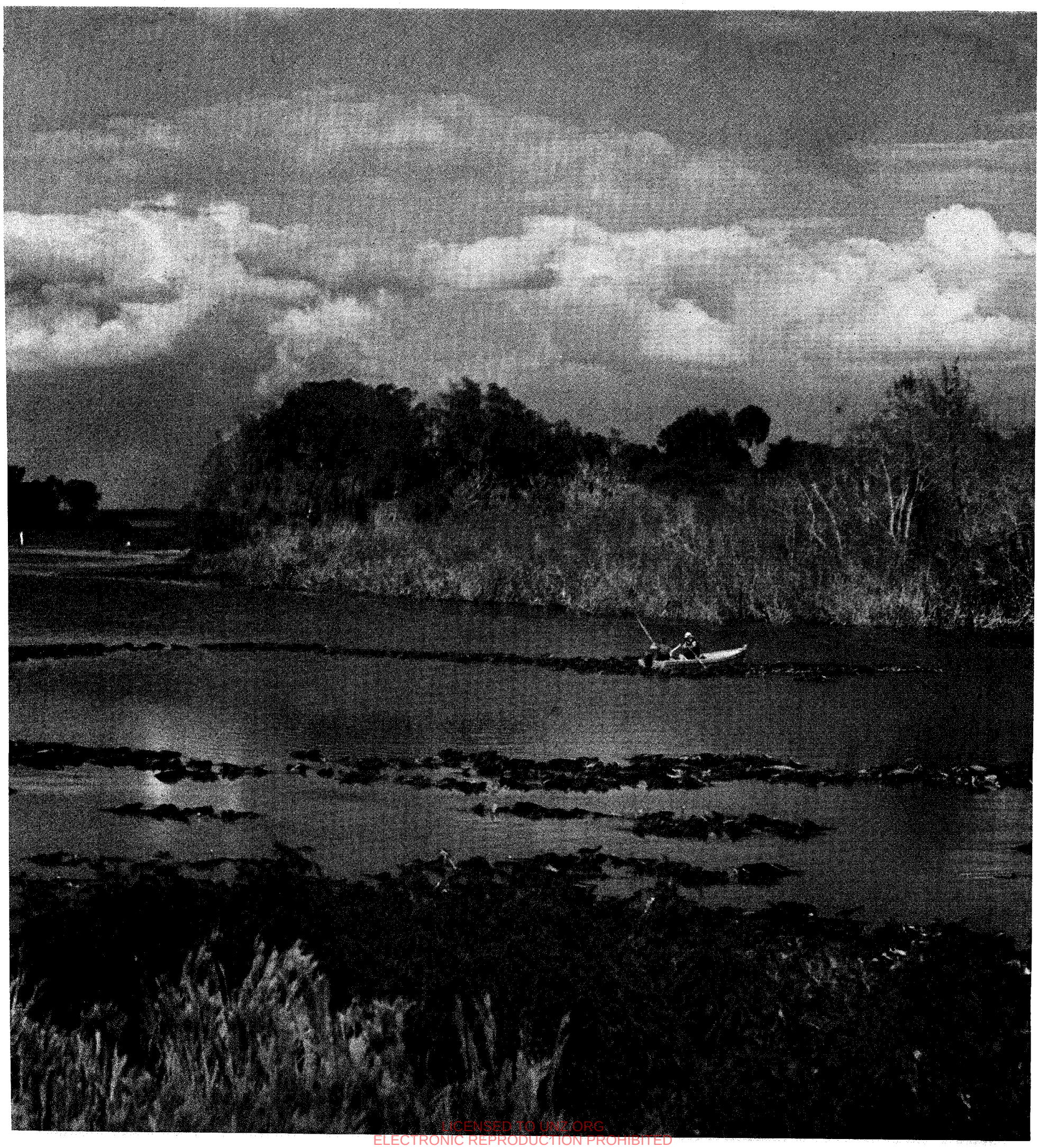
Up in the nervous North, from Seattle to Chicago to Manhattan, cold rains drip and December winds moan through the cities' concrete canyons. But down below the thirtieth parallel on the river called the Dead, subtropical breezes ripple placid waters where black bass lurk. Here rich idlers and poor philosophers enjoy perpetual summer amidst flowers that never cease to bloom. The Dead River, which is only about a mile long, connects two lakes. At the northern end of this two-headed stream, where Highway 441 crosses it, sits this cottage, one of dozens of fishing camps in watery Lake County, Florida has many faces: Some busy, some gay, some glamorous, some raucous. But here in her midlands are secret gardens where an angler can fish in peace, far from glittering night clubs and restless pari-mutuel machines. Photograph by A. H. Scott



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RENDEZVOUS IN TOKYO

The Friendly Pen Pals seemed such a harmless setup. Was it actually a communist message center?

By JOHN P. MARQUAND

"What's the emergency, Buster?" Bill Gibson asked as he burst into the room. "I thought I was to call you, and not you me."

"That's right," Jack Rhyce replied. "I took the liberty, Bill. It's about Big Ben."

Gibson was a United States undercover agent in Tokyo. He had learned that the Reds there were planning a political assassination and anti-American demonstrations.

A new man—"an American personality," according to reports—was running the show for the communists. The man had not been identified, but was known to go by the cover name of Ben Bushman. Tracking down Big Ben was to be Jack Rhyce's job.

For this mission, Jack posed as an American educator. Ostensibly, he was going to Japan to make a survey for the Asia Friendship League. Assisting him was Ruth Bogart, another United States agent.

Jack and Ruth had flown to Tokyo. During a stopover at Wake Island they met a big blond man whom Jack intuitively recognized as Big Ben. Jack had called Gibson to pass on this information.

Gibson told Jack that they shouldn't meet again in Tokyo. "I'm too hot," he explained. Their next meeting was to be that weekend at Miyanoshita, a vacation retreat up in the mountains.

Jack was certain that no one suspected he and Ruth were United States agents. Even Harry Pender, the man in charge of the Asia Friendship League's Tokyo office, accepted Jack and Ruth at face value. And Jack had reason to suspect that Pender was a communist agent. One man puzzled Jack. That man was Mr. Moto, their Japanese guide. It was obvious that Mr. Moto was in the "business." The questions in Jack's mind were: Was Mr. Moto working for the Reds, and did he suspect the two Americans?

III

He still could not sleep when he lay down again. The truth had begun to dawn on him that he was not physically the man he had been, that his old resilience and iron were wearing thin, and that he would have been better even three years earlier. Everyone in the business burned out eventually. Either physical reflexes slowed up first or one's ability to keep concentrated on a single line. It had been the girl's face that looked so young and happy in its sleep that had disturbed him. He began thinking, just when he should not have, of the outside.

Of course there had always been people like himself who could not easily adjust to civil life after having faced the violence of a war. There had been wonderful moments and triumphs. There was always the satisfaction of knowing that in ten years he had made a place for himself in a highly exacting profession, but in the end, what was there of real value? There was only one loyalty—loyalty to the business. It was, by outside standards, a contemptible profession, and in the end, everybody in the business paid, because deceit was the same as erosion of character.

It was too late for him to leave the business now. He remembered what she had called him a while ago—a pro, and you could not get from the inside to the outside once you were a pro. He wished to heaven he could sleep as she did. It meant that she still could get out of the business, and he hoped she would. He resolved to tell her so, if they came out of this safe. He must have been thinking of what he would say to her just as he fell asleep.

He was convinced that he was not the man he had been once when the telephone awakened him. He heard Ruth Bogart close the adjoining door before he was on his feet. First he had not been able to sleep, and then he had slept too heavily. It was something that should never happen in the field.

"Hello," he said. "Jack Rhyce speaking."

At any rate, he was back under his cover again, hearty voice and everything. The time on his wrist watch was six to the dot.

"Please." It was undoubtedly Mr. Moto speaking. "I hope I did not awaken you, Mr. Rhyce."

"Oh, it's you, is it?" Jack Rhyce said. "Do I sound sleepy?"

There was a nervous laugh that went with conventional politeness. "Just a little in your voice, Mr. Rhyce."

"Well, you win, as a matter of fact," Jack Rhyce said. "But come on right up. You've got the room number, haven't you?"

"The room number? Oh, yes."

"It's in Cambodia," said the sweet-talking Mr. Pender. "The Cambodians are very lovable people."

Illustrated by William A. Smith

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Ruth took Jack's arm and pressed it urgently. "We shouldn't have come here," she said.

It was a needless question. Of course he had the number. There was time for Jack Rhyce to tie his shoes and put on his suit coat. Then he left the door to the hall half open because a locked door might be conspicuous, and then his heart gave a startled jump. He had completely forgotten the three glasses on the table, but as he moved toward them he saw that only two were there—one with the lipstick smears and another. Ruth Bogart must have been in when he was asleep, and he felt very much ashamed. He should have thought of the two glasses himself—one of them with lipstick.

The tap on the door was gentle and discreet. When Mr. Moto knocked, Jack felt a species of nervousness that lay in his knowledge that he knew too much about Japan, and that he must not show it, and that Japanese were always sensitive.

"Well, well," Jack Rhyce said, "step right in. You're right on the dot, I see."

He spoke loudly and deliberately, as one should to a foreigner, and at the same time he found himself picturing Mr. Moto in native dress. Given the proper costume, he would have been a fine example of a trusted samurai. But the hideous purplish-blue business suit, aggressively pressed and arrogantly neat, ruined this romantic picture. Mr. Moto was more a figure of low comedy than a representative of old Japan. Then a startling idea came to Jack Rhyce—that he and Mr. Moto might both be impersonating clumsy people. If you took it one way, the hissing intake of Mr. Moto's breath had a Weber and Fields quality that was too loud and too comic, and the same was true of his speech; and yet finally Jack Rhyce could not tell.

"So nice of you to receive me," Mr. Moto said. "You have enjoyed your sleep, I hope."

"Yes, sir. I had a real nice shut-eye, thanks, and I feel very much the better for it, Mr. —— Excuse me. I forgot your name."

"Moto," Mr. Moto said, and he laughed again, and there was no way of telling whether or not his politeness was deliberately overdrawn.

"Moto," Jack Rhyce said. If they were playing a Mr. Japan and Mr. America game, both of them knew their business. "I've got that straight now, and I hope you'll excuse it, Mr. Moto. Japanese names are tough for me to remember, and I suppose my name is hard for you—Rhyce."

"Oh, no. *R* is easy in Japan. We have trouble with your letter Rell. See, I cannot say it. Ha-ha-ha."

(Continued on Page 114)

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Showmanship

Music hath charms to make the social set
Attend the opening opera at the Met;
What voices—what performances—what airs
The audience puts on at these premières!

NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

Let Freedom Ring—So Help Me!

As a family man and ordinary guy, I have always been fascinated by man's struggle for liberty, by the forthright declarations and utterances passed down through history. I, too, have breathed words of freedom in this same struggle.

On October 12, 1939, three weeks after my honeymoon, I made my now famous Husbands' Rights declaration. Standing before my wife, who had just threatened my own personal liberty, I flung an accusing finger at her and said, "On Monday night I bowl and every other Saturday I play poker, and there's nothing you can do about it, so help me!"

She helped me. I soon saw the futility of bowling and the immorality of gambling, but I never regretted my words. Liberty is not easily wooed.

In 1946 I met the challenge again, and on December thirty-first of that year I put into deathless prose my now immortal New Year's Eve Manifesto. Facing up to my wife, after she had prodded me past human endurance, I struck back at her with a savage cry for unfettered freedom. "Honey," I said, "I won't touch the stuff tonight, and if I do, I'll quit while I'm ahead. So help me."

She did, and believe me, she was proud of me that night. She has since memorized my speech and, on certain occasions, quoted me to the word. That's how it affected her.

But liberty is no idle keepsake; it must be transfused with new blood and sacrifice. Ever on the alert, I found occasion just last spring to fight again for the very precepts of all I hold dear. It was a little thing, but all-important to me.

"Honey," I said, my eyes aflame with man's eternal struggle against tyranny, "you can't go with me when I buy the suit, understand? If you don't like the one I bring home I'll take it right back. Sure I will, honey—so help me."

What does it matter how many suits she turned down before she found one I liked? I had pushed the cause of liberty a little farther up the hill, and I'll keep fighting as long as there's breath in my body.

So help me—honey?

A. R. SWINNERTON

". . . and this is our play room!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I Know Exactly Where it Isn't

The string should be here in this drawer.
I know darn well I've got some.
But what on earth's this door knob for?
And all this other flotsam?

Well, just the same, I'll find that string,
Though not this very minute.
I've got a place for everything,
But something else is in it!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Everybody Pitches Right in and Backs Right Out

May I speak with Joe Hardwick, please? . . . Oh, is this you, Joe? This is Vern. . . . Fine! How're you? Say, Joe, the reason I called you is that—well, I was wondering if it might be possible for you to handle the chairmanship of the annual banquet entertainment committee this year. . . . Oh? Well, I'm sorry to hear that. Nothing serious, I hope. . . . Sure; I understand. I mean, I know that a person has to consider his health above all else. . . . What's that? . . . Oh, you say good luck in lining up somebody? Thanks, Joe. . . . Yeah, I'll see you soon. . . .

Hello. Is Mervin O'Dell there? . . . Howdy, Merv. Vern. How's the boy? . . . I'm fine and dandy. Merv, a great honor is about to descend upon your shoulders. . . . Don't be silly! Not one red cent! Tell you what the deal is, Merv: I'm looking for somebody to handle the entertainment for this year's annual banquet, and —— You mean right at that time—the week of the banquet? . . . Oh, L. A. again, eh? Business? . . . Yeah, that is a tough break, all right. . . . Sure, Merv; I realize that you'd be happy to handle the deal if it weren't that —— Yeah. Well, sure. I mean, I realize that business has to come first and —— You bet, Merv. Take it easy. . . .

Hi, Mrs. Whitaker! This is—oh, you recognized my voice, eh? Tiptop! And you? . . . Good! Say, there, Mrs. Whitaker, I'm looking for somebody to handle the banquet entertainment this year, and the first person I thought of was you. . . . The banquet entertainment. That's right. You know, we give an entertainment each—that's right—just like last year. Now, actually, about all it amounts to is a little telephoning to line up a few people to be in the thing, and, of course, everybody pitches in and helps to —— I beg your pardon? You say you don't feel you'd be capable of handling it? Why, of course, you'd be! Sure you would! Don't be silly! . . . Why, that's ridiculous! You're very capable, Mrs. Whitaker! . . . No, I mean it! . . . You are, Mrs. Whitaker! You say you still feel you'd better not try to handle it, eh? Well, of course, if you have misgivings about it, I certainly wouldn't want to try to pressure —— Yes, I understand. Thanks, anyhow, Mrs. Whitaker.

Hello. Matt? Well, Matt, you old brick, you! Vern. Say, I'll make this quick, Matt. Annual-banquet-entertainment time's on the horizon again, and I'm looking for somebody to handle —— Matt! Matt! Hello! Matt! Hello ——

VERNON H. KURTZ

Holiday Hinting

A present of money is one that I'd prize,
If you can see fit to arrange it;
Don't worry too much about color or size—
It's easy for me to exchange it.

STEPHEN SCHLITZER

Did I Hear You Correctly?

No, I don't carry pictures of my grandchildren with me, but haven't you more snapshots of yours you can show me?

I feel fine until I have that first cup of coffee in the morning.

Me, I can't take a joke as well as the next fellow.

I always say it's not the spirit behind it so much as the gift.

Weston? Go down this road two and three-tenths miles to the first bridge, turn left, and it's exactly eleven miles to the courthouse square.

The picture was just like the book.

I can't get it for you wholesale.

Elvis who?

ETHEL JACOBSON

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"The doctor says he's very advanced for five months."

Everybody Loves a Fat Man

Oh, the people who sit by me on trains,
On buses, at theaters, on aeroplanes,
Are large and bundly and quite complacent
That they're adjacently too adjacent.
Regardless of how many seats are free,
When they spot the one that is next to me,
Like an eight-ball heads for a corner pocket,
Like a plug will snuggle inside a socket,
They'll wedge right in with a tricky knees' play
That somehow or other precedes a squeeze play.

When the careless caloried stalk the aisles,
Despite my tricks and most practiced wiles,
It's beside my seat that they always stop;
Yes, mine is the place where the plump will plop.
No seat can remain half saved, half free,
Particularly if it is next to me.
I've learned this lesson, and so I've reckoned
The cleverer sitter will sit down second.
A primary premise I'm standing pat by
Is if you sit by, you can't be sat by.

JAMES MENZIES BLACK

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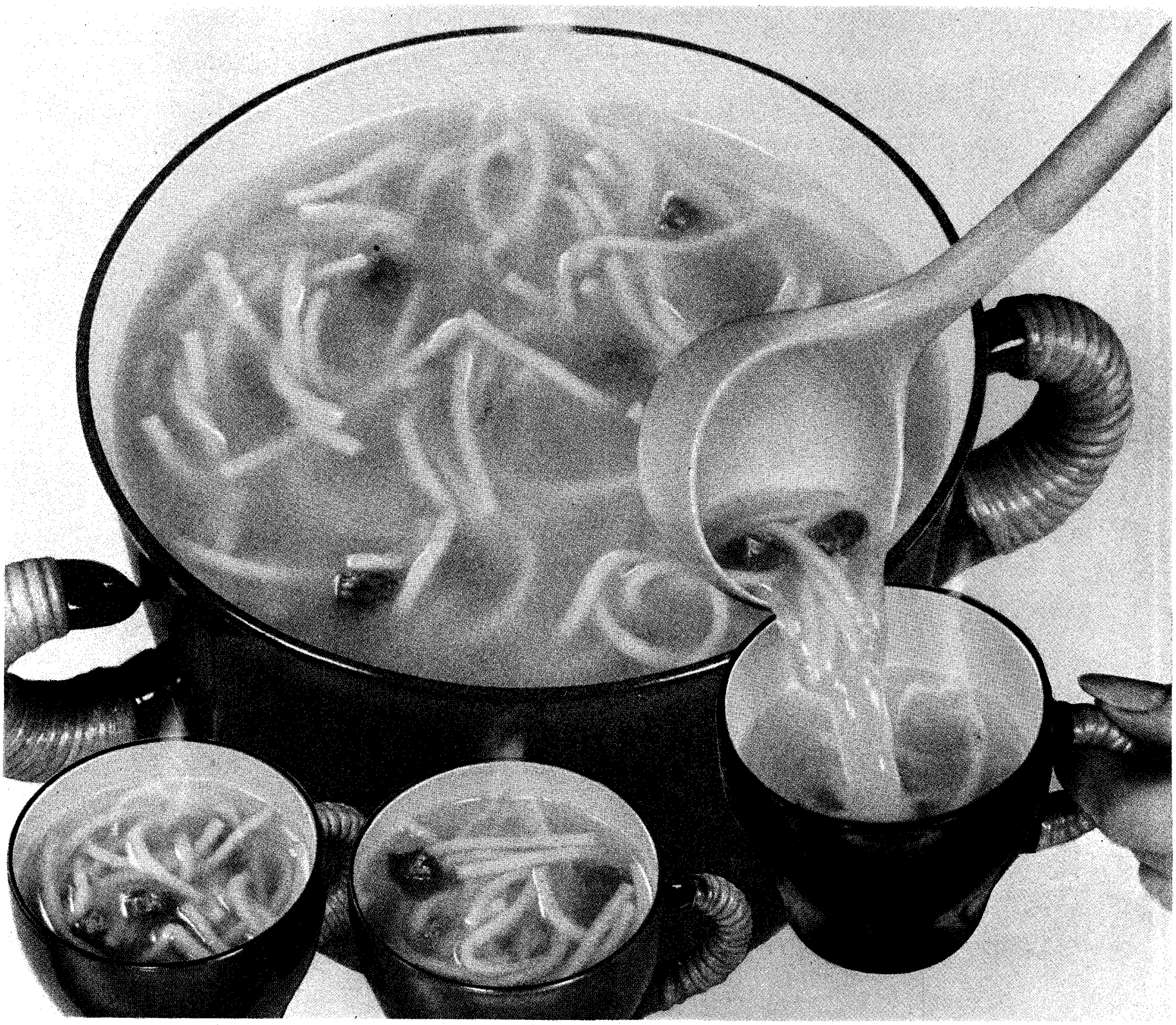
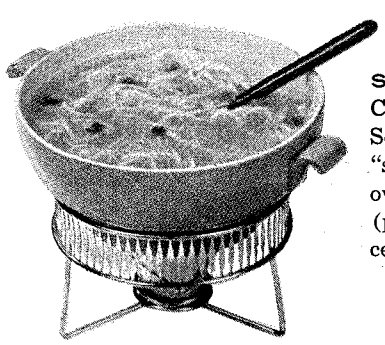


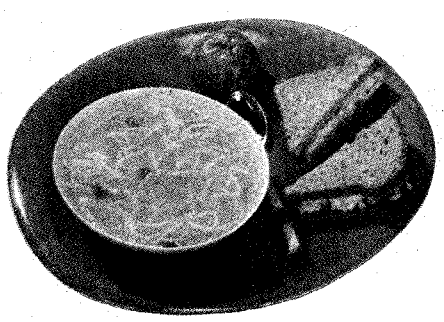
3 great ways to have

Tender beef and golden noodles!

Ladle this fine and favorite soup—Campbell's Beef Noodle—from a big buffet tureen! It's such an easy, serve-yourself way to enjoy tender beef and pure egg noodles. Another time, help yourself to Beef Noodle Soup kept hot right at the table on a candle warmer. Or build a supper around Beef Noodle on a soup plate. But *any* way you have it—have plenty. Campbell's Beef Noodle—like its famous twin, Chicken Noodle—goes fast!



Soup Centerpiece
Campbell's Beef Noodle Soup—kept hot and good for "seconds" right at the table over its own candle warmer (pretty enough to be a centerpiece!).



Beefed-Up Supper Plate
A bowl of Campbell's Beef Noodle Soup—set on a plate or tray, with favorite sandwiches and fruit for dessert. Great for a late supper; a quickie lunch.

SOUPS SUPPLY BASIC NUTRITIONAL NEEDS: Vitamins, Minerals and Liquids—for general well-being • Proteins—for upkeep and growth • Carbohydrates—for energy

Once a day...every day...SOUP!

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pontiac beat 'em all to the Big-Time Changes!

STAR FLIGHT BODY DESIGN—*A Pontiac "original"—'57's most distinctive automotive styling!*

INTERIOR STYLING WITH THE "OFF-THE-SHOULDER" LOOK—*Another fashion "first" for Pontiac!*

NEW STRATO-STREAK V-8 ENGINE—*An all-new power plant—greatest of the "eights"!**

ULTRA-SMOOTH LEVEL-LINE RIDE—*New, perfected suspension system—the ride sensation of the year!*

3 POPULAR-PRICED LINES: Star Chief • Super Chief • Chieftain

**270 h.p. in Star Chief and Super Chief, 252 h.p. in Chieftain when teamed with Strato-Flight Hydra-Matic, an extra-cost option.*

Get an eyeful of a car full of fresh ideas! Meet Pontiac for '57—the nimble-wheeled beauty that's creating more excitement than a five-alarm fire! From its bold, rapier lines to its lusty performance, this breath-taker is steering a new course in styling and engineering that others are certain to follow.

You'll be astounded at the number of big-time "firsts" in this car. And most exciting of all, every feature has been polished to perfection in the world's most grueling road test—*Pontiac's 100,000-mile Marathon Run!* See and drive it. You'll need no further proof that here is America's No. 1 Road Car.

It's America's Number 1 Road Car!

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

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Archy saw something detach itself from the low-flying airship and float downward.

The Secret of Shining Brook

A million dollars' worth of emeralds falls from the sky, and the man who picks them up will become a human target . . .

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

"This I've been looking forward to," said Archimedes Bolivar Butts as he sent Leon Moffitt sprawling. Then he propelled Moffitt's gunman, Bones Leary, headfirst into the wall of the café.

Archy Butts, an oil engineer by trade, hadn't expected to be tangling with criminals at Western Canada's Shining Brook oil field. Archy had been sent here as an undercover man for William Makepeace Hawks, president of Trans-Oceanic Oil. Leon Moffitt ran the tanker fleet for rival Gandolin Oil, but his presence here hinted something more sinister. Gandolin's president, J. A. Baldwin, had been murdered in New York. But before his death he had hired detective Seth Bowen to investigate a girl named Nadine Clark. Now Nadine and Moffitt both were in Canada.

Baldwin's secretary, Boots Quinto, was wanted by New York police. Archy found Boots at Shining Brook, living with her Aunt Violet and Uncle Pythagoras Magin. Because Archy trusted Boots, he kept her identity secret from Sergeant Van Patten of the Mounted Police. Van Patten had held Archy under surveillance ever since the body of Seth Bowen was found in Archy's car.

After putting Moffitt and his bodyguard out of commission, Archy escorted Boots to the Magins' store. Archy's faith in Boots was restored when it was explained to him that the girl he had seen in the arms of Fisherman John was Lolly Grebus, not Boots. Fisherman John was a sinewy fanatic who called himself a messiah.

Archy was apologizing to Boots when Lumpy Sawyer, Archy's roommate, ran into the store. "The Mounties," he announced to Boots, "are on their way here to pick you up."

VII

"Whoa, Dobbin!" said Archy Butts. "Take a deep breath, Lumpy. Which hell has busted loose in what vineyard? And why must we fly in all directions?"

"It was that counterman," Lumpy said. "This Sergeant Van Patten came nosing. Had to know the

(Continued on Page 120)

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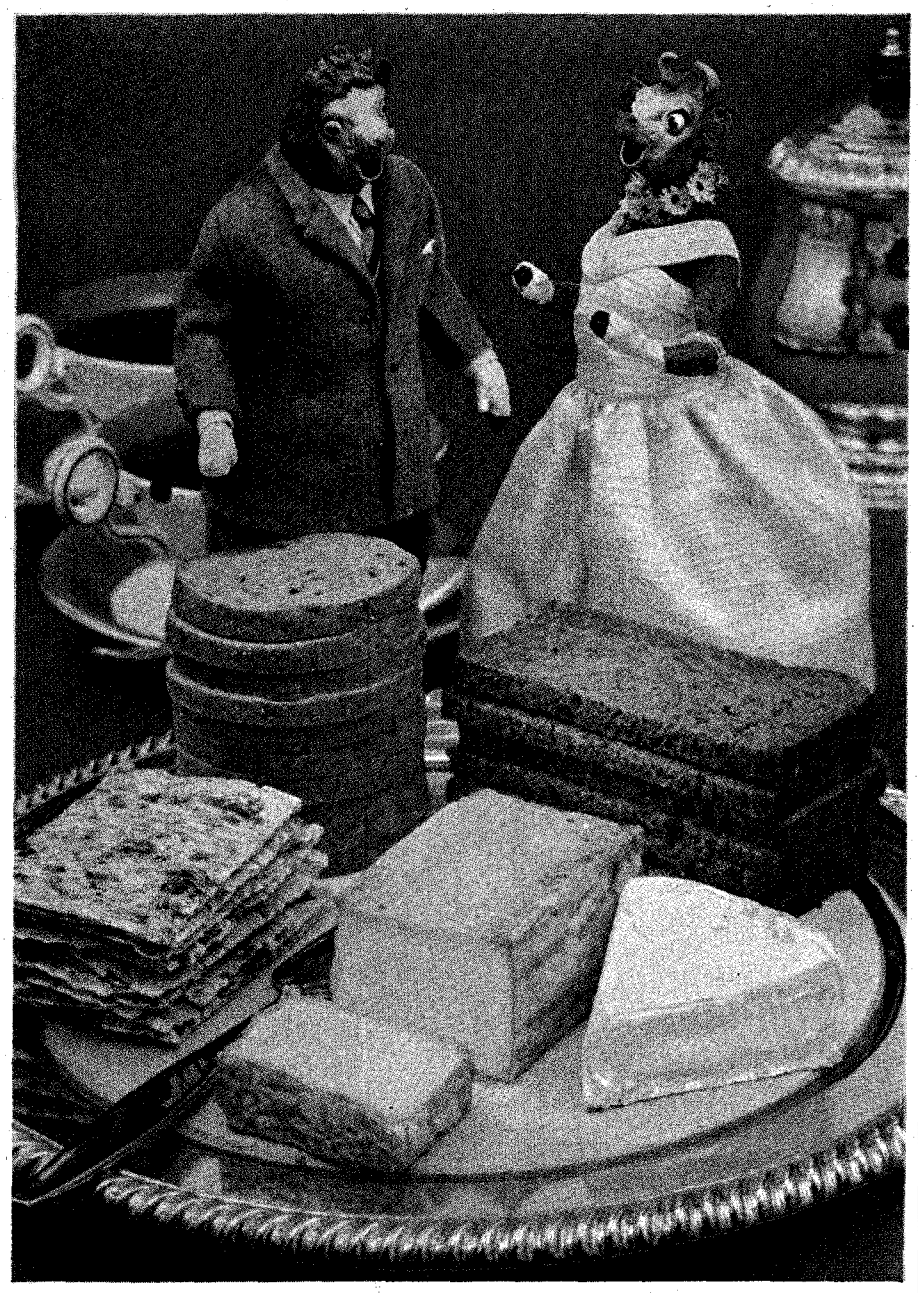
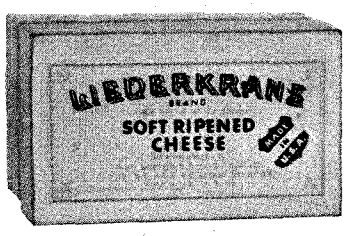


"Top off fine dinners with cheese for dessert" SUGGESTS ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW

Desserts with a delicious difference are so easy and satisfying with these two famous dessert cheeses from Borden's.



Liederkranz Brand Cheese—It's robust and hearty, with a rare flavor all its own . . . and only Borden's makes it. Aged to perfect ripeness with a golden crust and creamy yellow center—there's nothing can compare to Liederkranz on good dark pumpernickel or rye bread. Try it for dessert or a snack tonight.

Military Brand Camembert Cheese is Camembert at its creamy best. Serve some for dessert soon . . . with toasted crackers and fruit. (Slices of raw eating apple are perfect.) Mmm, what a meal topper.

©1956, The Borden Company

Borden's fine cheeses

Another one of Borden's family of fine foods

See Borden's TV shows, "The People's Choice" and "Queen For a Day" over NBC

Terror in the Twilight

(Continued from Page 25)

of the curve of the ship's hull, B deck was much narrower than A deck, and the observation windows were so deeply pitched that it was possible to look straight down.

On the starboard side, Rolf von Heidenstam, wealthy Swedish industrialist, stopped for a drink at the bar. Then he rang a bell on the outside of the adjoining smoking room. The ring alerted head steward Howard Kubis, ensconced in a kind of sentry box. Kubis pressed a release; the industrialist was admitted into a "lock" and the door behind him closed. There was a wait of a moment; then a second door leading directly to the smoking room opened. Von Heidenstam joined other passengers who were smoking and discussing the Spanish Civil War and the coming marriage of the Duke of Windsor and Wally.

Conversation later swung to the colorful murals depicting the history of airship travel on the washable-leather walls. A German passenger proudly told of the million-mile safety record of the Graf Zeppelin. But the ship they were riding in, he concluded, was even safer—the safest dirigible ever built. It had only one drawback: its sixteen gas cells were loaded with over 7,000,000 cubic feet of highly flammable hydrogen.

On leaving the smoking room, Ferdinand Lammot Belin, Jr., a recent graduate of Yale, chided Chief Steward Kubis for enforcing safety regulations so stringently.

"We Germans," replied Kubis humorlessly, "don't fool with hydrogen."

Indeed they didn't, and they were proud of their precautions. All matches and lighters had been confiscated when passengers boarded at Frankfort. As a further safety measure, the three catwalks, including the main one which ran along the very bottom of the ship from bow to stern, were covered with rubber. Those treading the narrow "sidewalks" wore sneakers or felt boots to prevent static or sparks. Crewmen who went topside between the billowing gas cells wore asbestos suits free of buttons or metal.

And the four 1100-horsepower Diesel engines that drove the ship at a dead air speed of 84 miles an hour required no ignition. They used a crude oil with a flash point so low that it wouldn't burn even if a flaming match was tossed into the tank.

Between these precautions and their self-confident enforcement of them, the Germans had absolute faith in the safety of the Hindenburg.

Acrobat Spah had seen the German confidence close-up on the second day of the trip. While walking along the main catwalk toward the tail to visit Ulla von Heidenstadt, the prize-winning Alsatian shepherd dog he was bringing home to his children, Spah had met Captain Lehmann.

"You know," the acrobat had said, "I'm a flying jinx." He explained that he had already been in three air crashes.

Lehmann had smiled confidently. "You don't need to worry, my friend. Zeppelins never have accidents."

The Literary Digest, in its issue of October 17, 1936, shared the German view. "Nor need voyagers on the Hindenburg fear fire within the ship," the magazine stated flatly.

Meanwhile at the Naval Air Station on the flat, sandy scrubland a mile from Lakehurst, New Jersey, weary newsmen, photographers and newsreel cameramen were lolling on the grass at the side of the airship hangar. Many of them had been pulled out of bed at five that morning to catch the ferry to New Jersey. For the Hindenburg had been scheduled originally to land at about eight A.M.

It was just another routine landing to these men. Although six newsreel companies were on hand, only two staff men from the metropolitan dailies had come down from New York to cover the story. Local correspondents, like Harry Kroh, of Brielle, who represented eight New York, New Jersey and Philadelphia papers, and Herb Rau, of the Lakewood Times, who was also correspondent for The New York Times, and the Standard News Association, were relied upon to file the simple story. The Associated Press had Ed Okim to tap out the landing details on their direct wire to Newark.

The landing was considered so routine that Lt. George F. Watson, in charge of public information for the Naval Air Station, had set up only one telephone in the improvised pressroom at the northwest end of the hangar.

It had been a long day, too, for the families and friends of the incoming passengers. Many of them, like the large party on hand to greet Philip Mangone, had driven the twenty miles to the famed boardwalk at Asbury Park to get a decent lunch and help while away the dull hours. Mrs. Joseph Spah, after attending mass at Douglaston to celebrate the Feast of the Ascension, had made the long drive with her three children in the family's brand-new blue sedan. After waiting since early morning, Gilbert, five, Marilyn, three, and Richard, two, were tired and cranky.

> Most fathers yearn for a son who will not only fill their shoes but also the gas tank.
>
> HENRY MCMAHON

At four P.M. a newsreel man, standing atop a car with his long-legged camera, shouted, "There she is!"

The newsmen got up from the grass, and the relatives edged closer to the restraining fence that ran west from the corner of the hangar. But sailors and civilian workers perched on the movable mooring mast in the center of the huge landing circle made no move. Neither did Comdr. Charles Rosendahl, commandant of the station, who was in charge of the landing operations. Even though the Hindenburg was coming in from the north, low and fast, Captain Pruss had already radioed Rosendahl that he didn't like the dark storm clouds that had been piling up. He was going to cruise around, Pruss said, until about six P.M.

Rosendahl wished Pruss would come in for an immediate landing. In his opinion, the weather was favorable enough. But he knew that Captain Pruss, like the other skippers of the German Zeppelin Transport Company, was a cautious operator. That was one reason the German airship men had won the confidence of the world—they never took chances.

The Hindenburg passed over the flat, sandy field and dropped a tiny parachute with a message confirming the six-o'clock landing. The ship passed over the hangar and headed south, its four Daimler-Benz engines roaring deeply.

There was a groan from the crowd as it became obvious that the landing would be delayed still longer. To make matters worse, a sudden shower came on, quickly making the sand field soggy.

An hour later, during a lull in the storm, the (*Continued on Page 55*)

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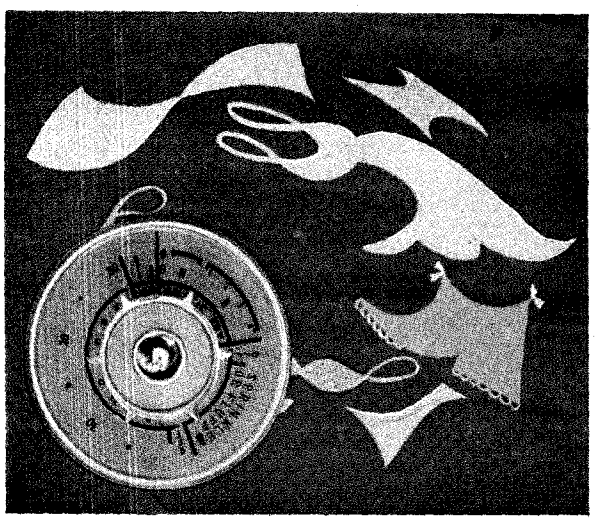
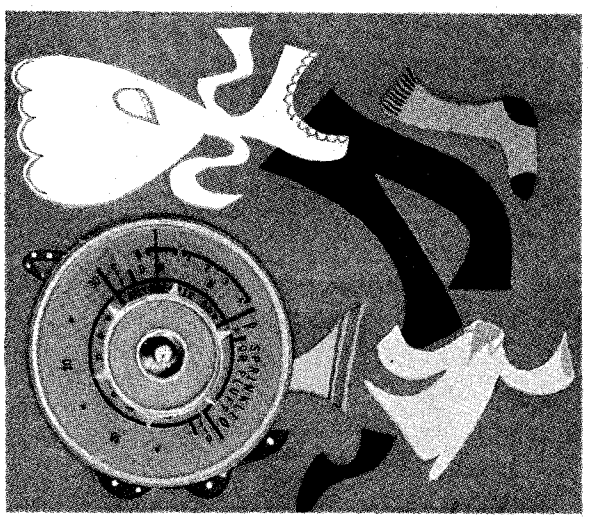
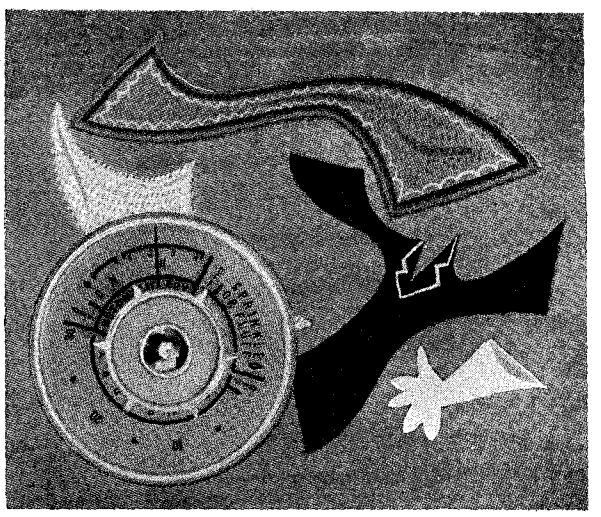


D is the setting for delicate silks and synthetics. There's never a worry about overdrying these dainty garments. They're tumbled gently in the smooth porcelain basket until the warm, delicately freshened air dries each piece just right.



N is for the cottons and linens that are the biggest part of your family wash. The new high-speed air flow system will have an average-size load ready for use in less than 35 minutes. And you'll save hours of ironing time . . . clothes dry so wrinkle-free.



H is for usually hard-to-dry loads . . . bedspreads, rugs or heavy denim jeans. Even the double-seam thicknesses on blue jeans are perfectly dried. And corduroys . . . chenilles . . . heavy terry towels all come out looking as soft, as fluffy, as when new.

Now! Automatic Drying for All Washables with the 1957 General Electric Dryer!

Dries a typical-sized family wash in less than 35 minutes

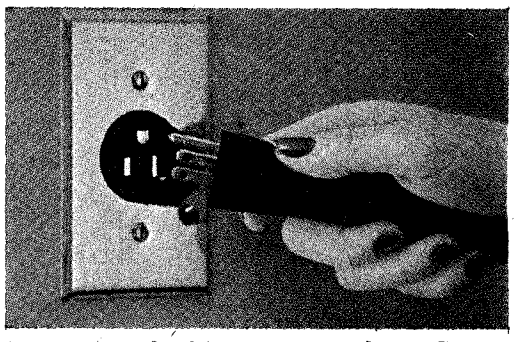
No more running out into the rain to snatch dripping clothes off the line! Just a touch of your toe to the foot pedal of your new General Electric Dryer and the full-width magnetic door opens on a wonderful new way to dry clothes! Ask your dealer for a demonstration. General Electric Company, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

General Electric Dryer with Automatic Control as low as $2.70 a week after small down payment. Other models as low as $149.95. (Prices subject to local variation.)

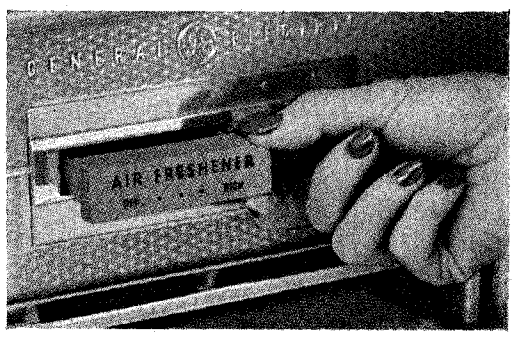
Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Dampen clothes for easy ironing right in the General Electric Dryer! Fill Automatic Sprinkler with water—slip into dryer basket—turn control to SPRINKLE.



No special wiring necessary! This General Electric Dryer is completely automatic when operated on 115-volt appliance circuit as well as on 230 volts.



Gentle fragrance from Air Freshener is released into the air stream and fills clothes with a fresh, breezy-day smell.

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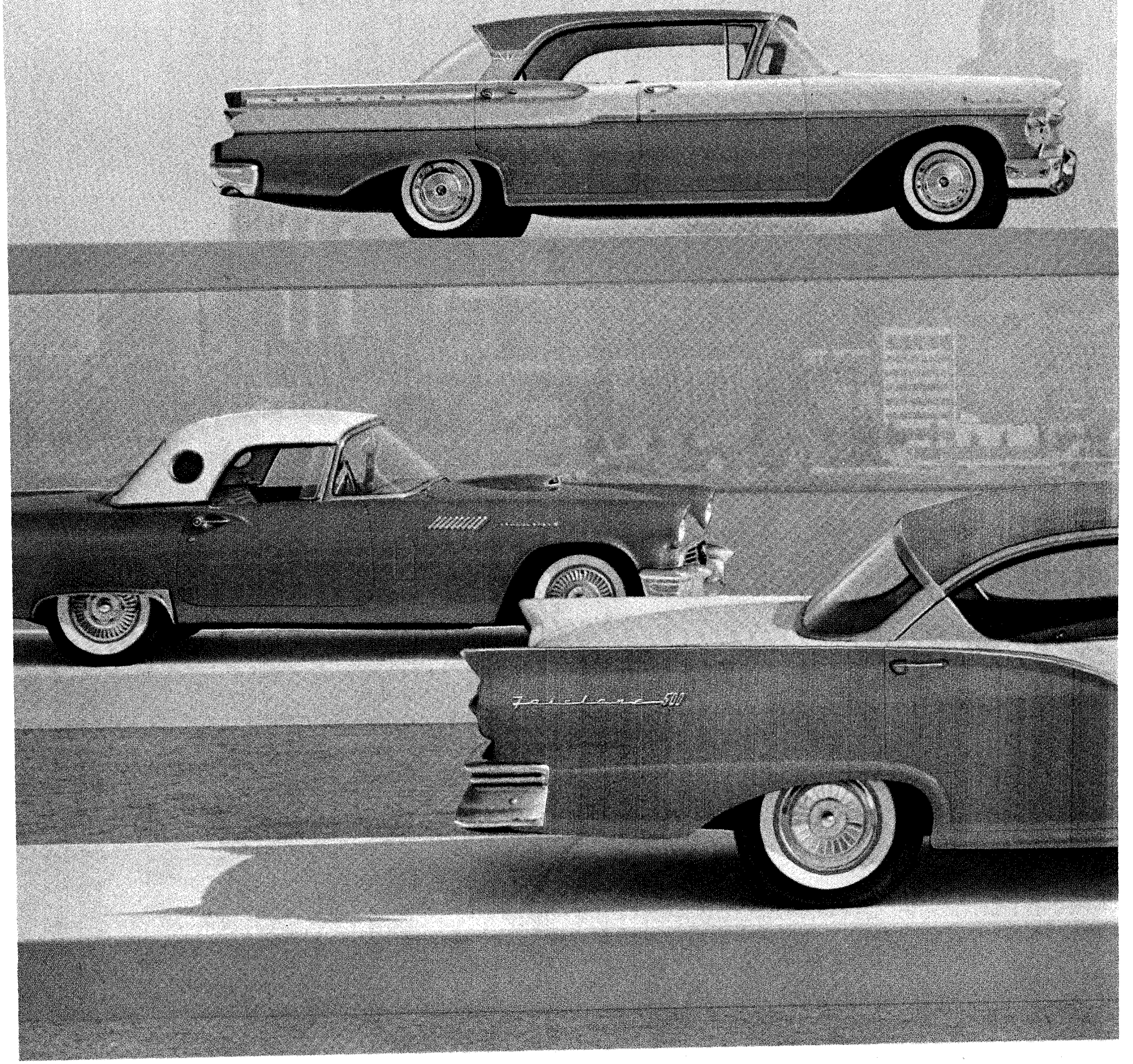
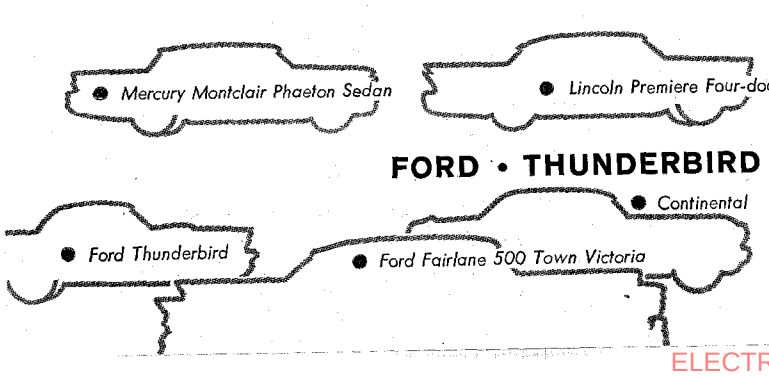
SETTING THE PACE ON THE AMERICAN ROAD



New horizons in hardtops:

The 1957 Ford Family of Fine Cars


Mercury Montclair Phaeton Sedan
Lincoln Premiere Four-door Landau Hardtop
FORD • THUNDERBIRD • MERCURY • LINCOLN • CONTINENTAL
Continental
Ford Thunderbird
Ford Fairlane 500 Town Victoria

- Mercury's **Dream-Car Design**
- **Hardtop flair for every Lincoln**
- **New roominess in Ford**
- **Thunderbird and Continental news**

If you've a soft spot for hardtops you've been on our mind all along For the 1957 Ford Family of Fin Cars—the Mercurys, Lincolns, Fords Thunderbirds and the Continentals—is loaded with a bumper crop of th brightest hardtop ideas on the Amer can Road. Each is the final product o young-mindedness — and it has ou

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Background: Detroit skyline, early morning

amily setting the pace on the American oad. Examples below:

UTDOORS INDOORS — Downright genious, we think, how our engineers lded safety strength as they whittled way excess metal and stretched the lass area—all to bring the outdoors idoors. Take Mercury. Part and parcel f the Big M's Dream-Car Design is the 100-square-inch wrap of glass. You ouldn't get a better view if you were tting in a greenhouse.

For fine-car fans, there's happy hard- p news from the Lincoln in our Family. Every 1957 Lincoln has the hardtop flair—the lean, long, sweeping look, the strong yet wafer-thin roof line. And this year, there are two of the newest four-door hardtops in all the land—the breath-taking new Landau series. They're low, wide, and *hand-some*—from the new Quadra-Lite grille clear back to the canted rear blades.

SITTING ROOMINESS—Our Family takes a firm stand on sitting room: it should be there to spare. Just one example — Ford's Victoria rear seat is widened 7 inches—now over 60 inches wide, enough for three hippy people.

Plenty of room, too, for long limbs connected to the hips. Four inches more knee room. And more headroom because seats are slung lower.

HARDTOPS FOR EVERY MOOD—Like a hardtop for certain times and moods? Take Thunderbird. You can take your top or leave it. Removes in just seconds.

And for the most hardtop of all, the Continental is your one and only car. It has everything, except a competitor.

FAMILY ALBUM—By now you can plainly see our Family is setting the pace on the American Road. If *you* want to dare a little and be ahead a lot, a visit to any Ford, Mercury, Lincoln or Continental dealer is clearly in order.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY
THE AMERICAN ROAD, DEARBORN, MICH.

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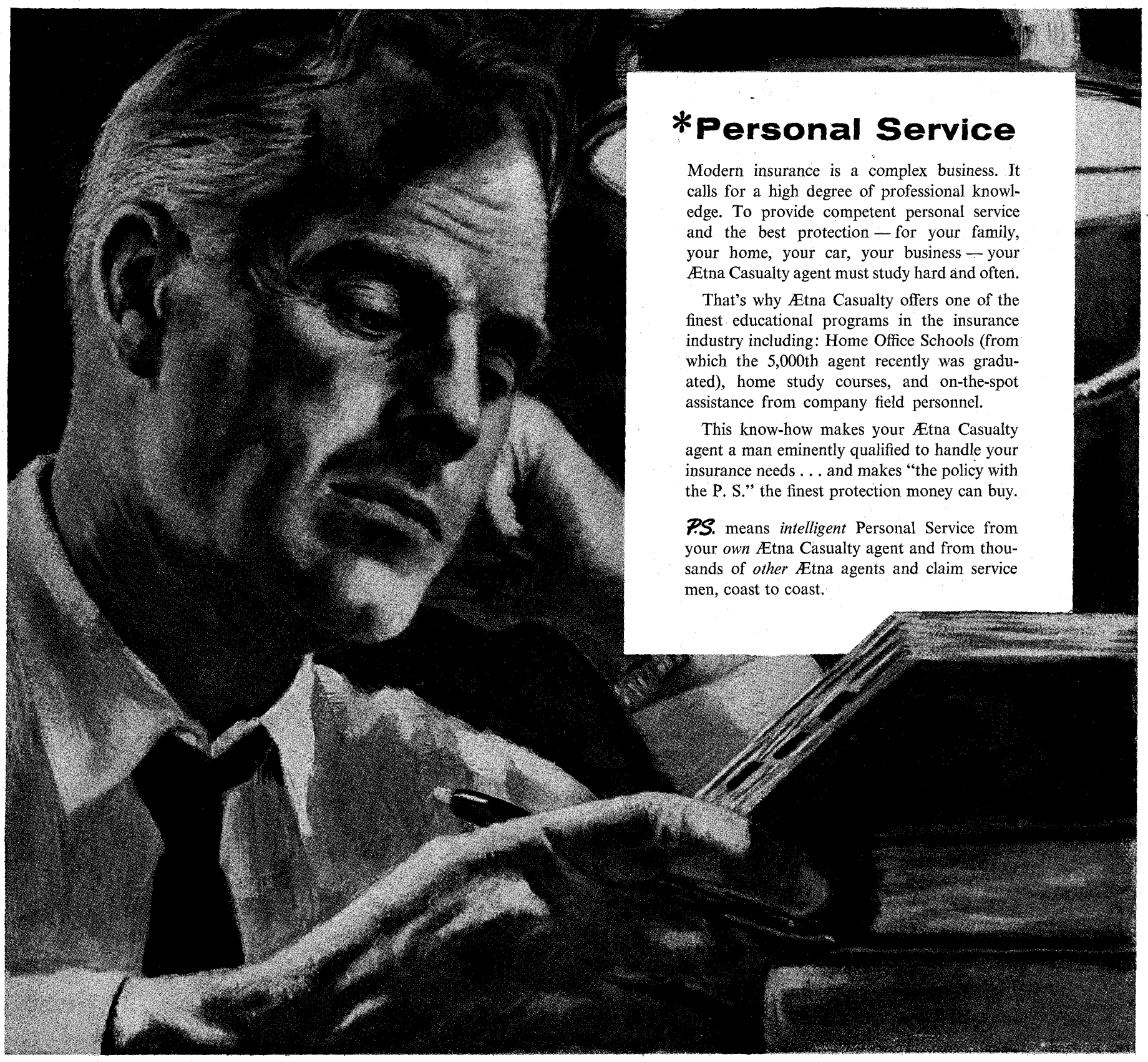
THERE'S A LOT OF KNOW-HOW BEHIND

*the policy with the P.S.**



*Personal Service

Modern insurance is a complex business. It calls for a high degree of professional knowledge. To provide competent personal service and the best protection — for your family, your home, your car, your business — your Ætna Casualty agent must study hard and often.

That's why Ætna Casualty offers one of the finest educational programs in the insurance industry including: Home Office Schools (from which the 5,000th agent recently was graduated), home study courses, and on-the-spot assistance from company field personnel.

This know-how makes your Ætna Casualty agent a man eminently qualified to handle your insurance needs . . . and makes "the policy with the P. S." the finest protection money can buy.

P.S. means *intelligent* Personal Service from your *own* Ætna Casualty agent and from thousands of *other* Ætna agents and claim service men, coast to coast.

ÆTNA CASUALTY
AND SURETY COMPANY

Affiliated with ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY • STANDARD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY • Hartford, Conn.

ALL FORMS OF CASUALTY, BONDING, FIRE AND MARINE PROTECTION

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(*Continued from Page 50*) station siren blasted nine times. The big landing crew of 110 Navy men and 138 civilians marched onto the field. But before the men reached their positions near the mooring mast, a new shower drenched them.

Some of the enlisted men began complaining about being deprived of liberty just to moor a German ship. They were quieted down by the authoritative bellows of Chief Fred (Bull) Tobin, a burly veteran of the Shenandoah disaster.

At 6:12, the ceiling was 200 feet and visibility five miles. The wind was west-northwest at eight knots, and the thunderstorms had about blown themselves out. Rosendahl sent off another message: "All clear and waiting."

From his cubicle in the rear of the control car, Radio Officer Willy Speck relayed the message to Captain Pruss. The big ship, having cruised as far south as the mouth of the Delaware River, now headed back for Lakehurst.

The passengers were warned that a landing would be made soon. Those who hadn't packed hurried to do so. Others checked their passports and customs declarations. All felt the trip was safely over.

Captain Lehmann, who had been gossiping with the passengers in the lounge, came forward and climbed down into the control car. As he stood watching Pruss navigate the ship, he ran over in his mind the many things he and Rosendahl had to discuss about the 1937 season. Sixteen round-trip flights had been planned, and special arrangements had to be made. In addition, he hoped that he and Leonhard Adelt could talk over revisions in their new book, Zeppelin, with their publishers, Longmans, Green and Company. Probably there wouldn't be time: the ship was scheduled to leave that midnight to accommodate forty-five wealthy eastbound travelers—at that moment waiting at the Biltmore Hotel in New York—who wanted to attend the coronation of King George VI the next week. And Lehmann knew that if at all possible the departure would be on the minute: the German Zeppelin Transport Company prided itself on its punctual take-offs.

Among the passengers put out by the delay in landing was Birger Brink. He had been sent to America by his paper to write an article about the tercentennial celebration of the first landing of the Swedes in America. Brink was supposed to take a chartered plane to Harrisburg to interview Governor Earle. He had planned to fly back at once and be on board the Hindenburg for the take-off. Now it promised to be a frantic if not impossible trip.

A few seconds after seven P.M., Rosendahl sent another message, recommending immediate landing. The ship, its two front lights on, came across the fast-darkening skies from the south. As it passed the field at about 500 feet, Pruss looked over the landing crew deployed below.

The rain had slackened to a drizzle. There was a light, variable surface wind, southeast at two knots, and a six-knot west wind at an altitude of 200 feet. The ceiling was now about 2500 feet. Everyone prepared for what appeared to be an easy landing.

The newsreel men were at their cameras, most of them on tops of cars. Photographers squinted through their view finders and maneuvered for position. Jack Snyder, of the Philadelphia Record, shoved in a new plate. It was plate No. 13. *Thirteen*, he thought. *Something's bound to go wrong with this picture.*

Moving forward with Commander Rosendahl were his wife and reporter Harry Kroh, who had covered many airship landings for his newspapers. Kroh wanted to question Ernst Lehmann, hoping his answers would make the routine story more interesting. Also in the little party were Comdr. Jess Kenworthy, who had been executive officer of the Macon, and the former World War Zeppelin commander, Anton Heinen, now a lieutenant commander in the Naval Reserve.

William Craig, on his first assignment for the Standard Oil Company (New Jersey) magazine, The Lamp, walked to the mast. From there he would have a fine view of the new hydrogen-loading method that was to be tried out. If the method proved successful, two hours would be saved.

Inside a little building attached to the west side of the dirigible hangar, Herbert Morrison, an announcer from Station WLS, Chicago, checked over last-minute adjustments with his engineer, Charlie Nehlsen. They were to make a recording of the year's first transatlantic-flight landing for the Dinner Bell program. They had flown in from Chicago, and Nehlsen had just finished setting up his portable recorder.

As the Hindenburg floated over Bachelor Officers' Quarters, Morrison, a small, lantern-jawed man of about 120 pounds, called out, "Charlie, I'm going out for the recording." He left the building, which also housed the Navy's radio station, walked onto the field and began talking into his hand microphone. He tried to bring as much color as possible into an essentially dull assignment. Usually there were such famous passengers aboard as Douglas Fairbanks and his wife, Lady Ashley, Max Schmeling and Lady Grace Drummond Hay. Today's list was bare of celebrities.

Inside the radio building, Nehlsen was worrying about the cross talk he was getting from the naval signals. There was no time to change positions, and he was hurriedly trying to filter out the disturbances.

On the tower at the helium plant, over half a mile east of the mooring mast, four civilian employees stood on a platform eighty feet in the air, watching the big ship make what they thought was too sharp a turn.

Others thought the dirigible was coming in too fast. Mrs. Frank Peckham, wife of the veteran survivor of the Shenandoah, was standing outside the barracks for chief petty officers' families. She thought the Germans were being smart, trying "to show us up."

But Rosendahl thought Pruss had made a good, if slightly tight, turn, and was coming in handily.

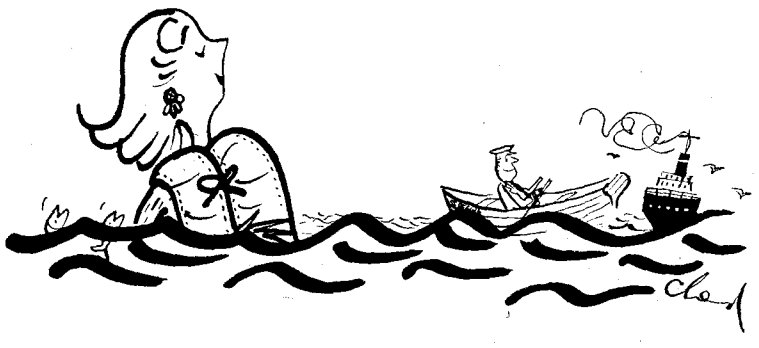
In the control car, Pruss and his officers adjusted the trim and buoyancy of the ship. At 7:19 hydrogen was valved and water ballast dumped as the ship leveled off under perfect control. At an altitude of 200 feet, the Hindenburg headed into the wind. About 700 feet from the mooring mast, telegraphic orders were flashed by Pruss to all four engine gondolas. There was a sputter from the engines as the twenty-foot-long, four-bladed propellers reversed their direction. The ship's headway was quickly stopped.

The men on the helium tower shook their heads. "That's not the way old Hugo sets them down," said riveter John C. Wainwright. The others agreed that Doctor Eckener, the canny old airship man with the pouchy eyes, used to come in gently and land on a dime.

The reversing of the motors sounded to Mrs. Peckham like the screeching of boxcar wheels. From her vantage point north of Bachelor Officers' Quarters, the ship stopped so fast that it seemed to pivot as though attached to a mast.

But Rosendahl, who knew the surface winds were blowing southeast while those at ship level were driving west, thought Pruss had come in nicely under such conditions.

At 7:20, tiny figures appeared on the platform at the indented nose of the dirigible. At 7:21 the first landing rope, over 400 feet long and two inches in diameter, spun down, hitting the wet



The Perfect Squelch

The pompous young woman in Cabin 114 of the ocean liner obviously never had anyone at her beck and call before, and took delight in ringing for the steward at all hours for little or no reason. By the second day out, he was fatigued and fed up.

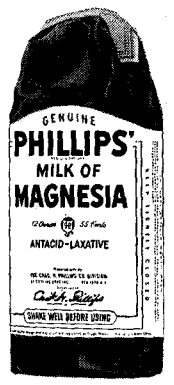
Then came boat drill. The lady complained that the drill interrupted her bridge game. She protested that it was ridiculous to put on a life jacket. She fussed and fumed so that it took the patient steward five minutes to tie her into the jacket. Finally, as he moved away, her eye lit on a little painted note on the jacket, "Good for twenty-four hours."

"Oh, steward," she called out, "what do I do after twenty-four hours?"

"Madame," he replied, "just ring for your steward."

Timothy Healy

Milk of Magnesia gives more complete relief than *any other laxative* which acts only on constipation... gives *better* relief than *all* of them—because it *also* relieves any accompanying acid indigestion. Three tablespoonfuls taken at bedtime work leisurely. Your sleep is not disturbed. When morning comes you get the relief you need to start the day feeling wonderful. Use Phillips' Milk of Magnesia—the best laxative money can buy.



PHILLIPS'
MILK OF MAGNESIA

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sand inside the mooring circle. A moment later the second rope hit the ground. Sailors and civilians picked up the port line and pulled it toward one of the two little railway cars on the circular tracks. The starboard crew slowly pulled their line to the second car.

A light gust of wind moved the ship slowly to starboard, tightening the port rope. The old hands on the landing crew weren't worried. But Calvin Keck and William Brown, seniors at Lakewood High School, who were doing the job for the one-dollar fee and the excitement, became a little nervous at the strong tug.

In the control car, both Pruss and Lehmann were pleased with the landing. A little aft of them, Radio Officer Willy Speck was informing the Graf Zeppelin, then in passage over the South Atlantic, that the Hindenburg had just made a safe landing.

Back at the airship hangar, Herb Rau hadn't felt like walking the 2200 feet to the mast with the other reporters. As soon as he saw the ropes drop from the Hindenburg, he started for the one phone in the pressroom. He quickly got through to Tom Kelly, the night editor of the Standard News Association, and began giving him the exact time of landing.

At the edge of the field, Morrison was talking into his microphone, describing the scene. He had just announced that this was Captain Pruss' first command—though actually it was the tenth time Pruss had captained the Hindenburg on a transatlantic flight. "Passengers are looking out the windows, waving," Morrison went on. "The ship is standing still now."

Behind the fence restraining spectators, Gilbert and Marilyn Spah were jumping about excitedly, trying to spot their father in the hovering ship. In the hubbub two-year-old Richard began to fuss, and his mother tried to soothe him. Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Lammot Belin, Sr., on hand to greet their son, edged forward expectantly.

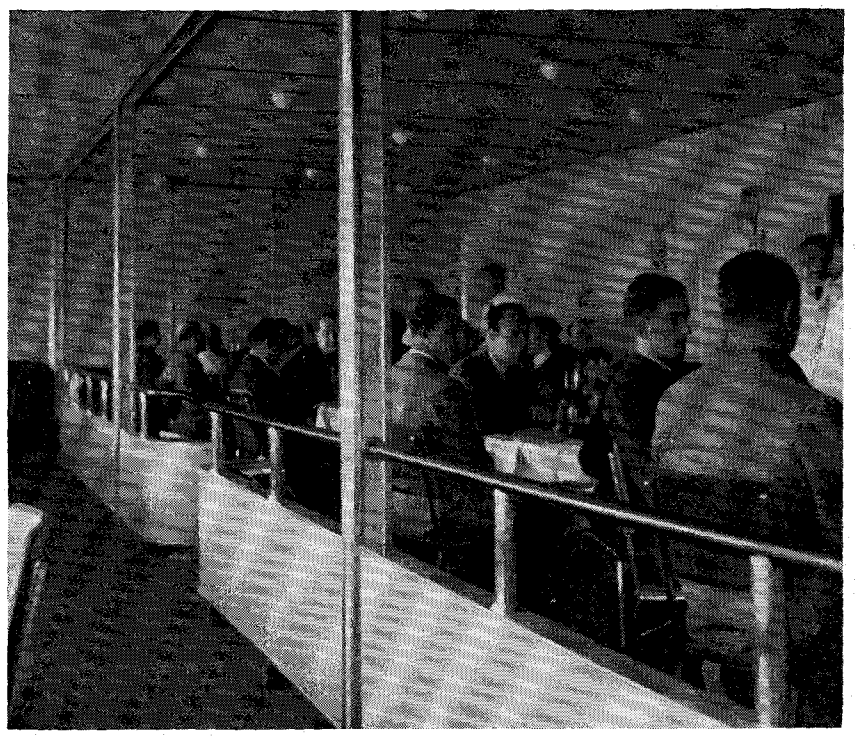
Most of the passengers were in the main lounge, on the starboard side, lining up for Customs inspection. But several, including Spah, were looking out the windows of the portside dining room. Spah thought he recognized his family and was focusing his movie camera to shoot his last few feet of film.

Pat Dowling, the small, wiry majordomo of the American Zeppelin Transport Company (United States representatives for the German line), stood directly under the ship, holding thirty-five pounds of Dry Ice for the perishable food kept in the all-electric kitchen on the portside of B deck.

Sixteen Customs men, led by A. Raymond Raff, Collector of the Port of Philadelphia, started from the mooring mast toward the motionless ship. They were followed by Immigration and Public Health officials.

Among others moving toward the Zeppelin was Einar Thulin, New York correspondent for the Stockholm Tidningen. Thulin was in a car bouncing across the wet sand toward the mooring circle. He had made arrangements for Brink's flight to Harrisburg. Already a plane was being warmed up on a runway west of the hangars. With Thulin were Dr. Amandus Johnson, head of the American-Swedish Historical Museum in Philadelphia, and "Duke" Krantz, chief pilot for the New York Daily News. Krantz, born in Sweden, wanted to say hello to his illustrious compatriot.

There was now a strange quiet. The Hindenburg's engines were turning over slowly, silently. The ship hung peacefully about seventy-five feet from the ground.



The Hindenburg's modernistic dining room shown during an Atlantic crossing.

"The vast motors," Morrison said, "are just holding it, just enough to keep it from ——" He stopped short. It was exactly 7:25 P.M.

Suddenly a mushroom of flame burst from the top of the ship aft, just forward of the point where the front edge of the upper fin sloped into the hull.

Morrison's voice filled with horror. He gasped, "It's broken into flames! It's flashing—flashing! It's flashing terrible!"

When Mrs. Spah first saw the flash of light in the growing darkness, she thought it was fireworks. She had never seen a landing before and figured the Germans were celebrating their long-delayed arrival.

Mrs. William Craig, wife of the writer for The Lamp, who was now standing against the fence, thought the sun had finally burst through the storm clouds. A few feet away, sixteen-year-old Mrs. Matilda Smeling Randolph wasn't watching the airship. When she heard her husband, Nathaniel, calmly say, "There she goes," she turned around, saw a brilliant streak of light, and screamed hysterically. Her husband slapped her face.

Chief Emil (Babe) Klaassen, a veteran of the Macon crash who had been assigned to the tail end of the ship, noticed the sky light up. Then he looked straight up and saw a burning mass. He had only one thought—to get away.

Civilian sheet-metal worker John Eitel had just helped attach the port landing line to one of the little railway cars. He was still holding onto the big line and looking up curiously at the portside of the dirigible. He saw flames race suddenly under the ship. He ran.

Electrician Leroy Comstock, a six-foot-four giant, was standing on a platform on the mooring mast, twelve feet from the ground, ready to plug an electric line into the Hindenburg. But when he saw the flash of light he dropped his line.

Below him, Rosendahl cried out, "My God, it's on fire!"

Chief David (Doc) Safford, another Macon survivor, had his back to the ship's stern. He was watching the mooring cable slowly unreel from the ship's snout and start toward the ground, when he felt a terrible blast of heat. He turned and saw the ship blazing above him.

Next to Safford was Monty Rowe, a shipmate on the Macon. He saw the fins light up strangely. Only that afternoon at early supper, when Rowe saw the approaching storm, he'd told his wife, "If that thing is hit right, she'll blow us right off the map." Now he thought, *Here it is.*

"Run!" shouted a man on top of the mast through a megaphone. It was Boatswain's Mate First Class Bruce Herrington. He repeated the warning half a dozen times. As for himself, he could only stay transfixed, watching the doomed men in the nose of the Hindenburg.

The explosion set off by the first burst of flame grew louder with distance. To Rosendahl, it was a muffled report. To fourteen-year-old Helen Disbrow, a sightseer who was in the parking area, it sounded like a big thump. To WLS engineer Charlie Nehlsen, it was a startling "overcut" on his sixteen-inch record. Flakes of whitewash dust, shaken from the ceiling by the concussion, covered the whirling disk. He desperately cleared the record and gave the O.K. signal through the open window to Morrison.

Mrs. Nellie Gregg, a secretary, who was just coming down the stairs from offices over the brick guardhouse behind the big hangar, heard a noise like blasting. The concussion shook the building. In the opposite direction, at the Petty Officers' Barracks, the first explosion reminded Mrs. Peckham of a shotgun blast. Then she felt a strange suction.

"What's that?" asked a friend.

"That's the end," said Mrs. Peckham. "Let's get over to the infirmary."

A mile and a half on the other side of the field, on the porch of her home in Lakehurst, Mrs. Margaret Runion, whose son, Everett, was in the ground crew, heard a rumble like thunder.

And ten miles away, in Toms River, startled townspeople saw the sky flash briefly. Then they heard a heavy dull thud.

Strangely, Herbert O'Laughlin, a businessman from Chicago, who was in his cabin in the forward section of A deck, heard nothing. He felt only a slight tremor of the ship. Then, suddenly aware of running footsteps in the corridors, he walked out to the promenade deck on the portside to see what was wrong.

Leonhard Adelt was standing beside his wife at an open window. He was looking for his two brothers in the crowd below—brothers he hadn't seen for thirty years—when he noticed the crowd stiffen. He couldn't account for this strange reaction. Then he recalled having heard, a few seconds before, a light, dull detonation—something like a beer bottle being opened. He looked toward the stern and saw a rose glow—"like a sunrise." It was beautiful, but he knew the ship was on fire.

In the stern of the airship, walking along the main keel, mechanic George Haupt saw a fire in gas cell No. 4. It spread to No. 3 and No. 5, making a loud pop like a gas range being lit too fast.

In the control car up forward, Captain Pruss felt a sudden shock. At first he thought one of the landing ropes had snapped. Then he heard a slight explosion, then the horrified cries of people on the field.

"What is it?" he asked. He looked out the gondola window, but saw nothing unusual.

"The ship's burning!" cried Radio Officer Speck.

Suddenly the tail dipped. The captain's first instinct was to drop rear ballast to keep the ship level. But he realized the ship would be a funeral pyre within a minute, and he made a quick decision that gave those in the stern at least a small chance for life. Instead of dropping the water ballast, he let the burning stern fall fast to the ground. The bow then shot up to a (*Continued on Page 58*)

Horrified bystanders help a dazed and badly injured couple to an ambulance.

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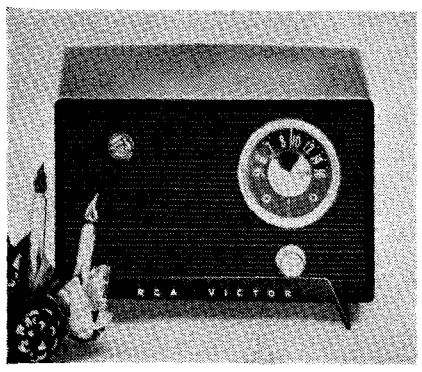
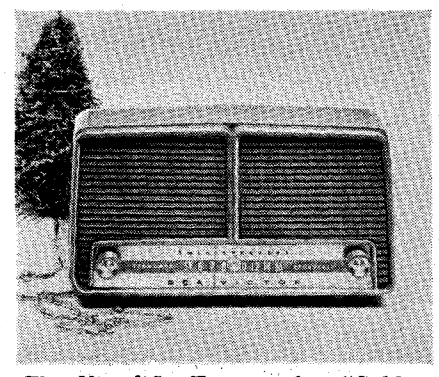
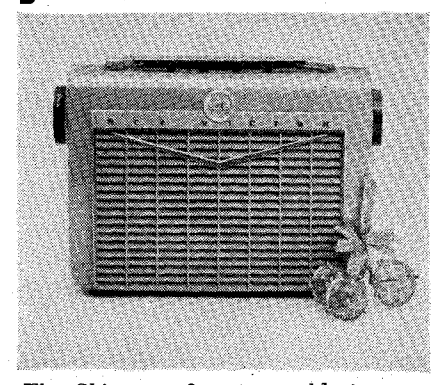


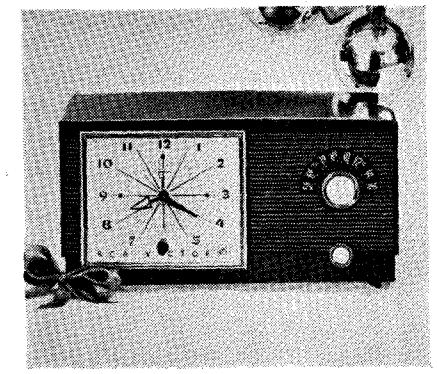
The *Kerry*. Table radio with printed circuits for longer life. Black, antique white, spruce green, pink. (6X5) **$19.95**



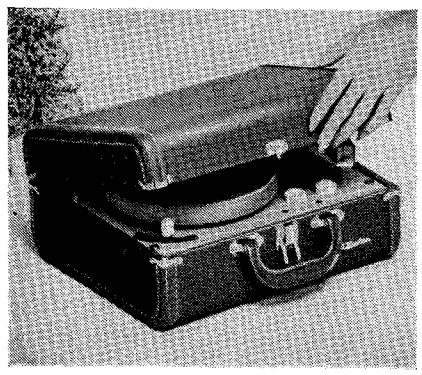
The *Newcliffe*. Twin-speaker "Golden Throat" tone. Phono-jack. Black, gray, turquoise, or ivory cabinet. (8X8) **$29.95**



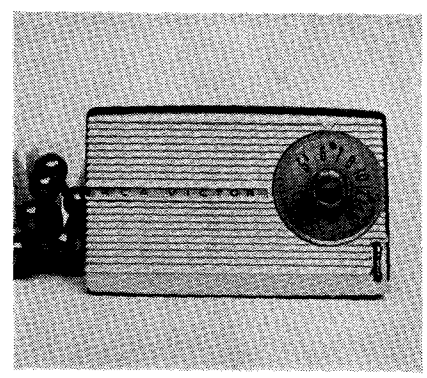
The *Shipmate*. 3-way portable in non-breakable "IMPAC" case. Flame red, 2-tone green, 2-tone gray. (7BX5) **$29.95***



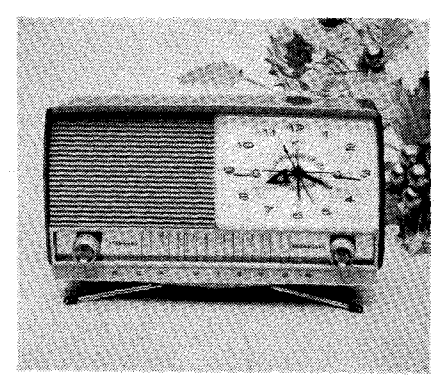
The *Roommate* clock-radio. Wakes you with rich "Golden Throat" tone. Black, white, turquoise or pink. (6C5) **$29.95**



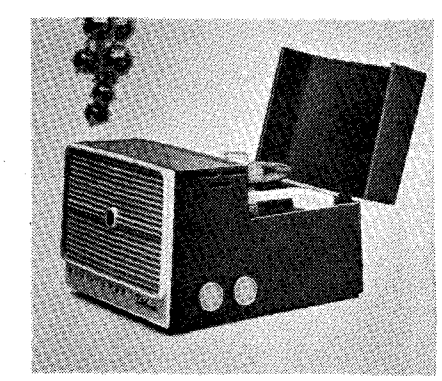
Portable 4-speed "Victrola." Rich luggage styling in tan, tan-and-brown or blue. Plays on AC. (7EMP2) **$29.95**



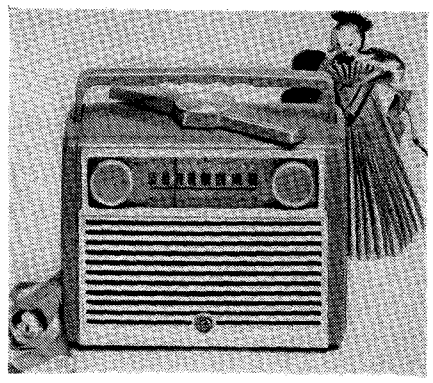
The *Winsome*. Transistor portable with "Golden Throat" tone. "IMPAC" case in two 2-tone finishes. (8BT7) **$39.95***



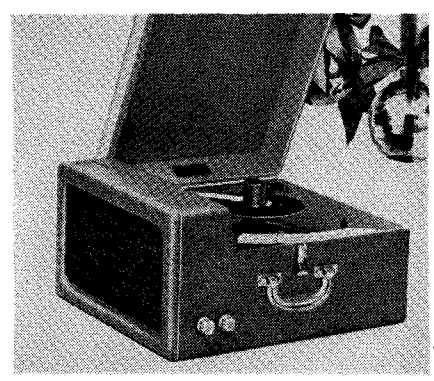
The *Merriweather* clock-radio. It swivels! Turns itself on, off. Runs appliances. 3 finishes. (8C8) **$42.95**



Deluxe automatic 45 "Victrola"®. Plays almost 2 hours of "45" EP's. "Golden Throat" tone. 2 finishes. (8EY4) **$49.95**

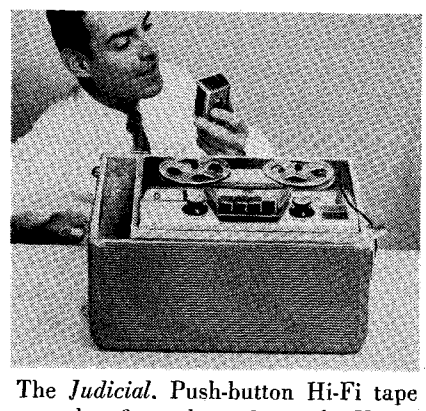


New "Globe Trotter" 3-way portable. Rotating "Wavefinder" antenna. "IMPAC" case in gray or aqua. (7BX8) **$49.95***



Automatic 4-speed portable "Victrola." Two speakers. 2-tone gray or 2-tone green. AC operation. (7ES6) **$79.95**

The *Mark VII*. 4-speed Hi-Fi. Panoramic 3-speaker. Provision for Stereophonic Sound. Brown. (8HFP1) **$129.95**



The *Judicial*. Push-button Hi-Fi tape recorder. 3 speakers. 2 speeds. Voice-music switch. Gray case. (7TR3) **$199.95**

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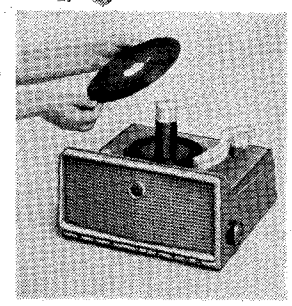
Lowest priced *true* Hi-Fi! The *Mark VIII*. Multiple speakers. 3 popular wood finishes. (7HF45) **$79.95†**



Automatic 45 "Victrola." 3 finishes. (7EY1), **$29.95**. Extra power, larger speaker, 2 finishes. (7EY2) **$36.95**

Automatic Portable "45" with tone control. Brown-and-tan or 2-tone green carrying case. (6EY3) **$39.95**

YOU'LL HEAR SONGS LIKE: **"String of Pearls"** **"Little Brown Jug"** **"Moonlight Serenade"** **"Lamplighter's Serenade"**

*Less batteries. Always insist on RCA batteries—they're Radio-Engineered for extra listening hours. †Price quoted for Mark VIII for mahogany finish. Other finishes slightly higher. ® RCA trademark for record players.

Manufacturer's nationally advertised list prices shown, subject to change. Slightly higher far West and South. Most models available in Canada. For the finest in home entertainment, insist on RCA Victor "New Orthophonic" High Fidelity recordings.

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(*Continued from Page 56*) height of 500 feet, tumbling the passengers on both promenade decks like tenpins. Glassware, lined up with military precision in the pantry on the portside of B deck, was smashed to bits.

Underneath the flaming Zeppelin, the 248 men in the landing crew, the Customs men and Rosendahl's party were scattering wildly.

To announcer Morrison, it looked as though everyone on the ship and most of the ground crew would be killed instantly. "It's bursting into flames and falling on the mooring mast!" he shouted desperately.

Tiny figures seemed to be catapulted from the dirigible, and fell. "This is terrible!" Morrison cried. "This is one of the worst catastrophes in the world!" His agonized voice trailed off into incoherence. He turned desperately toward Nehlsen, who was watching him from the window.

The engineer gave the O.K. signal. "Keep going," he said in pantomime.

"Oh, the humanity and all the passengers!" Morrison broke into sobs. "I told you —— It's a mass of smoking wreckage! Honest, I can hardly breathe!" Again he looked at Nehlsen; again Nehlsen nodded encouragement.

"I'm going to step inside where I can't see it!" Morrison said. "It's terrible! I—I—folks, I'm going to have to stop for a moment because I've lost my voice! This is the worst thing I've ever witnessed!"

Those under the ship had trouble running in the wet sand. Pat Dowling, still clutching his thirty-five pounds of Dry Ice, turned and struggled away from the ship. He stumbled, dropped the ice, righted himself and kept running. The hair on the back of his head had been burned off. He still doesn't know how he got out alive.

As John Eitel fled, he kept looking back over his shoulder. The dirigible appeared to be chasing him. His legs were leaden weights in the slippery sand. It was a nightmare. Babe Klaassen, near the tail of the Hindenburg, thought the ship was chasing him too. It chased him for a block. As the cells ignited, one by one, each explosion seemed to shoot the dirigible forward in pursuit of him.

Everyone ran. Harry Bruno, press-relations representative of the American Zeppelin Transport Company, was standing near Rosendahl. Both he and the commander, he says, turned and instinctively ran into the wind. The instinct saved their lives, for the airship eventually crashed where they'd been standing.

But Allen Hagaman, a civilian on the "dollar detail," stumbled on the circular track. The white-hot wreck fell directly on top of him. Although a reckless mate dragged him clear, Hagaman was to die a few hours later of third-degree burns.

Near him, Charles Exel, another civilian ground-crew member, found himself trapped by a falling circle of debris. He thought his number was up. But the heat-warped frame above him suddenly curved away at the center, and he jumped through an opening. Even so, he probably would have been burned to death except for a happenstance—his clothes had been soaked by the afternoon's showers.

In the press room, Herb Rau saw a flash of fire reflected on a windowpane and he felt the telephone booth shake. "Hold it a minute," he told night editor Kelly. He ran to the open doors of the hangar and looked out. He doesn't remember how long he stood watching. Then he rushed back, in a daze, to the open telephone. "My God!" he said. "The whole thing blew up!"

There was no reply at the other end of the phone. The shocking news had completely stunned Kelly. He thought, *I don't believe it.* At last he was able to talk. "Herb," he said shakily, "take another look and make sure."

Many were immobilized with horror. The Paramount newsreelman had been getting shots of the ground crew tugging on the ropes. With his camera still pointing at ground level, he was staring at the fire as if hypnotized.

"For God's sake!" shouted his crew chief. "Turn it up!"

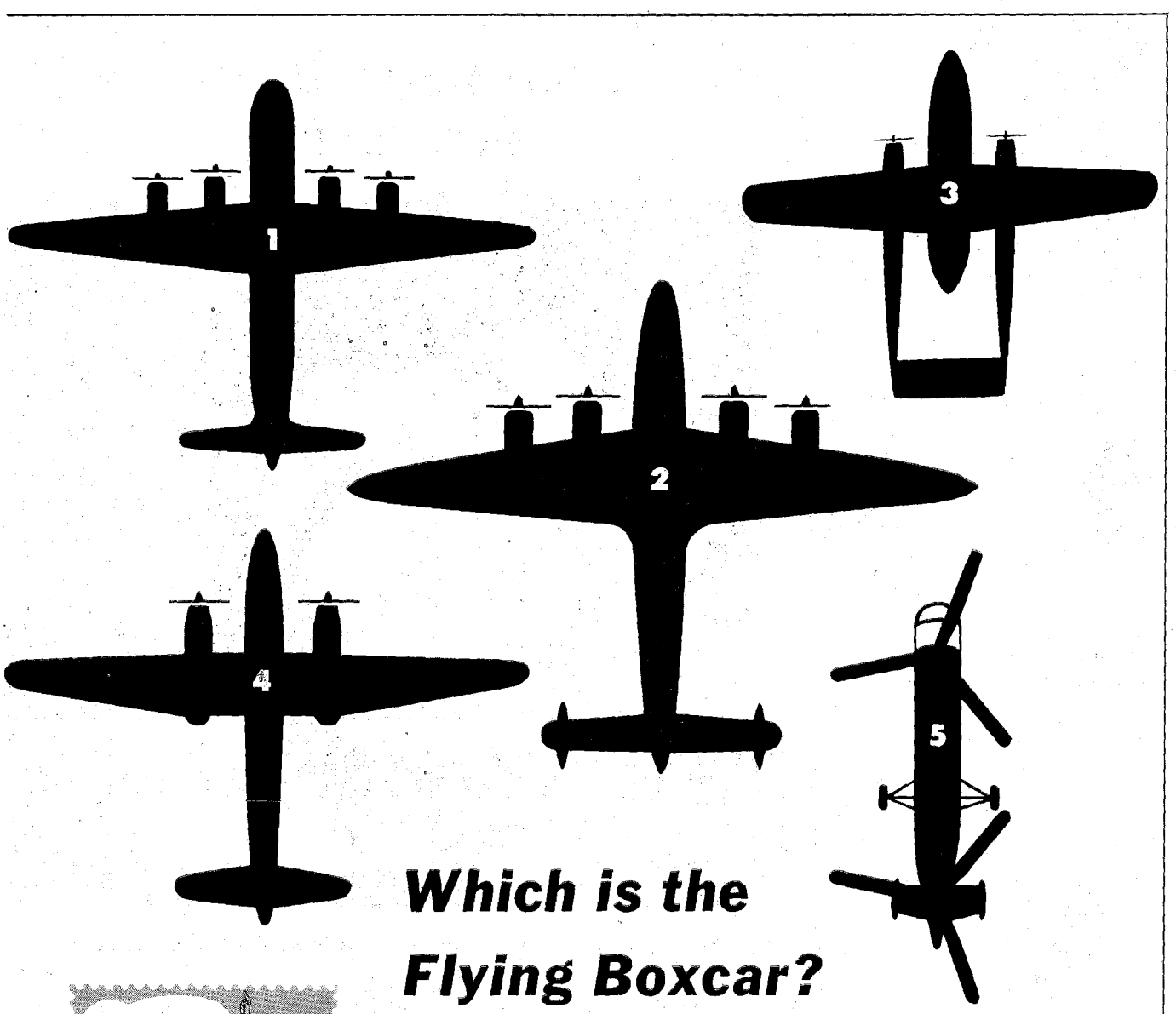
The cameraman jerkily swung his camera up and began to take movies.

From the instant that flames first appeared, exactly thirty-four seconds elapsed before the bow crashed to earth, with the ship almost completely enveloped in flames. The men in the landing crew were so overwhelmed by the danger that they couldn't think of anything but getting out of the way. But the reporters standing in safety behind the mooring mast and the relatives still farther back near the hangar shared one horrible thought—no one aboard could possibly live. Only a miracle could save a human being in that mass of flaming hydrogen.

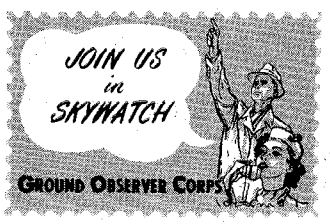
Coat-and-suit manufacturer Philip Mangone's eighteen-year-old daughter, Katherine, kept saying over and over again, "Daddy died right away! Daddy died right away!"

Next to Katherine stood her sister, Mrs. Florence Balish—silently clutching the hand of her five-year-old daughter, Joan. Nat Cohen, a business associate of Mangone, fell to the sand at Katherine's feet in a dead faint.

Mrs. Joseph Spah, the acrobat's wife, screamed hysterically. Two-year-old Rich-



Which is the Flying Boxcar?



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A MEMBER of the Civilian Ground Observer Corps would instantly spot No. 3 *(above)* as the C-119, the famous *"Flying Boxcar"* which has performed so well in ferrying troops and supplies to combat areas.

A Ground Observer would also easily identify the others as: (1) Douglass DC-7; (2) Lockheed Super-Constellation; (4) Navy Neptune; and (5) Army Helicopter.

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ard, frightened by his mother's screams, screamed too. Marilyn just stared, open-mouthed. Five-year-old Gilbert dropped to his knees and said, "Please, God, don't let my daddy die!"

To Ferdinand Lammot Belin, Sr., ex-ambassador to Poland, the sight of the dirigible bursting into flames was a numbing blow. Dazed into false calmness, neither he nor his wife realized for some time that the ship carrying their son had actually been destroyed. To Rosendahl it meant not only tragedy for many comrades but the probable deathblow to his life's work—the rigid dirigible.

The thirty-four seconds were a lifetime to many on board the Hindenburg. Philip Mangone felt the ship jar. Then it tipped, and he rolled on the dining-room promenade deck. He tried to open one of the slanting observation windows. It was locked. He picked up a chair and knocked out the isinglass. He crawled onto the window sill and grabbed hold of the ledge. It burned his hands, and he dropped about thirty-five feet into sand. Looking up, he saw the flaming airship falling all around him, like a giant cloak. A few seconds later, by a freak chance, he stood unharmed amidst molten wreckage. *How am I going to get out of here?* he thought.

Young Belin was standing near Mangone in the lounge, taking pictures. The first impact threw him to the deck. Two

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IMOGENE FEY

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stewards opened a nearby window and jumped out. Belin started to follow, but the window slammed shut. He couldn't open it, so he broke the glass—probably with a chair, he thinks—and jumped. As soon as he hit the ground, he began running.

In the left forward gondola, a young mechanic named Theodor Ritter had just stopped the engines. Then there was a flash of flame, and his gondola seemed to be ripped from the ship. He lost consciousness. When he came to, the gondola was on the sand. His clothes were on fire, and he jumped out of the little cab and ran, scarcely realizing he'd been burned.

Eugene Schäuble, an assistant engineer who was in the stern port gondola, doesn't know to this day how he got out. He thinks he must have been blown out of the dirigible when a gas cell overhead exploded. He wasn't even bruised.

Herbert O'Laughlin, who hadn't heard the first explosion in his cabin, was climbing out a salon window on the port side when the sill buckled under his feet, catapulting him to the ground. Two sailors seized him and led him away.

Most of the passengers were in the main starboard salon. And the wind, unfortunately, was blowing to the starboard—so hard that blackened fragments of burned fabric were being scattered over many miles of scrubby pine and dwarf oak.

At first, when the ship dipped, John Pannes, the genial traffic manager of the Hamburg-American Line, was standing near a window. A moment before the first explosion, his wife had gone to their cabin for her coat. Otto Clemens, the German photographer, staggered past.

"Come on, Mr. Pannes!" said Clemens, climbing onto a window ledge. "Jump!"

Pannes shook his head. "Wait until I get my wife." He darted toward the cabins in the center of the dirigible. Clemens didn't wait. If he had paused even a few seconds, he would have been trapped. He jumped. As he fell, he heard a chorus of screaming voices behind him.

When the ship crashed on the edge of the mooring circle, Leonhard Adelt and his wife were thrown from the window to the staircase leading to B deck. The aluminum piano, on which Captain Lehmann had often played, together with tables and chairs from the main lounge, crashed around them, forming a barricade.

Adelt pulled his wife to her feet. "Through the windows!" he shouted. Neither knows how they got to the ground. But Adelt does remember his feet touching down. Enveloped in black oil clouds, they threaded their way through the molten wreckage. Several times Adelt pried open white-hot wires with his bare hands—and felt no pain.

Now they ran as if in a dream. Adelt suddenly realized his wife wasn't with him. Turning, he saw her stretched motionless on the sand. He went back, jerked her upright and gave her a push. She ran like a mechanical toy. Adelt stumbled and lay on the ground, too tired to care what happened to him. But then his wife came back, took him by the hand and led him away as if he were a child.

Mrs. Mathilde Doehner had been watching the landing operations from one of the starboard windows. Then there was a blinding flash and the ship seemed to vibrate all over. She screamed for her husband, Hermann, who had been at the next window, but she couldn't find him. Her three children—the only children on board the Hindenburg—clung to her and she quickly decided to throw them out the window.

She first tried to get ten-year-old Irene onto the ledge, but the girl was too heavy to handle with the lounge tilting so crazily. Irene scrambled away, calling for her father. Mrs. Doehner picked up Werner, the youngest, and flung him through the window. A moment later she pushed Walter through the opening. She looked around again for Irene, but she had disappeared. Mrs. Doehner jumped, and the next she knew, a sailor and a civilian were leading her to safety.

On the port side, Joseph Spah couldn't open a window. He smashed at the isinglass with his movie camera, loaded with films of the ocean crossing. The whole window fell out. As the ship tilted and rose, two men pushed against him.

"Get off!" shouted Spah above their screams of terror.

The two men climbed out the wide window and hung on. Spah followed them. The man on his right suddenly shouted something unintelligible and fell.

Spah, who was holding onto the window ledge with one arm, facing outward, saw the man spread out like a dummy in midair. A moment later the man hit the sand and bounced. The other man gasped. Spah turned and saw him slipping. The man grabbed at Spah's coat, ripping off the lapel as he dropped. Spah watched as this man fell over a hundred feet, kicking wildly all the way down.

The bow of the ship rose even higher. Spah hung on with his right arm, even though the ledge was hot. He thanked God that his best acrobatic trick was holding onto a teetering lamppost with one arm. Finally he felt the ship falling slowly. Then, after what seemed hours, when he couldn't hold on any longer, he dropped. It was a fall of about forty feet, and he knew he had to keep his feet under him. He remembers nothing of hitting the ground—just of crawling away from the terrible heat on all fours, like an animal.

No one in the control car jumped while the dirigible was in the air. It never occurred to Captain Pruss, Captain Lehmann, First Officer Sammt or the nine others to abandon their dying ship. The bow came down gently, even though the dirigible's envelope was by now almost consumed by fire. The big landing wheel under the control car hit the sand.

"Now!" Pruss said. "Now, jump!"

Seven men leaped out the windows. The rubber landing tire bounced the gondola back into the air. Five men were still in it: Pruss, Lehmann, Sammt, Herzog and Speck.

The control car hung lazily in the air and then slowly descended, this time settling in the sand. The five men flung themselves out of the gondola. Seconds later, red-hot girders crashed among them. Willy Speck sprawled out in front of Pruss, his head bleeding profusely. The captain, clothes and hair aflame, scooped up Speck and staggered through the twisted, glowing metal barrier. He put down Speck's limp, smoldering body,

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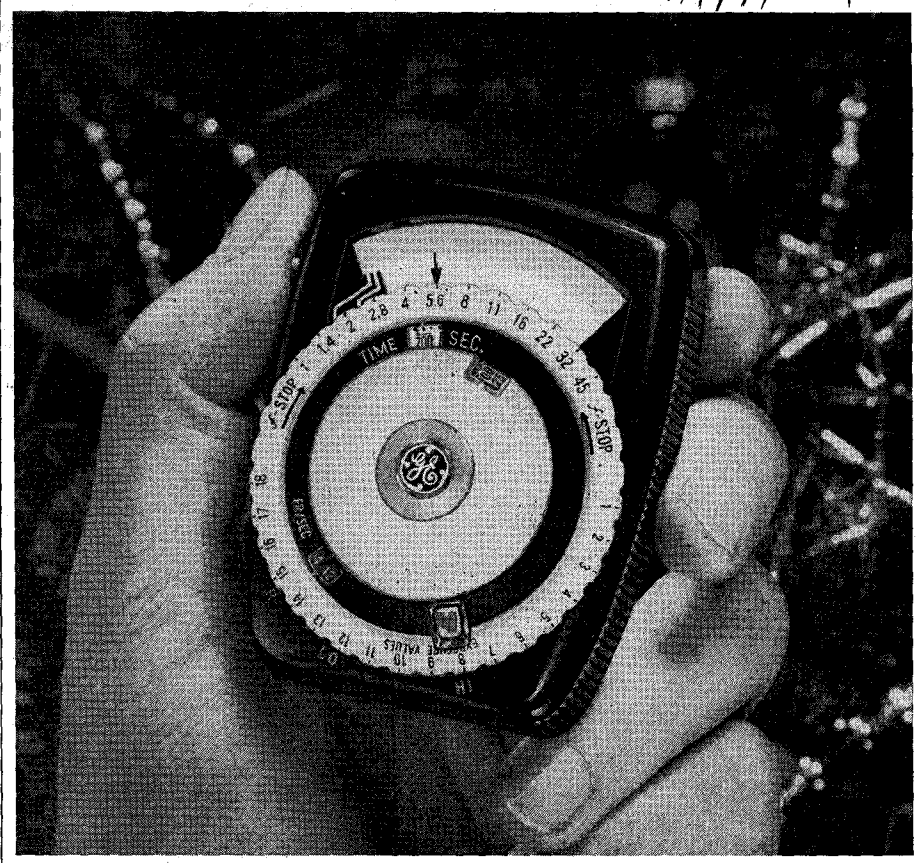

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and began beating out the flames in his own clothes. Just then a civilian and a sailor ran forward. Pruss recognized the civilian as his old friend Andy Wickham, mayor of Seaside Park.

Mumbling incoherently, Pruss took off his rings and gave them to Wickham. Then he handed over his watch and wallet. "The passengers!" he cried suddenly. Turning away, Pruss ran back into the sizzling ruins.

Above the control car, Assistant Radio Officer Herbert Dowe jumped out of his little radio room just as the gondola hit the sand a second time. The heat was so intense that he couldn't stand it. He fell to the ground, covering his face, hands and head with wet sand. There he waited until the envelope of the ship had completely burned off. Then he got to his knees. Now he could breathe. Cautiously he picked his way through the glowing skeleton of the dirigible. He suffered only minor burns.

Probably the most unbelievable escape was that of fourteen-year-old Werner Franz, the cabin boy. Werner was in the belly of the dirigible, aft of the passengers' quarters, walking on the narrow keel catwalk, when he felt a hot blast. Stunned, unable to move, he waited as gas cells astern of him caught fire in rapid succession. Then he stumbled to an open hatch in the bottom of the ship and jumped through it. But the flaming dirigible was descending about him, and he knew he was finished. But as he lost consciousness a water tank above him gave way—apparently exploded by the heat. Young Werner was soaked to the skin. The cold water revived him and he was able to scramble free of the falling debris. Then he worked his way through the tangled mass. The boy escaped, wringing wet, with only minor burns.

On the other side of the flaming ship, manufacturer Mangone found himself trapped by wreckage. Dropping to his knees, he dug a trench in the damp sand and burrowed his way out. When he emerged on the other side, all his hair, except one small lock on his forehead, had been burned off. And the back of his coat was on fire.

Mangone's daughter, Katherine, ran onto the field. A reporter grabbed her, begged for her name and the name of the one she was looking for. She tried to break free, but the reporter hung onto her.

"Go away!" she cried. "I have to find my father!"

"Tell me your father's name. If he's saved, I'll broadcast the name so your mother will know he's safe."

She gave the information and hurried toward the wreck.

A hundred yards to the rear, Mrs. Spah was saying her rosary and trying to keep her hysterical children under control. Now she had a new fear: the field was a great snarl of cars, trucks and ambulances rushing to the wreckage; sirens were shrieking and people shouting. Mrs. Spah was afraid the children would be run over. She was now saying out loud, "He's too good to die like that!"

As she repeated these words like a chant, she herded the children to the west side of two small airplane hangars.

At first everyone near the mooring circle had run for his life. A moment later Navy and civilian workers automatically ran back to the wreckage to rescue survivors. Those near Chief Bull Tobin heard his bellowing voice a few seconds after the first blast.

"Stand fast!" he shouted.

One man, a junior officer, stopped—more afraid of Bull than of the fire.

There were many heroes. Heedless of their own safety, Navy men and civilians, with Rosendahl in command, carried rescue operations as close as they could to the sprawled wreck. Leroy Comstock, the huge electrician whose son Larry was somewhere in the landing crew, jumped from his perch on the mast and ran toward the flames. He saw acrobat Spah crawling slowly through the dense smoke as girders crashed nearby. Comstock put the acrobat under one arm and sprinted out of the searing heat. A moment later, he dumped Spah on the sand and ran back into the smoke for more survivors.

Most rescuers worked in twos. William Craig, of Standard Oil, teamed up with a sailor in dungarees who carried a bottle of carbon dioxide. They saw a man strolling nonchalantly out of the wreck, seemingly unharmed.

"I'm all right," said the survivor. They led him away from the furnacelike heat.

Next they found a girl lying in the sand. Her face and shoulders were untouched, but the rest of her body was badly burned. She was mumbling in German as, one on each side of her, they dug their arms under the sand to make a cradle. But the sand was too hot. Craig grasped the girl by the arm, and her flesh disintegrated to

... ...

Children's Recital

As I view the performance,
I'm chiefly
Concerned that the balance
is wrong—
My child's in the limelight
too briefly,
The rest of the program's
too long!

By May Richstone

... ...

the bone. The girl didn't know he'd touched her. They had to carry her to an ambulance in a blanket.

As Craig and the sailor hurried back to the wreck, they heard a man shouting repeatedly, "The fuel tanks are going to explode!"

No one paid any attention to the man at first. Then someone angrily cried, "Shut up, for God's sake!"

A man suddenly darted out of the wreck. It seemed impossible that a human being could live in that heat. A flame licked after the man, knocking him flat on his face. Rescuers couldn't advance because of the heat. Helplessly, they watched the man get up, toss his hands in the air, stagger a few feet and fall again. Again he tried, half rising in the blistering heat. Then he crawled desperately a few more feet, but finally wilted and lay still. Ten minutes later, two sailors shielding their faces dragged him out. He was as black as a burned stump.

Another man, his clothes and hair burned off, came marching through the flames in a sort of goose step. Harry Kroh, the local reporter, took his arm.

"An ambulance is coming," said the newsman.

The man kept talking away in German. He was put in a truck. Then he abruptly keeled over, dead.

Tom Sleek, another of the sixteen survivors of the Macon present, saw a flaming man jump from the ship and fall on his head on the curving railroad track. He and Monty Rowe ran forward, beat out the man's burning clothes and carried him toward safety. As they were leaving the glowing skeleton of the Hindenburg, Rowe saw something he wishes he could forget—a transparent hand stuck to a white-hot girder like an empty glove.

Chief Julius Malak, a survivor of the Shenandoah and Macon wrecks, found himself running to help. As he ran, he thought, *I owe somebody a chance to live. They gave me a chance when I was in the same fix.* He saw a woman jump out of the main lounge from a height of sixty feet. She landed on her face on the gravel inside the mooring circle. Seeing she was dead, Malak went to the bow of the dirigible. There in the nose stood the two German crewmen who had been lowering the landing lines. Both were grasping girders as if for dear life. They were burned to a crisp.

As though walking in her sleep, an elderly woman stepped out of the belly of the ship by the regular gangway. Two sailors pulled her free just as burning framework was about to crash on her.

Fifty feet from the burning fuel tanks, two other sailors found a man, his clothes aflame, sitting on the sand. In a doped, lazy way, he was idly slapping at the fire. The sailors threw sand on him and led him away.

Petty Officer First Class John Iannacone, a member of the landing party, had stared with horror as passengers dropped like ants from the dirigible. He saw one man, waxy white in the glare, walking toward him, wearing only shoes. With a mate, Iannacone got to the lee side of the Hindenburg. Three elderly passengers were still inside the port lounge, standing stunned. The sailors had to pull them out by force.

Riveter John C. Wainwright had climbed down from the helium tower at the first explosion to look for his seventeen-year-old son, who was in the landing crew. When the elder Wainwright arrived near the wreck he saw a German officer, the back of his uniform burned out, being chased by three American sailors. Though severely burned, the officer was trying to run back to the flames. He was finally caught and escorted to an ambulance. It was Max Pruss. He had already made several trips into the wreckage, looking for survivors.

At Paul Kimball Hospital, ten miles away on the outskirts of Lakewood, Night Superintendent Lillian Walshe was making her rounds when she was called to the phone.

A frantic voice shouted, "Get hold of all the doctors and nurses you can! Send them to Lakehurst Naval Station!"

Miss Walshe quickly notified Elizabeth Miller, the hospital's administrator. Together they went to the storeroom for bandages and supplies. Then they began transferring the few patients in the male ward to cots in another ward.

A second call came in a few minutes later. "Don't send the doctors!" said the same voice. "The Hindenburg exploded! But everybody's dead!"

"Guess we needn't bother any more," said Miss Walshe.

"We'll finish anyway," replied the administrator. Fortunately she remembered the frenzy that followed the burning of the steamer Morro Castle.

Mrs. Clifton Alice Rhodes, a nurse from the same hospital, was home, ironing. Boake Carter interrupted the radio program she was listening to. In his sepulchral voice he begged all nurses and doctors in the vicinity to rush to Lakehurst. In a minute Mrs. Rhodes and her husband were speeding in their car toward the naval station.

Recovered from his breakdown, announcer Herb Morrison was again out on the field, trying to find survivors to interview. He saw a man coming out of the flame and smoke with his hands raised high over his head as if in surrender. It was Mangone. Sailors were trying to lead the manufacturer to an ambulance.

"I won't go," said Mangone stolidly. "My daughters are here. They'll find me." He refused to budge.

At that moment Katherine Mangone was a few yards away, questioning another survivor. "A lot of us are alive," said the man in a dazed voice.

Then the lights of a car bouncing across the dark field lit up her father, and she ran to him. His burned face was saffron-colored and skin hung down from his hands in long strips. But he seemed unperturbed, even good-natured. Morrison helped father and daughter into an improvised ambulance. They were driven along Lansdowne Road to the infirmary.

"Go telephone the family," said Mangone. Katherine, knowing her father was a stubborn man, left to find a phone.

Mrs. Spah was standing inside one of the airplane hangars when a soldier-sightseer rushed in. He shouted, "Spah!"

"Over here!" she said, eager yet afraid.

The soldier said, "Your husband is alive."

Holding the baby tightly, she followed the soldier into the airship hangar. Her husband was sitting on a bench. Mrs. Spah, without saying a word, felt him all over. She couldn't believe he was really unhurt.

"Are you all right?" she finally asked. He nodded dazedly. She repeated the question a dozen times, and he kept nodding. He told her he'd seen a new blue car next to the hangar. It was filled with baby clothes, and though he had never seen it before, he knew from descriptions in her letter that this was their car.

The soldier returned a moment later with Mrs. Spah's sister, Arlyene, and the two other children. Gilbert and Marilyn leaped all over their father.

Gilbert's first words were, "Where's Ulla?"

Spah didn't have the heart to tell his children that the dog was somewhere in the tail of the burning ship.

Now Morrison was recording an interview with another survivor in the little building next to the plane hangars. Otto Clemens was explaining excitedly in German how he'd escaped. A man holding Clemens' arm—a friend who'd come to meet him—translated the photographer's story into English. "He was on his way to his cabin when the explosion came. He jumped out." Then the friend exclaimed with wonder, "He's not hurt a bit!"

A note was handed to Morrison. A look of relief came on his face. He spoke into the microphone, "I have good news for you. It's just been announced that twenty-five to thirty people have been saved!"

Farther out on the field, Harry Bruno, the press representative for the Hindenburg's owners, had gone toward the control car to look for his old friend, Lehmann. A man completely naked and burned white staggered toward Bruno. He fell dying at the publicist's feet.

Then a short, stocky figure walked out of the flames. It was Lehmann. His clothes were burning. A sailor and Bruno ran toward him. They beat out the flames with their hands.

"Hello again," said Lehmann. He was in shock, but remarkably self-controlled. "I can't believe it. How many of my passengers and crew are saved?"

He stumbled. Bruno took one arm, the sailor the other. Lehmann's back was burned as if by an acetylene torch, from his head to the base of his spine.

By this time those in the parking area were sure there would be no more survivors. The Belins were convinced that their son had been (*Continued on Page 62*)

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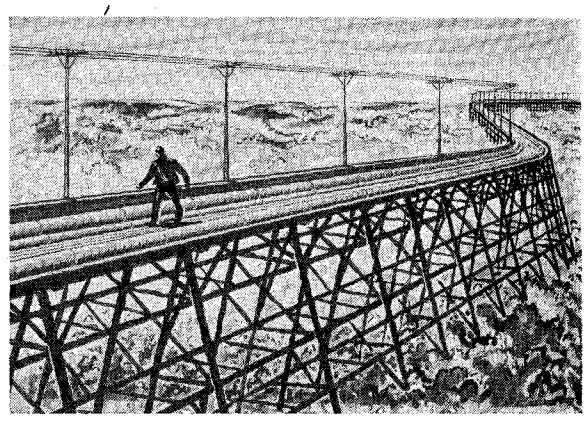

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(*Continued from Page 60*) killed. In a state of shock, they were led to their car. Just as the three were about to drive away, they heard a peculiar whistle—like their son's. They all turned, shocked anew. And there he was, coming toward them.

Half a mile to the east, the dispensary was in a state of ordered chaos. At first there had been only one doctor and several corpsmen, but soon volunteers poured in. Navy wives and women civilian workers put gobs of petroleum jelly on gauze and helped shoot doses of morphine into the survivors. Nurses and doctors, alerted by Night Superintendent Lillian Walshe, came from Paul Kimball Hospital within half an hour of the crash. Then nurses arrived from Fitkin at Asbury Park.

Mrs. Doehner, the bun on her hair almost completely burned off, was brought in with her two little boys. Mrs. Nellie Gregg, a post secretary who had volunteered, was told to take them to the adjoining Family Hospital. Mrs. Gregg picked up the smaller boy, Werner. He was so frightened he couldn't speak. He didn't know his father was already dead and his sister Irene was dying.

Mrs. Peckham was another volunteer. She helped seat the glassy-eyed survivors on benches outside the infirmary while they waited for admittance. Hans Hugo Witt, a major in the *Luftwaffe*, asked in broken English if he could send a telegram to his wife.

"What do you want to say?" asked Mrs. Peckham, after writing down his wife's address.

"I well," said the major. "I well!"

Spah, accompanied by his wife, hobbled into the dispensary, where a doctor found his ankle was broken. He was taped up and told to go home. Just then a nurse called, "Who speaks German?"

Spah, who spoke the language fluently, followed the nurse into a small room on the first floor. A young crewman, Erich Spehl, wanted to send a cable to his bride. Spah copied down the man's address.

"*Ich lebe* (I live)," said Spehl through swollen lips.

Spah wrote down the simple message. As he left the room to send the telegram, the young German died.

In the next room, Captain Lehmann, bare from the waist up, was stretched out on a table on his stomach. Though he was so badly burned that he obviously couldn't survive, Lehmann was composed and thoughtful. Leonhard Adelt, passing by saw his friend and came into the room.

"What caused it?" asked Adelt.

"Lightning," answered Lehmann, his forehead wrinkling in a puzzled way. The two looked at each other a moment but said nothing more.

Down the hall, Mrs. Gregg was cutting the coat and shirt from a German. She couldn't tell whether he was a crewman, officer or passenger because his clothes were so badly burned. She tried to be as gentle as possible.

"*Sprechen Sie Deutsch?*" asked the man.

"No," she said, leaning close to him.

He put a charred hand on her cheek and tried to smile. "Sweet," he said. Then he died.

The airship hangar was a madhouse. The first room on the east side had been set up as a temporary Customs office. Next to it was a Western Union station for the convenience of passengers, and beyond, the pressroom. The newsmen, their ranks swelled by reporters who had rushed in from New York and Philadelphia, were weary, high-strung, frantic: they were laboring through an incredibly dramatic story that was impossible to report adequately. Information came in bit by bit and was difficult to confirm. Nobody could interview the German-speaking survivors. Nobody from the Navy was available to give technical information on the probable cause of the disaster. Wild rumors, such as the death of Rosendahl, were passed. And to compound these difficulties, there was only one telephone, and it was in almost constant use for official business. But all the newsmen co-operated that night. No one tried to beat the others out of the story. All the information was pooled.

Meanwhile Einar Thulin had looked all over the field in vain for journalist Birger Brink, whom he knew only by his photograph. Then he hurried to the Western Union station in the hangar. He was the only foreign correspondent on the spot and he knew he could scoop Europe. His was a double responsibility. He wired the bare details of the tragedy to the Stockholm Aftonbladet and added a postscript: "Shall I stay on story or find Brink?"

Before long, an answer came to Thulin from Stockholm. It read: "Find Brink."

Since Thulin had already covered the infirmary, he drove quickly to the nearest hospital, Paul Kimball. In a corridor buzzing with action, he saw a man sitting down, his face black.

"Are you Birger Brink?" asked Thulin.

"Why, no. Don't you recognize me?"

To his amazement, Thulin realized it was his countryman, Rolf von Heidenstam, the industrialist.

"What happened to Brink?" asked Thulin.

"He and I were talking as the ship came in," said von Heidenstam. "We were looking out the main lounge window. 'That's a nice shot for me,' he said. Then he went into his cabin to get his camera."

Brink was never seen alive again.

Thousands of miles away in Germany, a ringing telephone had just awakened Dr. Hugo Eckener, director of the Zeppelin organization. It was the Berlin correspondent of The New York Times.

"Yes, what do you want?" asked Doctor Eckener, sleepy and annoyed.

"I thought it my duty to report to you some bad news we have just received from New York," said correspondent Weyer. "The airship Hindenburg exploded over Lakehurst and crashed in flames."

Eckener was stunned. "Yes—no—no, it isn't possible," he stammered.

"Is there a possibility of sabotage, do you think?" asked Weyer.

"If it was in the air," said Eckener, hardly able to move his lips, "then it might perhaps have been sabotage." Slowly he hung up the phone.

By midnight the wild excitement at Lakehurst Naval Air Station had abated. The last survivors had been taken in ambulances to Paul Kimball, Fitkin and Monmouth hospitals. Bodies had been carefully lined up inside the airship hangar. Funeral directors were beginning to set up an improvised morgue in the cavernous building.

And out on the edge of the mooring circle guards stood around the smoldering carcass of the Hindenburg with orders from Rosendahl not to let anybody touch anything.

Weary volunteers were now leaving the dispensary. Civilian members of the landing crew dragged across the sand to their cars. All of them went home, and took off their filthy clothes, which smelled of smoke, scorched hair and burned flesh.

Never had a disaster hit with the impact of the Hindenburg explosion. Never before had photographers and newsreel men been present to record a major tragedy, and within hours shocking pictures of the fire were wired all over the world. By noon the next day, newsreel extras of the catastrophe were being shown at theaters along Broadway. It was a rare showing which wasn't punctuated by screams from the audience.

At 4:30 that afternoon, NBC appalled its listeners with a fifteen-minute broadcast on the Blue Network of Herbert Morrison's harrowing recording. To this day, thousands swear they heard an actual on-the-spot broadcast of the tragedy.

The disaster evoked disbelief at first, then profound shock. For the world had been convinced of the safety of the commercial Zeppelins.

President Franklin D. Roosevelt, fishing for tarpon from the yacht Potomac in the Gulf of Mexico, sent a message of condolence to Chancellor Hitler. Ex-heavyweight boxing champion Max Schmeling, who had been forced to cancel his reservations on the fatal trip, said, "I just can't understand it. Only yesterday I was telling some friends it was safer to travel on the Hindenburg than by boat."

In Germany there was some bitterness because the United States had refused to sell the German Zeppelin Transport Company nonflammable helium. But the *Führer* wired his thanks to Roosevelt for his thoughtful message. Reichsmarschall Goering went even further. In an emotion-charged cable to the Secretary of the Navy, Goering said, "The unreserved help of the American airmen coming to the rescue of their German comrades is a beautiful proof of the spirit which links the airmen of all nations." It was a spirit which was soon to come to a rude end.

"Be serious now. What do you want for Christmas besides a divorce?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The day after the tragedy, fatigued nurses and doctors were still on duty at Paul Kimball Hospital. Hans Luther, the ambassador from Germany, visited the survivors. The pudgy little man was so upset that, as he apologized to the American passengers, he cried because they had been injured on a German airship.

One American passenger couldn't see Luther. Philip Mangone's face had swollen so badly that his eyes were tiny slits. A fastidious man, he kept asking his daughter, Katherine, how he looked.

"Fine," she always said.

Mangone asked to "see" his five-year-old granddaughter, Joan. Katherine went out and briefed her niece. "Granddaddy looks a little funny," she explained, "but if he asks how he looks, tell him fine."

The little girl was brought into Mangone's private room on the first floor.

"How do I look, dear?"

Joan didn't hesitate. "You look awful, grandpa."

Mangone burst out laughing. "Thank God somebody'll tell me the truth," he said. He lost small parts of both ears and his burned-off black hair came in snow white, but Mangone suffered no permanent injuries.

Lehmann was also at Paul Kimball. Although he was in great pain, he never complained or lost his astounding composure. He knew he was going to die soon, and he was pleased to learn that his badly burned comrade, Max Pruss, would live.

Later in the day Lehmann was visited by Commander Rosendahl. The two friends went over each possible cause of the fire. But each possibility—from static electricity to a gas cell ruptured by a broken propeller blade—led into a blind alley.

"No, no," said Lehmann, slowly shaking his head. "It must have been an infernal machine." And then he added, with the eternal optimism of all airship men, "But of course, regardless of the cause, the next ship must have helium."

Lehmann died that afternoon, bringing the death toll to thirty-six—twenty-two crewmen, thirteen passengers and one member of the ground crew, Allen Hagaman.

On May eleventh, at Pier 86 at the foot of 46th Street, New York City, 10,000 people gathered to watch the Nazi rites for the twenty-eight European victims of the disaster. The swastika flew every few feet, and uniformed Storm Troopers stood at attention at the head of each coffin. Their right arms stiff and uplifted in the Nazi salute, children marched past the victims singing the Horst Wessel song. Then the coffins were placed aboard the S. S. Hamburg for the journey home. It was the end of the short but brilliant era of the giant dirigibles.

The inquiry board finally laid the disaster to St. Elmo's fire, but the true cause remains unknown—and has become unimportant. Although the thirteen passengers who died in the holocaust were the first passenger casualties in airship history, not a single rigid dirigible—not even the reliable old Graf Zeppelin—has carried another paying passenger since May 6, 1937.

Mr. Toland's story of the death of the Hindenburg is one section of his new book, Ships in the Sky, to be published by Henry Holt & Co. on February 4, 1957.—The Editors

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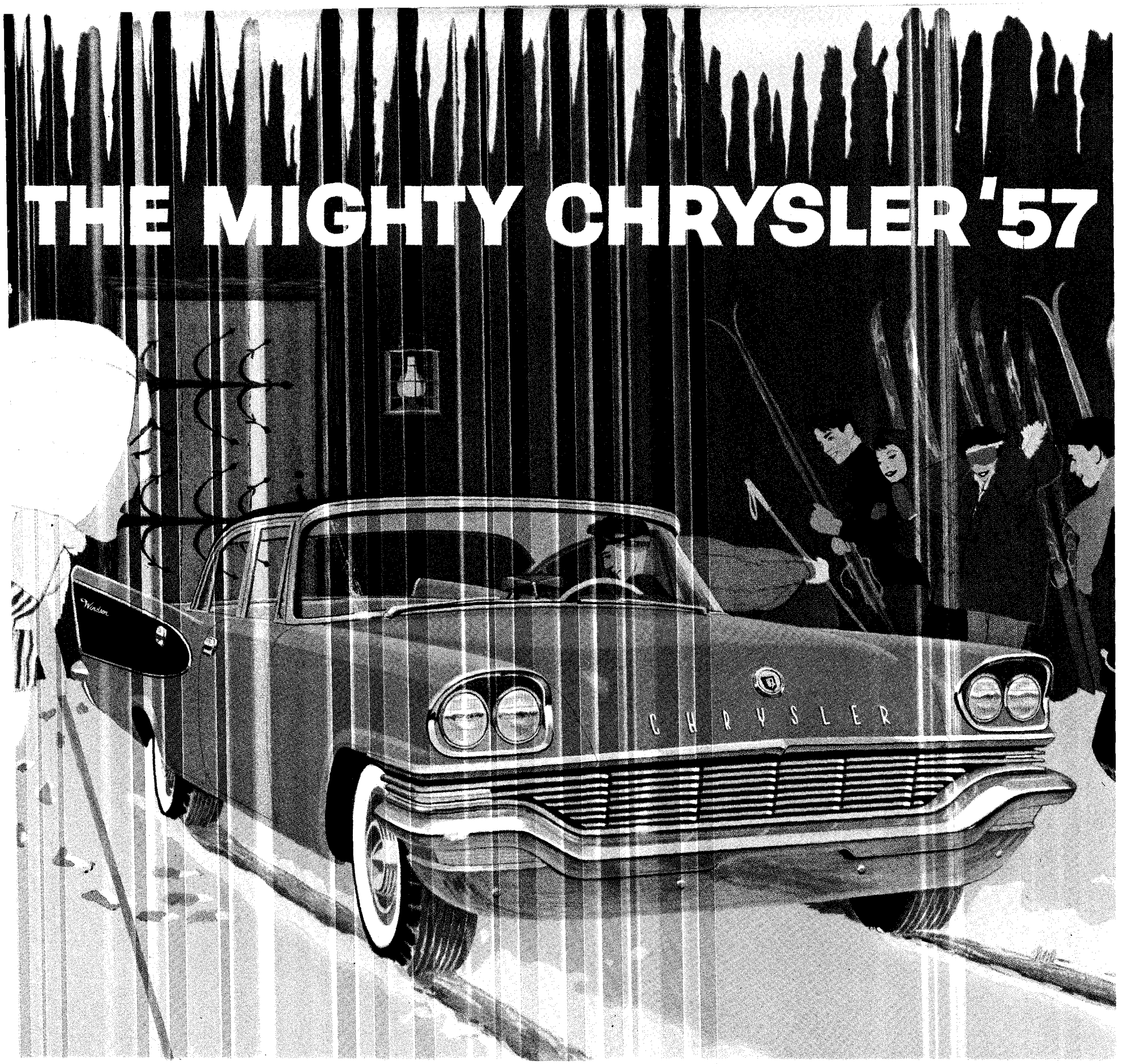

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A Life in His Hands (Continued from Page 37)

"Oh." The serious, brooding brown eyes were measuring the doctor. The boy's eyes, too, were glued to the doctor's face.

"The nurse called me at five-thirty this morning," Mr. Jamison said. "I—we hurried over."

"Sit down, Mr. Jamison." Doctor Sullivan spoke gently. Father and son sat.

"Mr. Jamison, these things happen. We don't know why."

Mr. Jamison was on his feet. "She—she's ——" he began.

"No!" This time the doctor spoke sharply. "Mrs. Jamison is critically ill. She is"—the doctor hesitated—"suffering from acute nephritis and general edema." The doctor saw the terror creeping. "That's a kidney infection and—well, a swelling from waterlogging of tissues."

For more than a minute the room was deathly quiet. As the quiet solidified, they became conscious of the soft purring of the air-conditioning machine. Mr. Jamison got up. He paced. His face was working hard, particularly the muscles along his jawbone.

Doctor Sullivan said, "They are not uncommon puerperal—that is, postnatal—complications, Mr. Jamison. It happens in about one out of every twelve hundred second pregnancies. Normally, some of the newer drugs clear it up, but Mrs. Jamison just isn't responding."

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Mr. Jamison continued to pace. The boy stared out the window.

"The baby," Doctor Sullivan said softly—he glanced at the boy—"your little sister, is doing wonderfully."

"Damn the baby!" It was an explosion, coming from Mr. Jamison.

Doctor Sullivan pushed a button on the wall. In a moment, a nurse appeared.

"Get Mr. Jamison a drink," Doctor Sullivan ordered. "A double bourbon."

"I don't drink in the morning," Mr. Jamison said. His voice was trembling.

"This morning you do," Doctor Sullivan said pleasantly. . . .

Mr. Jamison swallowed the drink almost at a gulp. He faced the doctor.

"Isn't there anything we can do?" Mr. Jamison spoke quietly.

"We're doing everything humanly possible, Mr. Jamison." His eyes roved out to Ortega Bay. "Yes, we could use some special help. But all any of us can do is ask for it."

Mr. Jamison's callused hand moved forward. "Thank you, doctor. I—I've got a little labor trouble at the plant. Guess I might as well check into it."

"Might as well," Doctor Sullivan agreed instantly. They shook hands.

"Come on, Billy," the father said. His voice was husky.

The boy stood still. His eyes, now extra large and luminous, were fixed on the doctor.

"I'm staying, dad. I want to be near mother." The words were spoken firmly, clearly.

"It's no use, Billy." The father sounded a little impatient.

Doctor Sullivan studied the boy briefly.

"You may stay if you wish, Billy," Doctor Sullivan said. "But you can't see your mother, of course."

"I understand, doctor." The way he said it left no doubt in the doctor's mind that the boy understood completely.

"We'll keep you informed, Mr. Jamison," Doctor Sullivan said, as the father headed for the door.

The doctor looked at the boy for a while. He scratched the tip of his nose.

"There are some magazines over there," the doctor said, motioning.

The boy nodded. "I know. I'll be all right."

Why does it have to happen to them like this? Doctor Sullivan thought.

"Billy," the doctor said cheerfully, "I'm about to catch my second shot of caffein—ah—cup of coffee. Why don't you join me?"

"If I won't be any bother," the boy said.

They were about to sit down on some stools in the coffee shop when Doctor Sullivan, glancing around, suddenly said, "Hey!"—and at a corner table, a white cap, followed by some glossy black curls and a pair of Gulf Stream blue eyes came poking over a morning paper.

"Hey!" the nurse replied. "Fancy meeting you here."

The doctor and the boy walked over to the table and sat down, and the doctor said, "Billy, this is Mrs. Sullivan. . . . Bette, Billy Jamison." To the waitress he said, "Coffee, strong and black, please. The boy wants some orange soda."

The boy, a little shyly, accepted Bette's dainty hand and shook it.

"My wife," Doctor Sullivan said, grinning a little, "is night supervisor of nurses. What she's doing here at six in the morning is anybody's guess."

"Virus," Bette said. "Half the staff is down with it." She sipped her coffee. She glanced curiously at the boy, who was busily sucking some soda pop through a purple straw.

"Billy's mother was in Four-Forty-Eight," Doctor Sullivan said lightly, but emphasized the "was."

The doctor's eyes met Bette's briefly and her eyes reflected quick dismay, but she said cheerfully, "How about a platter of hot cakes with the pop, Billy?"

The boy shook his head solemnly. "No, thank you, ma'am. I really don't feel hungry."

Bette glanced at her wrist watch. "Oh, heavens!" she said. "I've got to prepare some patients. An appendectomy and two gall bladders coming up."

She gulped her coffee, handed the morning paper to Doctor Sullivan, then leaned over and her lips brushed the black curls on the boy's forehead.

"You keep a close check on that doctor of mine, Billy," Bette said. She winked at him. "He'll snatch your tonsils before you can say 'Johnny Appleseed.'" To Doctor Sullivan, she added quietly, "I'll take him in tow a little later." Then she was off—in the boy's eyes a misty vision in white, floating over tiles. Bette never seemed to walk; she glided.

The doctor and the boy finished their coffee and orange pop, and the doctor said, "Come on; I've got some rounds to make. How old are you, Billy?"

"Twelve last month, sir," the boy said.

"Anybody asks you, you're thirteen. Hospital regulation." Doctor Sullivan chuckled. "You know what? We've even got a big sign on the Maternity Unit door. You know what it says?"

"No, sir."

"It says, 'No Children Allowed.' How do you like that?"

The boy thought this over for a few seconds and then, catching Doctor Sullivan's infectious grin, managed a little smile.

They went to the men's ward and Doctor Sullivan, who, like everyone around

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the overcrowded, understaffed hospital, was used to doubling in brass, examined some charts, took some pulses and patted the shoulders of a couple of old-timers.

To one of the old-timers, Doctor Sullivan said, "If you don't start to snap out of it soon, Sam, I'm personally going to come in here with my harmonica and play Marching Through Georgia."

The old-timer bristled and raised a fist. "You do that, doctah," he said, "you just do that and I'll puhsonally shove that harmonica down yoah throat!"

"That's more like it," Doctor Sullivan said, beaming. "You're going to get two cups of coffee with breakfast this morning. Real coffee."

The boy was completely absorbed when the doctor made a blood-pressure test. Pointing to the instrument, he asked the doctor quietly, "What do you call that?"

"That's a sphygmomanometer, Billy. Largely created by a man named Riva-Rocci at the Italian University of Pavia and brought to America about fifty-five years ago." The doctor pointed. "See the mercury? Like a thermometer. Only it measures blood pressures instead of temperatures."

"Oh." The boy seemed fascinated.

They went to another part of the hospital, and while the doctor scrubbed, warning the boy to stay clear, he said, "I'm going to put you in my quarters for a while, Billy. There's a television set—and I'll have Termite, our chief orderly, bring you some comic books."

"What are you going to do?" There was a troubled tone in the question.

"I have an emergency operation to perform."

"On my mother?"

"No, Billy." The doctor hesitated. "There is nothing more we can do for your mother. Except watch her closely. Three people are doing that. This is an operation on a little boy. A boy about half your age."

The boy looked at him wonderingly. Again the doctor hesitated, and he thought, *how much should they know at this age? I'm being a little awkward.*

"This little boy," the doctor said finally, "hopped onto his tricycle. He had forgotten the seat was off the tricycle. We hope we can repair him."

The boy was silent while the doctor finished scrubbing. Then he said, "I wish you would take care of my mother."

The doctor's large hands were almost even with his head as he allowed the hot water and suds to drip off his elbows.

"I told you, I'm afraid there's not much we can do."

The boy's eyes seemed larger, more luminous. They reflected the look of the drowning.

"I think," he said, "you could repair her."

"I only wish I could, Billy." The doctor spoke fervently. . . .

An hour and a half later, Doctor Sullivan left the operating room. As he scrubbed, he felt good. Better than he had in weeks. It had been a delicate, difficult chore. But even though the patient wasn't "resting comfortably," the doctor and his colleagues knew that, barring complications, he would grow up to healthful, wholesome manhood.

The doctor left the scrub room, whistling Gershwin's Bidin' My Time. He met Termite in the corridor, and the giraffe-faced orderly complained, "Hey, Doc, that kid—that Billy Jamison. He's gone ape."

The doctor looked alarmed.

"Square as a chair," Termite said, shifting a bedpan. "I buy him two comic books—The Flaming Monster and The Creature from Venus. Whadda ya think he does?"

Doctor Sullivan shook his head.

"He's got his nose buried in them pamphlets of yours about the new blunder drugs. Holy cow!" Termite looked utterly disgusted as he shuffled away.

The doctor made his way through the now-teeming corridors to a special room adjacent to the Terminal Room, and there he found Bette, standing soberly beside the bed of the comatose Marie Jamison. The doctor looked at Bette, but there was no encouragement in her eyes.

"She's sinking steadily," Bette said unhappily.

It was comparatively dark in the room. The doctor, using a miniature pen flashlight, examined the patient.

After a while, he said, a little abruptly, "Who made the diagnosis?"

"Doctor Withers," Bette said. "Doctor Skinner concurred."

Doctor Sullivan snorted. He had no time for Dr. Ira Skinner, whom he considered more of a politician than a physician. But the fact remained that, in the absence of Doctor Fincannon, Doctor Skinner was acting medical director at Jacksonville Medical Hospital. As for Doctor Withers, a neophyte, Doctor Sullivan had once described him to Bette as "just another delivery boy."

The doctor applied his stethoscope to the woman's chest. She was breathing stertorously. Her face had a bluish tinge. The edema, in feet, legs and even arms, was now pronounced.

Underneath the loud breathing sounds, the doctor's sensitive ears picked up something else. Something he traced, almost as though he were studying the fluoroscopic screen, to the left ventricle of the heart.

He looked at the woman's face again. He thought, *The Sleeping Beauty*. In her face he could see the boy and his somber eyes, and the boy's words splashed around in his mind like plasma in a centrifuge: *I think—you could repair her. I think* ——

Doctor Sullivan moved the stethoscope slightly, trying to get closer to the source of the strange sound. *Yes, that's it*, he said to himself, *a definite presystolic murmur. And it ends with a harsh crescendo. This heart has a narrowed valve. It isn't the kidneys' trouble that is causing the heart abnormality. Rather the reverse—the kidney symptoms, the edema, were probably caused by poor heart action.*

He looked up swiftly.

"I want an electrocardiogram on this woman. Immediately."

"Yes, doctor." Bette was instantly professional.

"Ask Doctor Davids to come here as quickly as possible." Doctor Davids was chief resident in medicine. He was more than that. He was chief friend and, prior to Doctor Sullivan's marriage, companion, in medicine and out.

"Very well, doctor," Bette said. She started to leave.

"Get Mr. Jamison on the phone, at his boat plant," the doctor ordered. He added, "Please."

He took the call in the soundproof booth in the room, and the conversation was brief and to the point.

"Mr. Jamison," Doctor Sullivan asked abruptly, "when your son was born, did Mrs. Jamison have some trouble?"

There was a painful pause at the other end of the line which first concerned, then irritated, the doctor. Finally Mr. Jamison said, "There was some trouble, as I recall, doctor. They had to give her lots of oxygen. That was up in New Haven."

"Mr. Jamison, did your doctor advise you and Mrs. Jamison to have no more children?"

Again the maddening silence. Finally, "Well, doctor, as I recall, he told us we better be satisfied with Billy, Junior."

"Why?" The word blasted into the mouthpiece.

When he replied, Mr. Jamison sounded both guilty and upset. "Doctor, he said something about a heart condition. I was so excited over getting a boy, I didn't pay too much mind. I ——"

"Who was your doctor?"

"Gosh!" Mr. Jamison sounded ready to cry. "It was—uh—Stanley. That was it. Doctor Les Stanley. He's a kid doctor in New Haven. Look, I'm sorry. I'm just about off my rocker and ——"

"What about Doctor Withers?" Doctor Sullivan was talking rapidly. "Did he say anything about a heart condition?"

"N-no. Doctor Withers only saw her once. You see, we've been traveling. All over the country. Visiting my distributors. My—my wife had a couple of quick checkups on the road. And, you see, the baby came a couple months ahead of time."

"Any mention of complications in these checkups?"

Mr. Jamison took a deep breath. "One doctor wanted us to stay over for a day or two for a complete examination. But—but we were in a hurry and Marie wanted to get back to Jacksonville. Doctor, I ——"

"Mr. Jamison," Doctor Sullivan said warmly, "thank you very much. And don't be sorry. You've been a big help. Billy is behaving like a trooper. You should be very proud of that boy. We are. We'll call you back later, Mr. Jamison. Good-by."

The doctor jiggled the phone impatiently.

"Myrt," he said to the veteran switchboard operator, "put a quick tracer on Doctor Les Stanley, of New Haven. Urgent!"

"Everything's urgent," Myrt grumbled. "Even diapers in Maternity."

Even as he waited for the call, Doctor Davids and Doctor Skinner came into the room. Doctor Davids, awfully young for the responsibility he shouldered, looked anxious. Doctor Skinner, the ever-pompous popinjay, glared at Doctor Sullivan through his steel-rimmed glasses.

"What's all this nonsense?" Doctor Skinner demanded.

"I agree," Doctor Sullivan said sharply. "Diagnostical blunders are nonsensical, but human."

"Now, I resent ——" Doctor Skinner began.

"Nothing on earth consumes a man more quickly than the passion of resentment," Doctor Sullivan said. He added, "Nietzsche, not Sullivan. However, I'm not proposing we philander with philosophy. This woman"—he beckoned toward the patient and noticed with some satisfaction that Doctor Davids was busy with his stethoscope—"should be on the operating table. Not here."

Doctor Davids raised his head. "I agree with you, doctor," he said. Doctor Sullivan guessed that Doctor Davids must have picked up the conversation over the stethoscope.

Doctor Skinner was spluttering. "Nonsense!" he said.

"I suspect mitral stenosis." Doctor Sullivan's jaw was thrust out a little and his eyes were flashing.

"You suspect!" Doctor Skinner fairly snorted.

"One of the heart valves is barely functioning," Doctor Sullivan said quietly. "We looked through a window, doctor, and saw the obvious—inflammation of the kidney and edema. We didn't have—or take—time for a thorough look."

"This time, Sullivan," Doctor Skinner said ominously, "you've done it. This is Doctor Withers' patient. Doctor Fincannon shall hear about this immediately."

"I'll be happy to call him," said Doctor Sullivan. "Meanwhile, I propose ——"

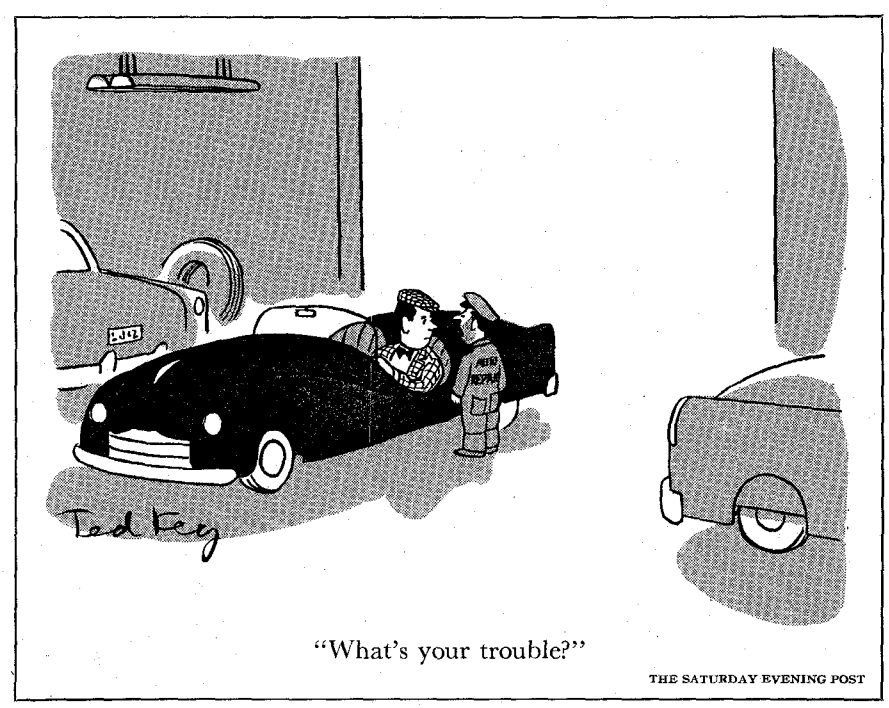
A red light blinked on the soundproof phone booth. In four quick strides, Doctor Sullivan was inside the booth. They could see his lips moving. They saw him frown, then scratch the tip of his nose. As he hung up, his face brightened. The ever-deepening furrows on his forehead seemed to have been erased.

He stepped from the booth. Looking directly at Doctor Skinner, he said sharply, "Diagnosis partially confirmed by Doctor Stanley, of New Haven. Our patient had rheumatic fever in childhood. Doctor Stanley's looking up the case history. But we don't have time for that."

Doctor Skinner looked smug. His hands were folded complacently over his paunch. "We don't have a qualified, experienced heart surgeon immediately available in Jacksonville. There's a medical convention on at Miami."

"So?" Doctor Sullivan shrugged. "We'll use an unqualified, partially experienced heart surgeon. The over-all mortality in surgery for mitral stenosis is now down to five per cent. Because of her condition, this patient's chances may not be quite that good. But this is an emergency, doctor. The man with the scythe doesn't wait for conventions to adjourn."

"I forbid ——" Doctor Skinner began, but Doctor (*Continued on Page 70*)



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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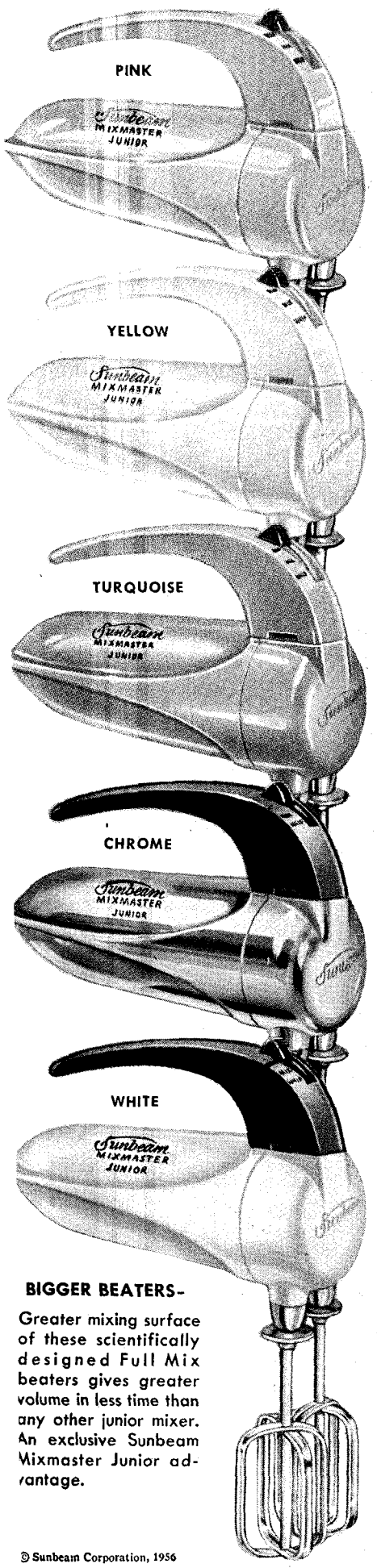

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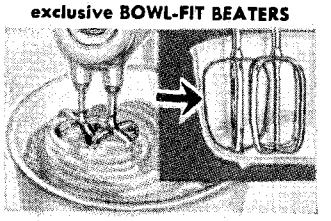

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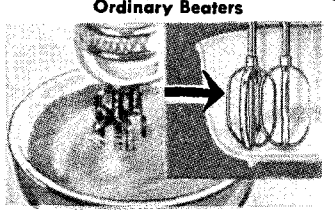

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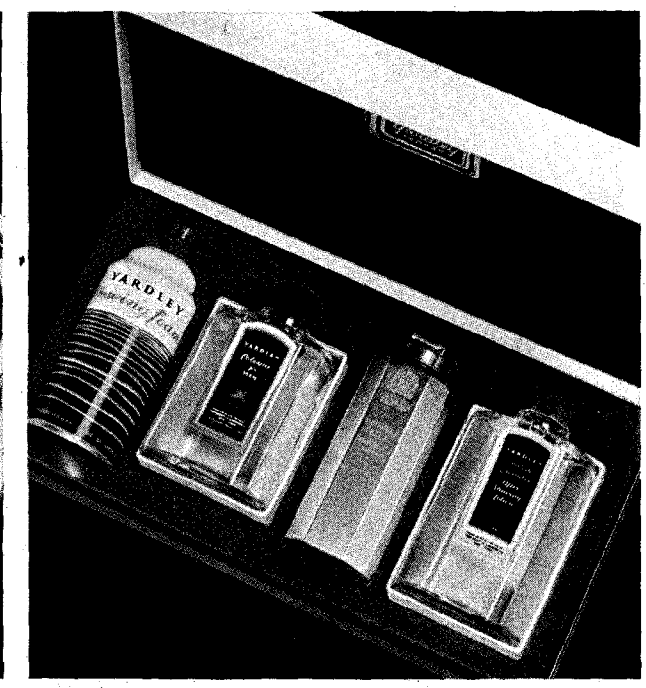

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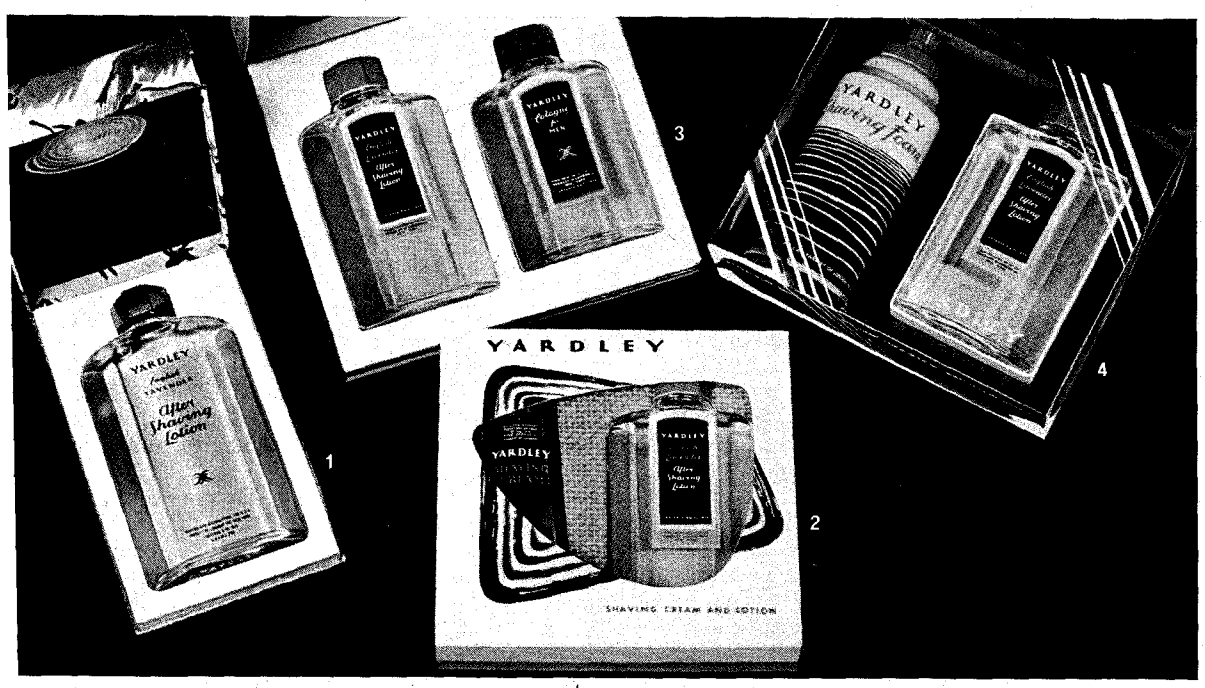

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(*Continued from Page 66*) Sullivan ignored him completely and turned to Doctor Davids and to Bette, who was completing the electrocardiogram.

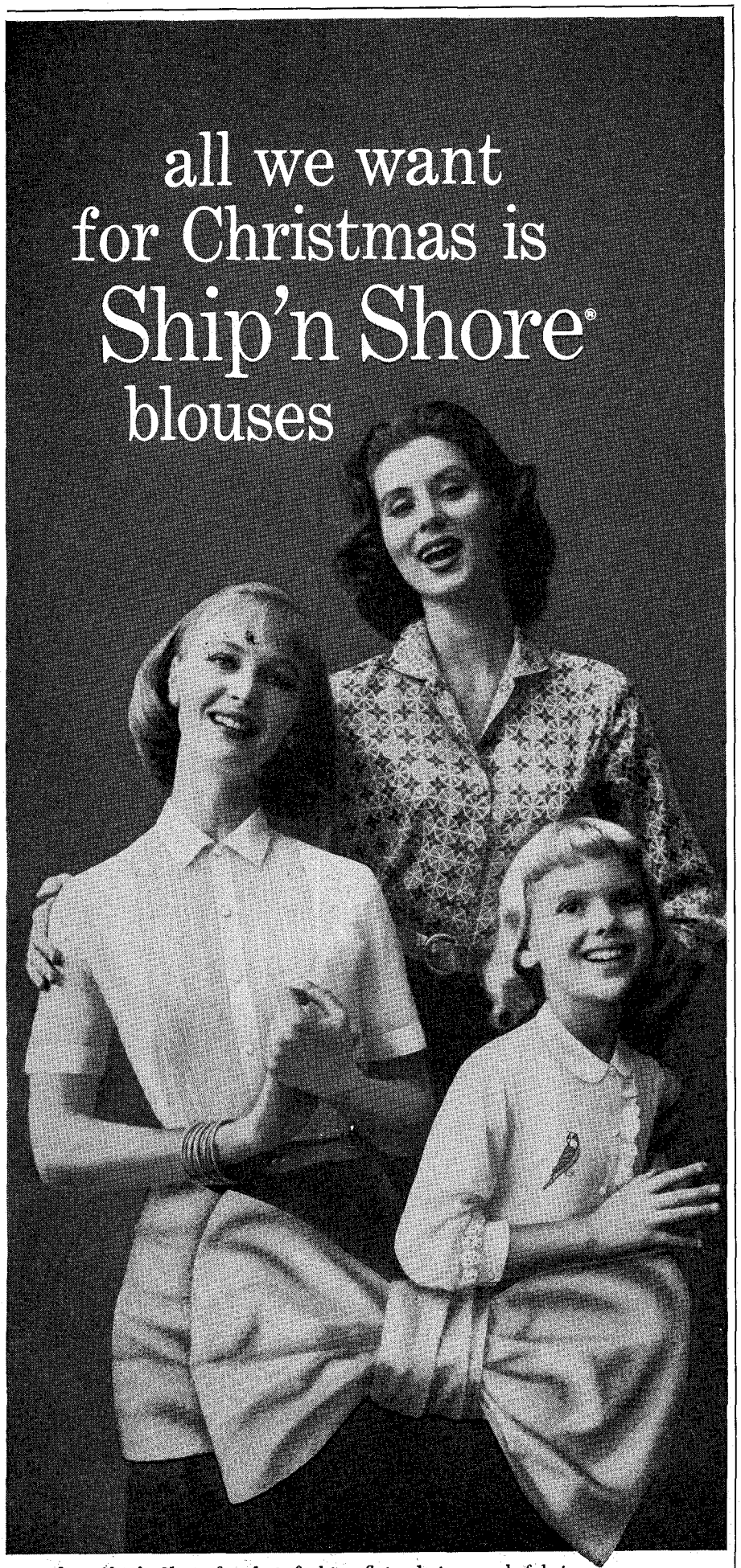
Doctor Sullivan briefly studied the seismographlike lines on the tape.

"Doctor Davids," he ordered, "please have the patient prepared. You know what I'll need—X rays, catheter pressure readings. . . . Mrs. Sullivan, when you complete the E.K.G., have the release forms prepared for Mr. Jamison to sign. Call him at his office."

"Doctor Sullivan," Doctor Skinner was saying to his back, "I shall report this to the association."

"I don't give a hang," Doctor Sullivan snapped, "if you report it to the Associated Press too." He barged out of the room and headed for the scrubbing room. . . .

Inside the operating room it was comparatively quiet, cool and dark, except for a small, brilliantly lighted area. Cyclopropane flowed. Oxygen hissed. The gears in an overhanging camera purred.



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The team, marvelously co-ordinated, worked swiftly. The hands on the electric clock moved silently, stubbornly. The team stood in a close circle; Doctor Sullivan, three other surgeons, Bette and two other nurses, two anesthesiologists and Doctor Davids.

Doctor Sullivan marked out the line of incision, a wide arc extending from the front of the chest around under the left breast and left shoulder blade. Deftly, swiftly, he cut through the skin, fat and muscle. Carefully but rapidly, he spread the ribs. His assistants were busily cauterizing the bleeding points.

Now he could see the heart, pink, glistening, pulsating. With a rubber-encased finger, he probed. The air conditioning was working full force. But perspiration formed on his forehead in big globules. Periodically, Bette dabbed at them, carefully and gently, with sterile tissues.

"There," Doctor Sullivan spoke hoarsely through his mask. "I'm on it. It is badly constricted. It is almost blocked. I—I can't seem to ——" He glanced up. His eyes looked terribly worried. . . .

In the Family Conference Room, the father paced, shoulders drooping, head hung, hands in pockets. The boy stood quietly at the big window.

The boy's eyes were glued on Ortega Bay. A violent tropical squall was sweeping across the St. Johns. He saw little white boats scurrying for shelter. A jagged purple streak of lightning spewed from the black thunderhead. It seemed to explode in the water. For a moment the water became bright red. A little later, over the thunderhead, the boy saw wispy yellow, blue, violet, red and orange streaks, and he knew a rainbow was being created. . . .

In the operating room, Doctor Sullivan struggled. His finger ached. His spine was on fire. He pressed, almost savagely, on the deformed valve. The finger-fracture technique was working, but not too successfully. The doctor shook his head.

They barely heard him say it—"valvulotome"—but Bette was ready with it instantly. The doctor slid the thin, flexible blade down flat along the surface of his probing finger. He rotated the blade ninety degrees to bring the cutting edge into position. Then he moved finger and knife as one unit to slit the corners of the valve.

Abruptly, Doctor Sullivan felt the extra warmth. He felt the blocked blood surging around his finger. This time, over his mask, his eyes reflected enormous relief. They met, briefly, the eyes of Bette; then Doctor Davids'.

"How's her pressure?" he asked the anesthetist.

"Nearly ninety—going up," was the quick reply.

"Good," Doctor Sullivan said huskily. He withdrew his hand from the chest. He nodded to Doctor Davids and the other surgeons. "Take over."

He left the table, jerking his mask down over his chest. He stripped off his rubber gloves. He scrubbed and then went to his quarters.

About ten minutes later, Bette came in. The doctor was on his third cigarette. The hand that held the cigarette was shaking. He was sitting on the edge of a cot. The perspiration from his forehead and face had left a puddle on the tiles.

"She's doing wonderfully, so far, darling." Bette's eyes were shining, but she looked a little whipped. Her very presence made the doctor feel better. Most people felt that way about Bette. She was endowed with warmth, color, intelligence, humor and, best of all, understanding and a completely frank insight into her own shortcomings.

"Dennis!" Bette took the cigarette away from him. "Don't—please don't let them tear you apart like this."

Doctor Sullivan glanced at her. Bette's uniform was sweat-soaked around the shoulders. The doctor managed a weak grin. Then he stood up. He put his big arms around her.

"Are you sterile, darling?" he asked.

"What do you think?" Bette asked, raising her head and standing on her tiptoes. It lasted a long time, and when Bette broke away, with a little gasp, she said, "The father—and the boy—they're waiting."

Doctor Sullivan nodded. "I know. I've just been waiting too. I wanted to be pretty sure." He picked up the phone and dialed for Recovery Room.

Everything, Doctor Davids told him, was fine—respiration, pressure, temperature, pulse.

"She's out of the anesthesia," Doctor Davids added glowingly. "She's spoken coherently, and she has moved each arm and leg."

Doctor Sullivan and Bette walked into the Family Conference Room and were the immediate target of four somber brown eyes.

... ...

Card Trick

We'd like to remember with
our regards
Each sender of '55
Christmas cards,
But how does one address a
puppy,
A Siamese cat, a bird, a
guppy?

By Mary Allkus

... ...

The boy searched their faces, and even before the doctor could speak, he said, "Mother's all right, dad. He repaired her. I know."

Mr. Jamison grasped Doctor Sullivan's big right hand and for a moment wrung it like a towel.

"Easy," Doctor Sullivan warned. "She's not out of the woods, Mr. Jamison. But I think we're beginning to see the light."

The boy also shook the doctor's hand, and as he did so, he seemed to examine it.

"Doctor Sullivan"—the boy was as solemn as ever—"can I borrow some of those books in your quarters?"

"Any time, Billy. You help yourself."

"And can I come and see you again?"

"You bet you can."

"Tomorrow?" the boy inquired a little anxiously.

"Tomorrow will be fine, Billy."

Bette was smiling, but there was a little mist in her eyes. "How about some coffee all around?" she suggested. "Then we'll all have a look at little Miss Jamison. Through glass. She's doing wonderfully."

"I'd like that," said Mr. Jamison. He cleared his throat. "And, doctor, if it's O.K. with you, we're going to name her Denise."

"Perfectly O.K.," Doctor Sullivan said, grinning.

The conference-room door opened. Termite came in, bearing a steaming tray.

"Coffee," Termite said. "And it ain't that er-sartz stuff the patients get."

"Termite," said Doctor Sullivan, "every day in every way, you get better and better."

Termite flashed him a grin. "Doc," Termite said, "that is a far, far better thing than curses from nurses." THE END

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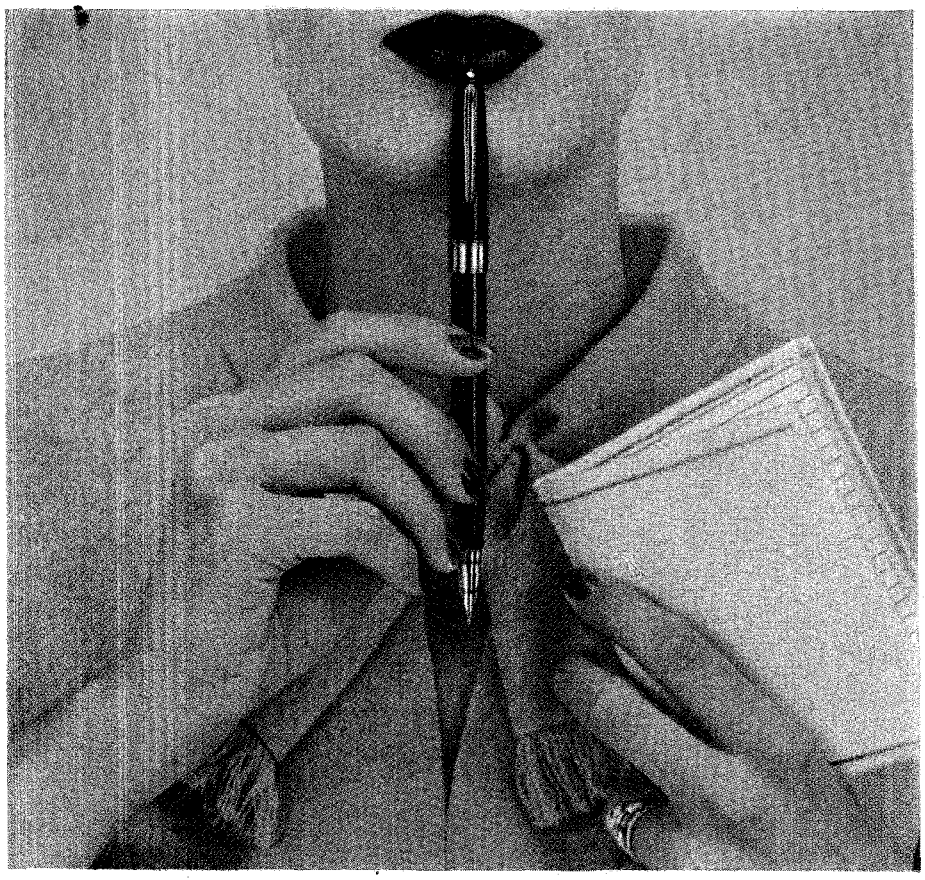

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for every purse

AND PERSON

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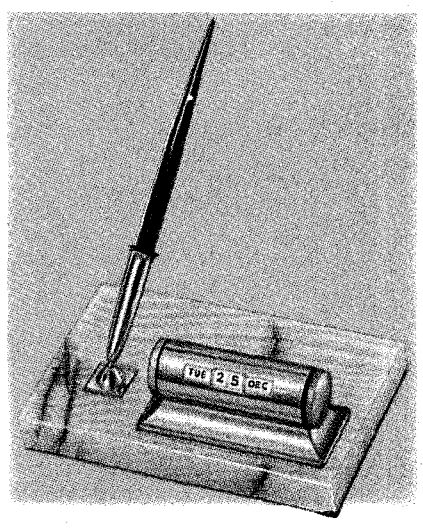

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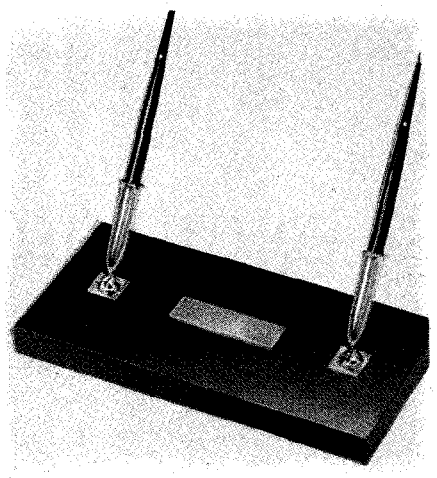

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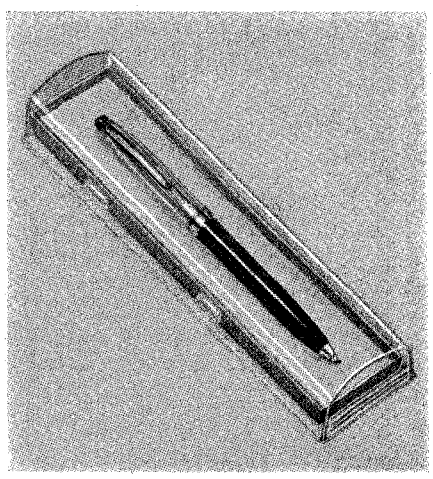

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WATCH "THE BROTHERS"—CBS-TV, TUESDAY NIGHTS

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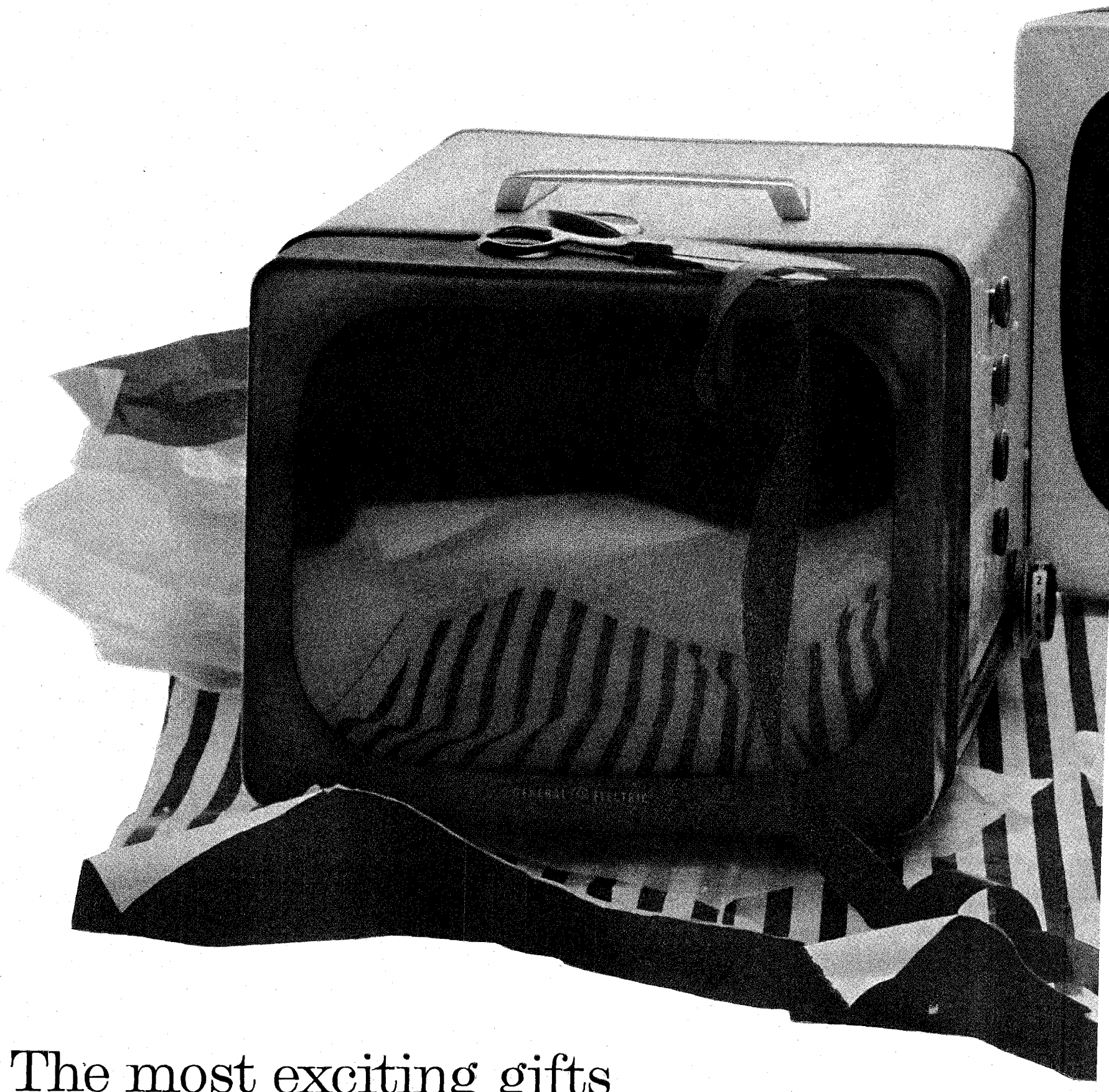

The most exciting gifts you can carry home this Christmas

General Electric Portables weigh as little as 13½ pounds, give console-like pictures, cost as little as $99.95*

RACKING your brains for new gift ideas? Here's what every Santa dreams of—one item that's sure to please 'em all.

It's General Electric's new portable television—lightweight sets you can carry around easily, plug in anywhere. Perfect as "extra" sets for the kids, your wife, *everyone* on your list, they play in any room in the house . . . go outdoors in summer . . . travel along on trips, vacations, to summer cottages.

And everywhere they go, they give a console-clear picture. So look 'em over, and decide which you'll give:

1. Companion Portable—only 26 pounds! Aluminized picture tube, dark-contrast safety window, built-in antenna like those in high-priced consoles give a sharp, clear picture even in daylight. Peacock Blue or Bermuda Bronze—with Ivory. 96 square inches of picture area. Model 14T018 shown.

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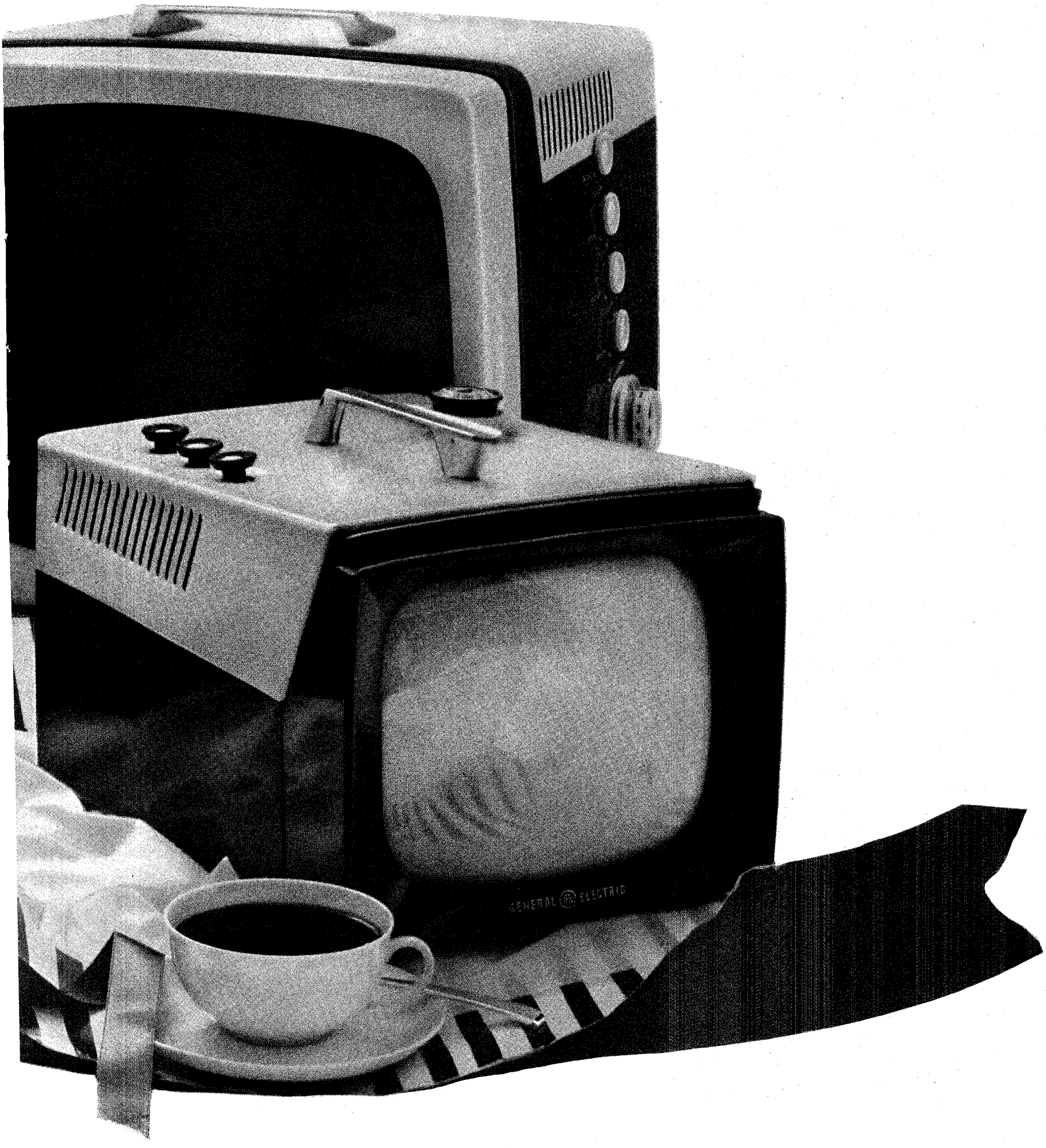

ıere a console will. Aluminized picture tube. Dark-contrast fety window. Terra Cotta with Ivory or solid Bermuda onze. 144 square inches of picture area. Model 17TO26 shown.

Personal Portable—less than 13½ pounds . . . as little as 9.95.* Fits on a bedside table, yet brings in a clear, sharp ture. In Bermuda Brown or Peacock Blue—with Ivory. 43 ıare inches of picture area. Model 9T002 shown.

See them at your General Electric dealer's—while he still has ne! General Electric Company, Television Receiver Department, Syracuse 8, New York.

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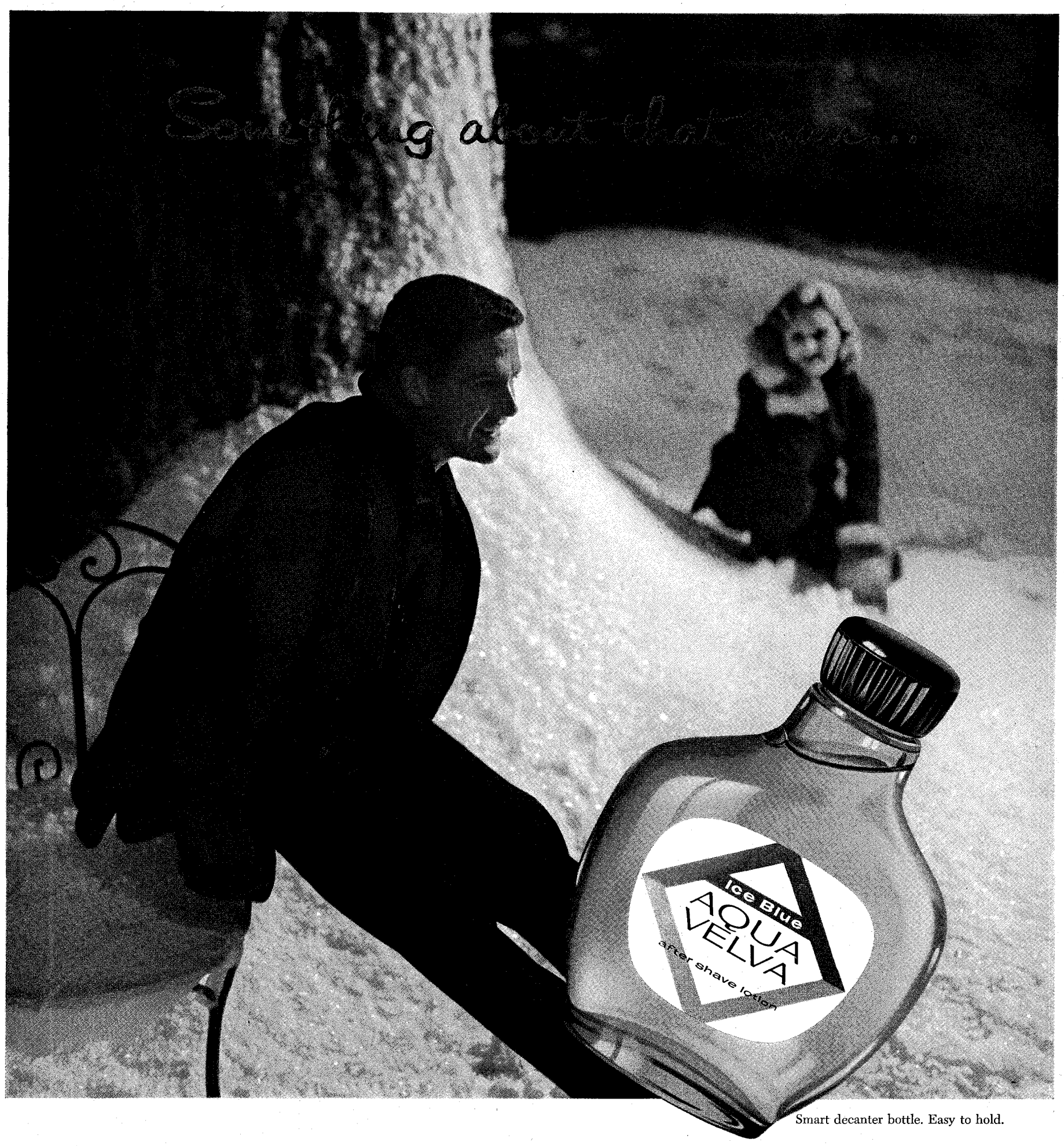

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Just in time for Christmas!

New aroma!

1500 men tested leading after-shave lotions. New Aqua Velva won hands down. And men say its new ice-blue aroma made a big hit with girls.

New action...New feel!

"Gives your skin a drink." New Humectin restores moisture after today's closer, skin-parching shaves. Cools without bite.

New gift—truly distinctive!

This year give that man something you know he hasn't got—brand-new Ice Blue Aqua Velva. Double-size gift decanter, $1. Regular, 60¢.

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He Kissed Me (Continued from Page 30)

everything. "No eligible young men at all. All newlyweds and old people."

That's what made me call up the airline and reserve a ticket. "All I want," said I, "is a warm, sunny, peaceful, lonely vacation."

A week later I was renting an apartment for myself in Nassau, Bahamas. A fiftyish Englishman showed me around. I was wondering what I was going to do with a bedroom, a living room, a balcony and an all-electric kitchen, when he asked me whether I would like to rent a car for the week.

I figured that I might as well spend all the money I'd been saving for my trip to Europe, so, about fifteen minutes later, a little red convertible slid up the Grosvenor Close driveway.

In it was a man. And what a man! In the low-slung convertible he looked like an outrageously handsome playboy, his arms burnt brown by the Bahamian sun, his sunglasses, darkly mysterious, his hair an aristocratic, sun-whitened blond.

His name was Frank Allbright, and he was going to teach me how to drive the English car. I squeezed in, high heels, tight skirt and all, under the tropical two-o'clock sun. With true British tact, he paid no attention to my discomfort. He just went over the H-formation of the gearshift in a voice that was as cool as an air-conditioning plant. I couldn't seem to catch on to the fact that in order to get into first, you pushed the shift up instead of down.

"You'll have to learn, you know," he said resignedly. "This is an automobile, not a pedal toy or a scooter."

I was sure he was laughing at me. My white straw hat had fallen over the front of my face and I think I was chewing on the veil. I couldn't tell the difference between a palm tree and a native waving his arms in terror as I careered down the street.

Frank put a steadying hand on the wheel and guided the car over to the left-hand side of the road. "Now that we're driving English-style," he said, calm as the Caribbean, "you might as well smash your way into town to get a license."

Having got a license and partly mastered the gearshift, I started back and Frank pointed out the wonders of Bay Street. If the car was hard to understand, much less control, he was worse. So detached, so professional, so unconcerned about the way the heat was melting me into salt water, so oblivious of the fact that my skirt had ridden up above my knees, the way a tight skirt will.

When we got back to Grosvenor Close, Frank told me in parting that if I needed anything to eat, I would find a grocery about three blocks away. I thanked him.

"Not at all," he said, with a distant look in his eyes. "When you have trouble with the car, my place is near the Fort Montagu. It's a combination rental service and filling station."

I thanked him again, and he sauntered off.

"That's that," I said to myself while I was unpacking. "Anyway, he probably has a wife and ten children." I told myself that I had come to Nassau to enjoy the sun, to see the sights, to be a better schoolteacher.

An hour later, bathed, unpacked, refreshed and feeling completely morbid, I climbed into a pair of Bermuda shorts, in which I climbed into my convertible. Instead of feeling like an heiress in her private sports car, I felt like a freshman in an old jalopy. "That's life," I told myself again. "At least it's my life. I could have had enough money for first-class passage to Europe, and here I am spending my last nickel to look at a town full of pink houses and a Bahamian mechanic."

The grocery was small and seemed remarkably empty compared with American stores. It was arranged neatly enough, however. I stood at the tiny counter up front, waiting for the grocer and running down the list of necessities in my mind. Bacon, eggs, milk, butter, sugar, salt, coffee.

"May I help you?" the grocer asked in a pleasant, clipped voice.

I had been staring at the price labels tacked onto the shelves below the products and realizing that all I knew about British currency was back home, on the last page of Sloane's Arithmetic.

"Yes," I said, looking up into a pair of the strangest eyes I had ever seen. They weren't just blue or brown or green or gray. They were a combination of all four, and I couldn't tell which dominated. I had never seen them before because Frank Allbright had worn dark glasses all the time he'd been with me.

"Are you having trouble?" he asked in his own factual way.

I was so shocked at seeing him there, with a white apron over his khakis and Tattersall shirt, that I wondered whether he was going to tell me it was a late April Fools' Day joke. He remained perfectly serious. I looked at him suspiciously and I could have sworn I detected a faintly laughing wrinkle at the corner of his eye, but his mouth was completely relaxed.

"What are you doing here?" I demanded.

"I'm selling and you're buying," he stated, but this time he shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

It was a beautiful smile, the kind that floats down to you and makes you feel as though you're a baby butterfly, balancing for the first time on a thin blade of grass. I could feel myself blushing frangipani red.

"I thought you ran a filling station," I said.

"I do," he replied.

"This isn't it, is it?" I looked around at all the packages on the shelves; then had the inspired thought that maybe he kept the gas under the counter in old coffee cans.

"No," he answered. "This is obviously a grocery."

"Do you run both of them?" I asked, trying to be perceptive.

"I own them both, if that's what you mean, but in Nassau we move at a slow walk."

I wanted to clobber him at a fast gallop, but instead I started to give him the order. He didn't write it down and he didn't make any move to get what I wanted. He just stood there, looking at me with those strange eyes of his. For a moment, I thought he was coming toward me.

"How about my groceries?" I blurted, by way of breaking up the silence.

He leaned back against the counter which held the cash register. "The store is self-service, miss," he said. "Personal service on frozen goods only."

I practically boiled a gasket. He was just so calm, so collected, so indifferent. Why, the store didn't seem any larger than a two-bit delicatessen back in Jersey. Self-service! Of all the idiotic, pancake-brained, termite-ridden ideas. I decided that he was making fun of me and that it was time to find another grocery. I may have gray matter that's made out of chicken feathers, but I don't like people to take advantage of it.

"I'm on vacation," I said, starting toward the door. "I'm not trying to save pennies at the supermarket."

He shrugged and dug out some frozen orange juice from the freezer. Then he went to the refrigerator and rummaged up some milk and butter and a pound of bacon. I couldn't leave while he was getting my groceries, so I waited impatiently while he collected just about everything I needed, including a chicken and some steaks. When he was adding up the bill, I asked him how he'd guessed what I wanted.

"All Americans eat the same things," he said. "It's rather dull."

I felt like punching holes in his throat with a jeweler's pick. I mean, my thoughts about him were growing more lurid by the moment.

"That will be six pounds, tuppence," he said.

"I only have American money," I said bitterly.

"Doesn't matter." He took my twenty-dollar bill and returned a large bank note, a few big round coins and some smaller ones. I had no idea what they were worth, and I wasn't going to ask him.

He packed my groceries into two bags and carried them to the car for me. The perfect gentleman.

I took my place behind the wheel and tried to start the car. Instead of moving, it whined like a dying alley cat. I stamped viciously on the accelerator, but the only response I got was an agonizing groan.

He leaned slowly into the car and very gently turned the ignition key. Then a funny thing happened. While he was leaning into the car, he put one arm around me, turned me toward him and kissed me.

My hands dropped from the steering wheel and I felt my head going back and my eyes closing. It was so magnificent that the chicken feathers in my brain got all fluffy and turned into eider down. It was like drinking wine out of a silver goblet or something Greek like that. His lips were so cool, his arm was so tight on my shoulders, that I was ready to smooth my fingers through his vanilla-blond hair and tell him that as far as I was concerned, this was it.

He didn't give me a chance. As quickly as he kissed me, that's how fast he left me. Nothing else. Not a word. He just up and went back into his quaint little grocery.

I flipped the gearshift up, touched my foot to the accelerator and drifted off. I couldn't do anything as mundane as go back to Grosvenor Close and cook, so I took a short drive part way around the island and sat for two hours watching the twilight fall and the waves wash against a deserted, coral-bottomed inlet. I let myself get mushy all over. I imagined Frank, galloping down the empty road on a big white horse and dressed in an outfit that was half monkey suit, half sixteenth-century Elizabethan. "What light in yonder auto shines," he was murmuring to himself. "'Tis not the headlights, 'tis my Sara Jane's eyes."

When my nerve endings had re-created his kiss for the ninety-eighth time, and the mosquitoes had bitten my kneecaps into puffy white balls, I drove back to my apartment. But I still couldn't bring myself to cook, so I consulted my travel folder for a good restaurant.

Cumberland House was the most exotic place I'd ever been to. Dining was outdoors, under shadowy lanterns. An enormous palm grew in the center of the patio and spread so wide that you could hardly see the stars. Fragrant bushes grew all around, fairly touching the tables. The air, in fact, was so thick with jasmine that just breathing made me feel like I was drinking perfume.

I ordered a table for two, saying that I was waiting for my escort. As nobody arrived after an hour and three Martinis had gone by, the waiters began to look at me peculiarly. I began to look at them peculiarly too. I mean, a girl who drinks milk, except on cold days when she drinks hot chocolate, can't take perfume and Martinis without batting an eye. By the time nine o'clock rolled around, my eyes were batting like Babe Ruth.

Dippy as I was, I still got hungry. I could pretend to be waiting for Frank Allbright just so long. I ordered dinner and ate everything from conch soup to orange pancakes.

Then the waiter brought the check. I couldn't decipher it, so I just handed him the bank note Frank had given me in change for my twenty-dollar bill. I figured it was worth about twelve.

The waiter took the note with an anticipatory expression on his dark face. He put it on his tray with my check. He kept standing there.

"Well?" I said hazily.

"It is not enough, madam," he said simply. (*Continued on Page 77*)

Can You Name This Star?

This plaintive tot with the puckered lip was born before the turn of the century on New York's lower East Side, son of an immigrant barber. At the age of seventeen, he earned twenty-five dollars a week—big money then—playing the piano in a Coney Island club. Later he ran a jazz band, married a pretty singer and became one of a famous comedy trio. He broke into films from Broadway in 1929. Some titles: The Passionate Plumber, Her Cardboard Lover. Since 1950 he has been a television star. Can you name him?

Raymond R. Stuart

ANSWER:
Jimmy Durante.

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1. Washing dinner dishes electrically for a family of five

2. Sawing a dozen pieces of lumber with a portable electric saw

3. Cleaning a large living-room rug with an electric vacuum cleaner

4. Laundering about 8 pounds of clothes in an automatic electric washer.

Can you match each of these jobs with the price of ELECTRICITY to do them?

1/3¢

1/6¢

1/8¢

1/2¢

No matter how you figure it, the cost of doing jobs electrically is *low*—the savings in time and work, *high*. Keeping electricity the biggest bargain in your family budget is the constant aim of America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies*.

*Company names on request from this magazine

Answer: *If you matched the dishwasher with 1/2¢, the saw with 1/8¢, the vacuum cleaner with 1/6¢ and the clothes washer with 1/3¢—you were correct. These are average prices for homes served by America's more than 400 independent electric companies.*

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(*Continued from Page 75*) "How—how much is it worth?" I wanted to know.

"About two dollars and eighty cents, madam," he replied, computing my check. "You owe six more, and twenty-five cents."

I suddenly became as sober as the Gettysburg Address. Everything grew clear. My hero had cheated me royally. He knew I couldn't tell a shilling from a pound, and he'd taken seventeen of my lovely green American dollars in return for eight bucks' worth of groceries. As if that wasn't enough, he'd had the nerve to kiss me afterwards. Maybe there were other American girls who would go back to Allbright's supermarket for more. I wasn't one of them. I swore to myself that if I ever bumped into him again, I'd run him down with his own little convertible.

Grimly I counted out six dollars and twenty-five cents from my diminishing bank roll. Just as grimly I drove home, doing an even twenty miles an hour and keeping all the traffic rules with mad precision. As far as the rest of my vacation was concerned, I wasn't going to talk to a man, even if he was ninety-two years old. But I was going to have a good time. I was going to take in every spot on the island, like a good tourist, so that I'd have something to tell Gertrude when I got back.

The next day I couldn't wait to go to Paradise Beach. You get there in a rickety motorboat and it costs two dollars round trip. I gladly spent it, and asked for my change in American money.

While I was on Paradise Beach a group of singers came around. That was the first time I ever heard the song. It was about a freckle-faced, consumptive female named Sara Jane. "She's my honey," it ran. "She's got money." It was ironic, all right.

When the song was over, the leader passed a hat around. I dropped a quarter into it. I'm not stingy. I just don't like to be taken.

After half an hour of sun baking, I swam out to the pier, mostly in order to wash off my suntan lotion. That's when I saw him again.

He was piloting a motorboat, and his cheese-colored hair was unmistakable. (Münster cheese. I detest the stuff.) Behind him, skimming along on a pair of water skis, was a tall redhead who looked like an ad for Miami's water sports. I wished I had a BB gun.

They disappeared, but about ten minutes later the boat came by again—this time very close and very slow. A little boy on a tiny aquaplane was behind. Frank saw me and waved. I pretended not to notice and was going to swim back to shore, but the boy looked so cute that I couldn't help watching as they made a big circle.

Frank stopped the boat at my pier and the boy swam up. As they were climbing up the ladder, I took a quick dive off the edge and stayed under water as long as I could. I had no intention of coming within three thousand miles of Frank Allbright if I could help it.

When I struggled up to the surface again, Frank was right there, laughing and treading water. "You're a born ocean-going vessel," he said. "I give water-ski lessons at five dollars an hour. Interested?"

Another business, I thought. And cheating helpless little boys too. No, thank you, no lessons for me. But I couldn't tell him what was on my mind because my breath was coming too hard and fast. I had stayed under so long that I didn't even have the strength to swim away. I tried to look haughty and indignant, but that's hard when you're treading water. I suppose I must have looked more like a boiled lobster.

"No skiing?" He shrugged, his shoulders wet and tan above the water line. "I also give free lessons in night driving," he said, grinning with superior masculinity.

I wished I were a crab and had my teeth in his big toe. Then I got what Gertrude calls one of my "cockle-brained specialties." In other words, an idea, an inspiration. If Frank Allbright wanted a date, that was red, white and blue with me.

"All right," I spluttered. "Fine. Come by at seven." Then I swam back to shore, leaving him to cheat his little boy.

I got home and spent two hours setting my hair and pressing out my most angelic-looking dress. It was a bell-skirted white organza, with thin silk cords across the shoulders. With it, my blue cashmere shawl and blue sandals.

At seven, Frank ambled by in his old khakis and the same Tattersall shirt. I pretended not to notice, but he was staggered.

"I thought ——" he said. "Well, you know, I thought ——"

"I've done some thinking, too," I said sweetly. "I thought we might go to the Royal Victoria buffet for dinner."

I'd read about the buffet in my guidebook. It cost seven dollars a person, and I figured that if I insisted that we both have two Martinis before dinner and wine and a liqueur afterward, I could run the check up into the high twenties.

"I forgot," he said. "You're on vacation. I should have known that you wouldn't have wanted to drive awhile and have a picnic supper on the beach."

"You remind me of a famous king," I said.

"George?" he asked.

"No; Midas," I replied.

He protested. "It's not money, Sara Jane. It's just that I'm not dressed properly."

"That doesn't matter a nickel to me," I said, wondering if I could run the bill up to forty dollars.

"What's the trouble with you?" he wanted to know. "What does matter?"

As if I were going to tell him! I couldn't even look him straight in the eye. This was the first time I'd ever deliberately set out to spend a man's money, and I was beginning to feel vulgar. I have a conscience that rolls around in my stomach like a porcupine.

When we got there, I watched Frank hand out fourteen dollars' worth of British currency for the buffet. He didn't seem to mind, so, in addition to my conscience, I had the disgruntling sensation that he was probably so rich I could never spend enough of his money to make a dent in his bank roll.

We sat down with our plates and I ordered a Martini. Then I spilled half of it into the flower bed beside our table so that I could order another. After that I switched to champagne and ordered a whole bottle. Frank followed me on the first Martini, then stopped. He paid absolutely no attention to the bottle of champagne. He was too busy eating. He ate everything, from the corned beef down to the lobster, and there must have been enough varieties of meat on that table to fill Noah's Ark.

I, myself, could barely manage a slice of roast beef and a jellied crab apple. I blamed it on my porcupine, which had begun to roll around savagely while I was pouring the champagne on the flower bed. If I had tried to create a more unromantic situation, I couldn't—with me trying to empty the Royal Victoria's wine cellar and Frank running back and forth from the buffet table like the shuttle at Grand Central.

After dinner, Frank announced that he was full and needed a walk.

"I should think you'd be too full to walk. In fact, I should think you'd be sick," I said.

"I will be," he laughed, "when I see the bill for all the liquor you've been killing the flowers with."

I had tried to be so careful to keep him from seeing, and he had known all along.

The waiter laid down the check and I leaned over for a look. It came to ten pounds and change.

"All right if I settle with the hotel tomorrow?" Frank asked the waiter.

"Perfectly all right, Mr. Allbright," the waiter said, picking up the check after Frank had signed it.

Frank ran his fingers over the gold label of the empty champagne bottle. "Expensive," he said simply, and then got up.

I followed him to the hotel gardens, and I do mean followed. It was the first

"This pain, doc, it comes and, yipe, goes."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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time in my life I ever felt like a slave following its master or like one of those old-fashioned wives who always walk behind their husbands. It was a very womanly sensation.

When Frank reached the darkest place in the gardens, he stopped and waited for me. I walked toward him very slowly, trying not to let the scent of jasmine overpower me, trying not to be influenced by the still shadows in the palm fronds, trying to be a properly hardheaded girl from Jersey.

"You cost a fortune," Frank said after the first kiss, "and you're mad as the immemorial hatter, but your bread and butter is delicious."

"Treacle," I said, feeling like the mouse in the teapot and succumbing to the second kiss.

"I like imported women," he murmured after the third. "Much better than the roast beef, and no tax on the kisses."

Mad as the hatter? I'd been acting like a raving Gorgon. I felt my head just to make sure there were no snakes growing out of it. Medusa was a clinging vine compared with me. I was an idiot—a blind, foggy idiot.

"I'm sorry, Frank," I said. "I'm terribly sorry."

"What for?" he asked, attempting the fourth, but I drew away.

"I tried to spend your money." Telling him was going to be agony, but good.

"I know," he answered, lighting a cigarette. "Have a Turtle."

"What's that?"

"Cheap cigarette."

I took one, and it was strong. I needed it to slow me down.

"I thought you had cheated me at the grocery," I explained, puffing on my Turtle, chewing my thumbnail, and crushing a perfectly gorgeous poinsettia blossom with my free hand. "I wanted to get even."

"Cheated you! I gave you two steaks for nothing."

"I know," I said, "now. But then I hadn't realized about the import tax, and when you said 'imported women'—well, I suddenly realized we were on an island in the middle of the ocean and ——"

"And food costs twice as much here as in the States," he finished for me. "You're a bit thick, but I love you anyway."

He didn't say it seriously, or at least it didn't sound serious, but it was enough to make my heart do a polliwog to the tune of Mendelssohn's Wedding March. I was all ready to say yes, for better or for worse, when suddenly a fiendish little thought crept wickedly through what some departments at Bellevue might refer to as my mind. It was quite possible that this Frank Allbright was a real, two-faced werewolf. I tried to get a good look at him, but in the dark I couldn't tell. I crushed my Turtle on the garden walk and I guess I must have wilted like an old celery stalk.

Frank asked me what was wrong.

"Everything," I answered. "I think you'd better take me home."

As far as I could see, my vacation was over, kaput, ended. I might just as well fly home to Gertrude. If I didn't get away from him now, I'd only be collecting material for a spinster's autobiography. It was an old story, and it didn't have a fairy-tale ending. When I talk, I sometimes rattle away like Cagney's Tommy gun, but I never throw the word "love" around the way Frank had. In seven days all he'd have left to say would be good-by.

The next morning I called Frank to drive me to the airport in the car I had rented from him. When I repeated that I intended to take the afternoon plane, he made a noise that resembled a grapefruit hitting water, and then, without a ripple of protest, he merely said, "I'll pick you up, then, about an hour before plane time." . . .

I sat as far away from him as I possibly could while he drove me to the airport. I even looked at the scenery, which grew more barren and depressing the closer we came to the terminal.

"A great deal of dry scrub on the island," he commented.

I turned away from him to stare morosely at the dry scrub.

He kept driving.

"Allergic to jasmine?" he tried again, a few minutes later.

"No." I concentrated on the scrub. It was turning yellow.

"Want to talk?"

"No."

"All right, Fitzsimmons"—he stepped hard on the accelerator and the car plunged forward—"I suppose you know what you're doing."

When we got to the terminal, he carried my luggage in for me to have it weighed. It was well under the limit. The agent tagged it and asked if I had paid the export tax yet.

"I didn't buy anything," I explained.

"No, miss, I mean the head tax for leaving the country." He adjusted his spotless white jacket and smoothed his crisp mustache.

Maybe it was because I was so furious at Frank that I wanted to shove anything in sight through a meat grinder, but I really hated the dapper little official. "I am not a thing," I said grandly. "I am not a piece of chattel, and I refuse to be treated like a tin can."

I succeeded in arousing a blank look of confusion on his face. "But you have to pay the tax, miss," he said, "or else you can't leave."

I turned instinctively to Frank, but he seemed to think I was Etta the Elephant Girl trying to play Blithe Spirit. He was laughing, one of those typically British laughs, the corners of his mouth pressing down instead of up.

"It's a clear case of larceny," I insisted, "and I didn't think the British Empire would stoop to such a low, sneaky trick."

A fat man in a Panama hat pushed forward out of the line behind me. "I've paid my tax and I've got to make my flight," he objected. "This is an airport, you know."

"Are you going to pay the tax?" the airline man asked, for what was obviously the last time.

I told him I would not, and I would never, and when I said something I meant it. He motioned to his assistant to remove my luggage from the ramp.

"They didn't say anything about this in the guidebook," I protested. "Suppose I'd spent all my money, suppose I didn't have another cent, what good would I be to Nassau?"

Frank picked up my luggage and started walking with it. I was following him again.

"They'd just cast me out—alone, helpless on the beaches ——"

My luggage disappeared beyond the terminal doors and I ran after it. Frank was stowing it in the back of the car.

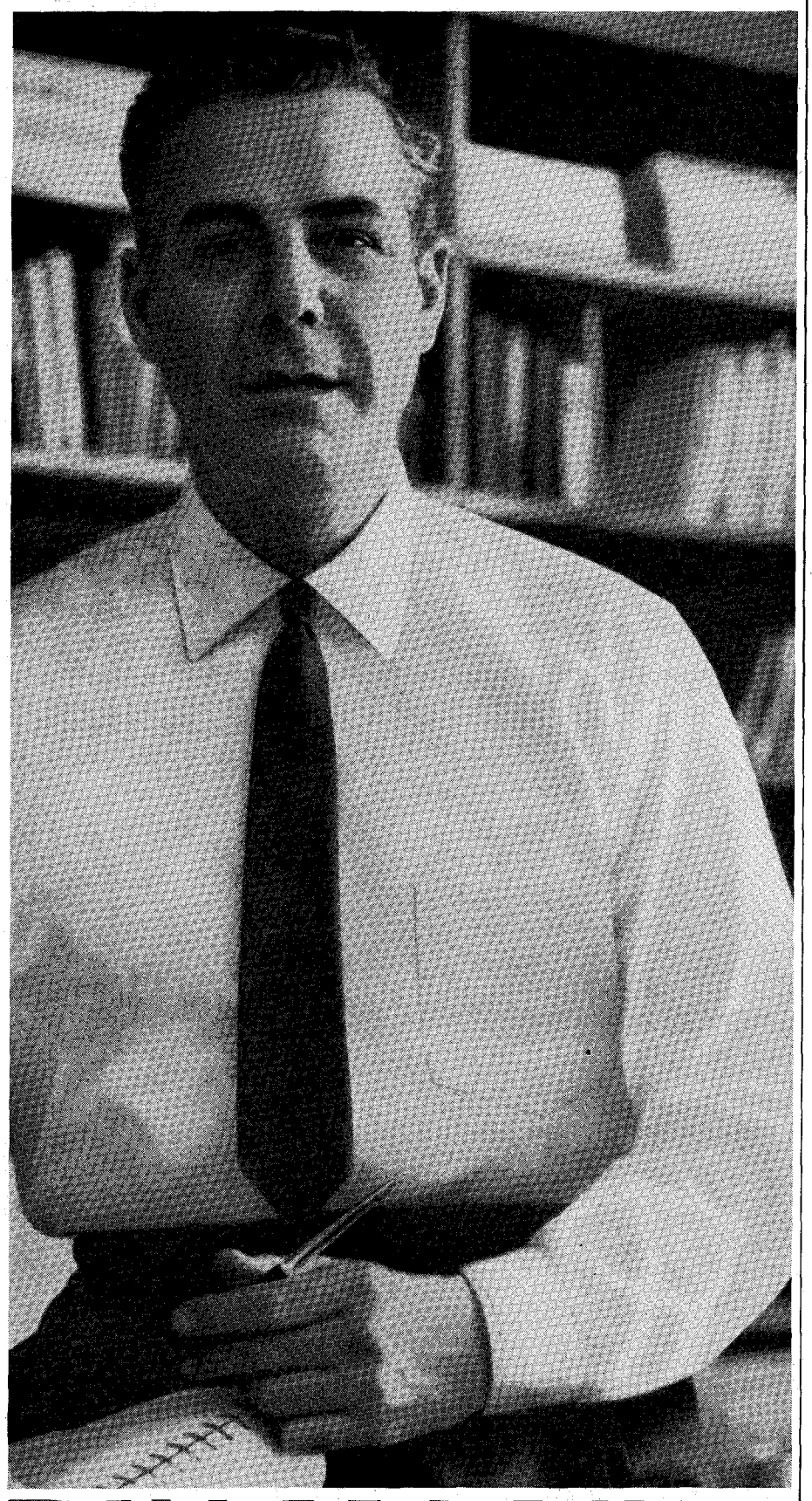
"I'll have to catch fish to survive; or steal chickens." I climbed into the car beside him. "I'll probably wind up living in a flower bed at the Royal Victoria."

"Fitzsimmons," he said, starting up the motor, "you're balmy."

I flipped the gearshift up for him. "If I'm so balmy, why don't you pay my tax and get rid of me?"

The car stalled while he answered with Kiss No. 4, which had just enough English on it to muddle my crumpet for keeps.

THE END



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My Dad, Walt Disney (Continued from Page 38)

about a mouse, but this time we're going to own that mouse."

They got to talking about Dad's idea for a Mickey Mouse series, and before long Uncle Roy was excited about it too. He got out a pencil and began to figure costs. And pretty soon they began to make the first film in the new series.

The first Mouse film was shipped East to a new man Dad had selected to peddle his stuff. In the meantime, he started two more Mouse pictures. One cartoon was only a sample. In those days movie cartoons were sold as a series, like links of sausages. You had to be able to say, "We've got a series coming."

But just when Dad was trying to sell his first Mouse, a feature movie called The Jazz Singer was released. It starred Al Jolson the Mammy singer, and it was the first movie with sound. Overnight, the silent movie was a back number. Exhibitors were screaming for "soundies" or "talkies," and producers were breaking their backs to turn them out. Dad saw that a new series of soundless animated cartoons had no chance at all. But he wasn't licked.

"We'll put in sound too," he said, and got busy planning his fourth Mouse that way. The trouble was, he had no sound equipment. He didn't even know how to use sound equipment. But before he was through, he had worked out what later became the basis for the synchronization system used in all animated cartoons. How he did this is pretty important, so I'd better let Dad tell how it came about.

"A youngster named Jackson had just come to work for me," he said. "I knew he played the mouth organ, so I asked him if he knew anything about music. 'A little,' he said. I knew a little myself; I'd tried to play the violin once and I knew tempos, so I knew that my problem was mathematical.

"Jackson brought a metronome over to the studio and we began to dope things out. I bought a blank pad of bar-music sheets. I'd ask Jackson to play a tune on his harmonica, and we'd lay out our drawings so we had the right ratio of drawings to each bar of music.

"Next I went to the five-and-dime stores and bought a mess of gadgets—night-club noisemakers, cowbells and tin pans. We had washboards on which we could make scrubbing noises, and I bought some 'plumbers' friends', slide whistles and ocarinas. We played with those things a little; then we began to lay out our score for sound synchronization. When I say 'we,' I mean Ub Iwerks, my top artist, and young Jackson.

"A few nights later we asked our wives to come over to see 'something new.' For a screen, we hung a bed sheet on a garage doorway. We sat our wives in front of that sheet. Roy turned the projector. Jackson and Ub Iwerks and I got in the garage behind the sheet, where we could watch the picture from the rear. As it unreeled, Jackson tootled music on his mouth organ. The rest of us hit cowbells, blew slide whistles and ocarinas, and scrubbed away at the washboard. Iwerks had rigged up a microphone and an old radio speaker so our wives could hear it."

That Mouse picture was called Steamboat Willie. In it, Dad had the Mouse bring music out of everything imaginable. He picked up an old sow, and when he poked her body she went plink-plank-plink, like a banjo. When he pulled the tails of a row of piglets, they squealed in tune with the music.

"We beat our brains out synchronizing that cartoon," Dad told me. "When we were all through, we ran around to the other side of the sheet, and we all looked at our wives expectantly. We asked, 'How was it?' and they said, 'Huh? Oh—nice!' And they went right on talking about food and babies and laundries and hairdressers."

I've asked Mother about that, and she says, "We didn't know what they were doing, but it sounded terrible."

Dad and his helpers shook their heads groggily and went back to work. They wanted to make sure they had all their music and sound effects down on the bar sheets. Dad had even figured a gimmick for an orchestra conductor to follow so he could hit the tempo on the nose. Then he packed up the score and the film and took off for New York, arriving right after Labor Day, 1928.

It was up to him to find a way to get sound on his Mickey Mouse film. And that wasn't easy. Back in Hollywood, he knew, Uncle Roy was running short of

Novel Handicap

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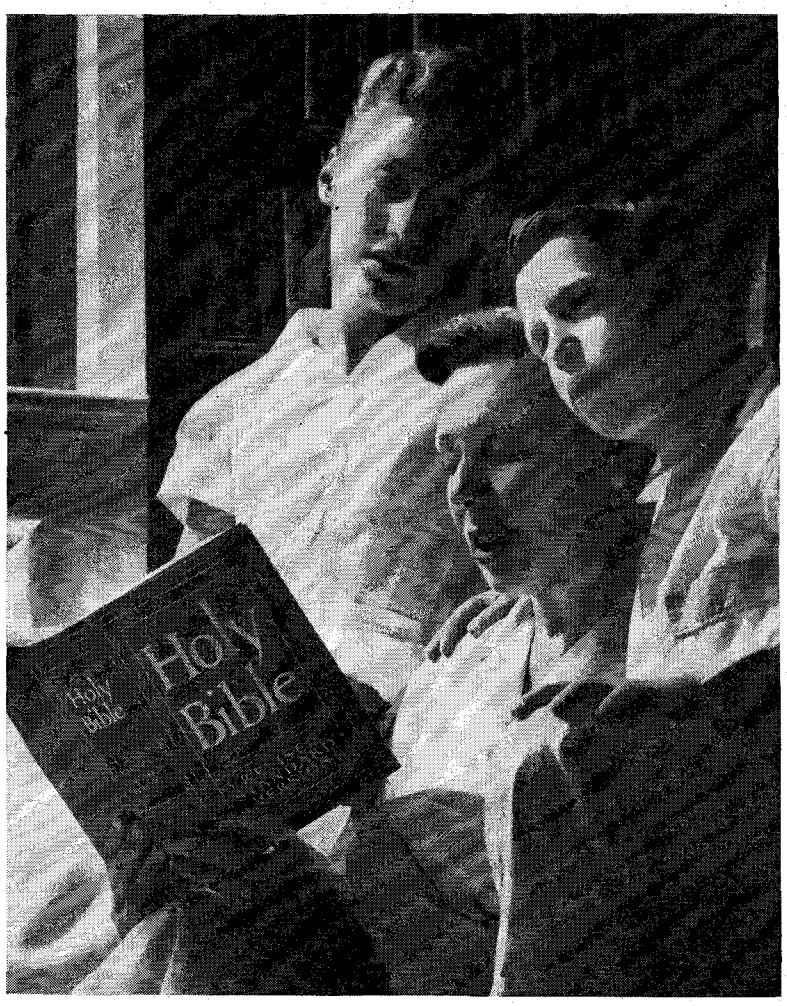

Jesus and the Children (Luke 18.15-16). Now they were bringing even infants to him that he might touch them; and when the disciples saw it, they rebuked them. But Jesus called them to him, saying, "Let the children come to me, and do not hinder them; for to such belongs the kingdom of God. Truly, I say to you, whoever does not receive the kingdom of God like a child shall not enter it."

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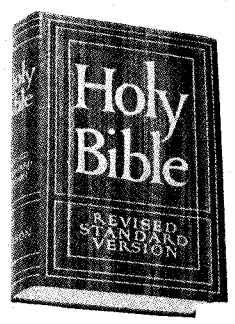

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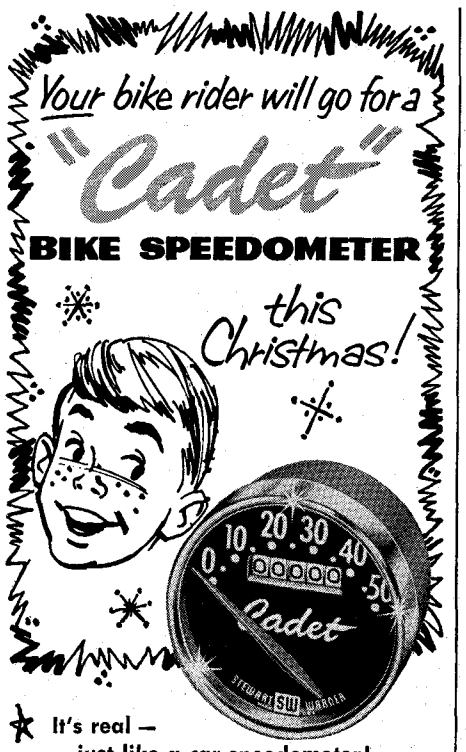

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the money needed to produce the next Mouse reels; two or three more were already in the works.

In New York, the picture business was a madhouse. Everybody was trying to get hold of sound equipment. So far, only two or three outfits had it. A lot of companies were recording sound on phonograph disks to synchronize with film action, but Dad didn't trust records. He wanted his sound to be on the film itself. He thought it stupid to ship a record around the country with each can of film, thereby doubling the chance of losing something en route. Also, if a record was started in the wrong groove, the action-sound synchronization would be ruined. There was much talk about records, pro and con, but Dad insisted on putting the sound on film. (He was right—sound-on-film is used by everyone now.)

He went to R.C.A. first. The head man there asked him if he and Uncle Roy had $3500 to pay for adding sound to their film. Dad said they had. By that time they had modest but tangible assets. Dad had even worked up to a secondhand Moon cabriolet, with red and green running lights.

The R.C.A. man said they'd help, but they had their own way of recording sound, which was different from Dad's. They'd already taken some old silent cartoons and added sound by recording an orchestra on the film, with emphasis on trap drums behind the action. "We know all about this," he said.

Dad said, "But I've worked out another way, with special sound effects." He showed how he wanted it done, but the R.C.A. man wouldn't budge. "We have our own crew," he said. "We have our own orchestra. Give us the picture and we'll put the sound on it. Just go away, and when you come back we'll have it blended together."

Dad took his film and his score and walked out. Finally he ran into a man named Pat Powers, who owned "outlaw sound equipment," so-called because it wasn't licensed by R.C.A., which had most of the patents.

Pat Powers was a movie-business veteran. He'd been a partner of Carl Laemmle's, and had helped him found Universal Pictures. Then he'd got into a dispute with Laemmle. Laemmle wanted to look at the books Powers was keeping as the distributor of Universal Films, and in Mr. Laemmle's presence Powers threw the ledgers out of his twelfth-story office window. Unknown to Mr. Laemmle, he had a man parked in a truck on the street below who picked up the books, carted them off and hid them. It sounds fantastic, but Dad swears that it really happened.

When Powers left Laemmle, he went with Film Booking Offices. F.B.O. owned a building on Seventh Avenue. When Powers left F.B.O. the building was his. He must have been quite an operator. "He could have been type-cast as a big, lovable Irishman," Dad says. "When you first met him, you couldn't help liking him. But he certainly had his own way of doing business."

Powers had a sound device called Powers Cinephone. Dad went to see him just when Powers wanted somebody to use his equipment and give it a boost, so he welcomed Dad with open arms.

"I've got my sound-recording technique all worked out," Dad said.

"Fine," Powers said. "I'll get you the perfect orchestra leader for the job."

Powers' choice was Carl Edwardi, conductor for the Capitol Theater. When Edwardi saw the score Dad and his mouth-organ player had worked out, he was amused. Even Dad admits it was a funny-looking score. After all, it hadn't been written by musicians.

I've asked Dad to explain the system he'd worked out for synchronizing his first cartoon with sound and music. "Ninety feet of film a minute had been standardized as the speed to use for sound," he said. "This meant that twenty-four individual pictures were projected on a screen every second. If we set our musical tempo at two beats to the second, we got a musical beat every twelve frames. So if we had somebody hit something—a gong, say—during those twelve frames and we recorded the sound of that gong and keyed our musical beat to the same count, everything would mesh.

"On our film," Dad went on, "we'd drawn a mark every twelve frames with India ink. When the mark went through the projector, it put a white flash on the screen every twelve frames. Watching the flash, the conductor could stay on the beat."

Dad explained his system to Edwardi. "If you follow the flash and play what we've indicated on my score, you'll come out all right."

"I've conducted for pictures for years," Edwardi said; "suppose you let me handle it."

"Edwardi's a good musician," Powers spoke up. "You can sit in while he's recording and make sure that you get in all of your funny sound effects, but let Edwardi handle the musical end. If it doesn't come out right and we have to do it over, I'll stand the expense."

"O.K.," Dad said.

When the session began, Edwardi packed thirty musicians into a tiny recording studio. Dad doesn't remember exactly how much those musicians were paid, but it was about seven dollars an hour. In addition to the thirty musicians, there were four sound-effects men. This was going to cost plenty.

The recording session began at eight o'clock on a cold morning in October. When Dad arrived, just before seven, the men were just beginning to come in. The first musician who showed up was the bull fiddler. He had just got off the train from Camden, New Jersey, where he'd recorded all night for Victor. He opened his bull-fiddle case and took out a bottle and took a swig.

When the whole orchestra had gathered they ran through a rehearsal. The music was simple—Yankee Doodle and Turkey in the Straw stuff. Dad tried not to watch the clock. Seven dollars an hour for thirty men was $210. And the sound-effects men and Edwardi had to be paid too. At the end of three hours, that session cost the Disneys in the neighborhood of $1200.

Every time the bull fiddle went "vroom," it blew out one of the tubes in the recording mechanism. The first time that happened, sound men moved the bull-fiddle player farther back. He blew another tube. They put him in a far corner. He kept on blowing tubes. Finally the sound men pushed him all the way out of the room, and he sat outside of the door, going "vroom, vroom" all morning.

Something seemed wrong with Edwardi's method of sound recording. The film was run through the projector time after time. And each time Edwardi had lots of music left over at the end. He'd say, "We'll get it next time," and try again. The trouble was that he always fell a few beats behind because he ignored the timed flash on the screen.

The sound men were putting in assorted noises and Dad was doing the Mouse vocals himself—mostly squeaks. He also did a parrot who yelled, "Man overboard!" When he did that he was so excited that he coughed into the microphone and blew a tube himself.

At the end of three hours—and $1200—the action and sound were still not in sync. Edwardi said slowly, "Disney, I think I'll try that idea you were telling me about when you first came in. Using the flash."

Dad turned to Powers. "You told me that if I went along with Edwardi you'd pay for the session if anything went wrong."

"Sure, sure," Powers said, "I'll pay for the sound and film."

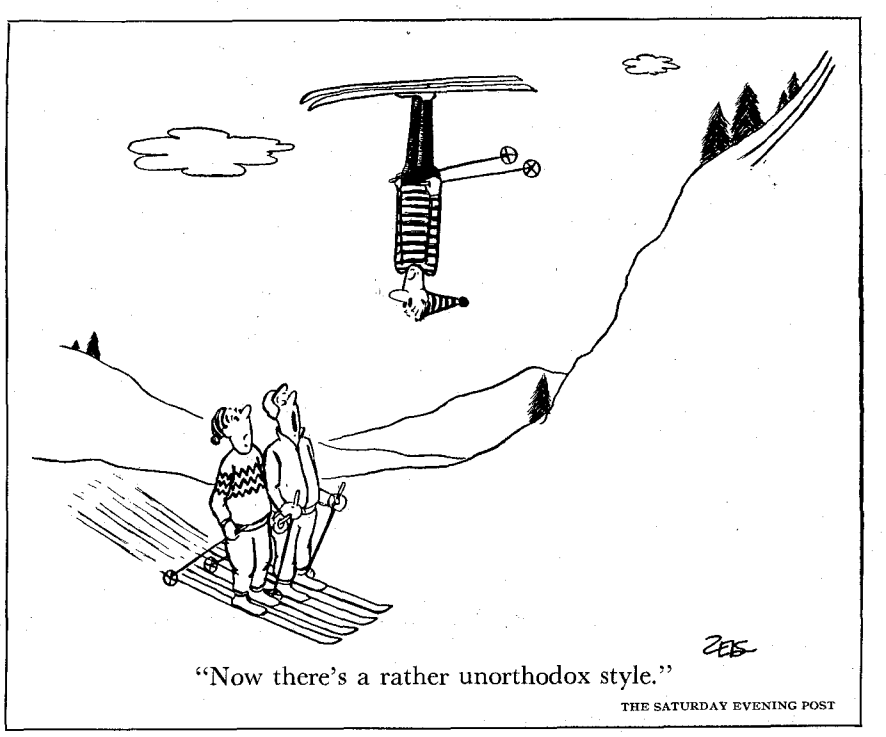
"What about the orchestra?" Dad asked.

"I didn't mean the orchestra," Powers said.

Dad took time out and wired Uncle Roy that he'd have to have another twelve hundred bucks. Out in California, Uncle Roy began to sell things to raise money. He even sold Dad's Moon cabriolet.

Dad made a few orchestra cuts for the next session. "If we can't use a bull-fiddle player," he said, "why do we have him around?" He persuaded Edwardi to settle for sixteen pieces instead of thirty. He cut two sound-effects men. Then they tried it again. Edwardi followed the beat indicated on Dad's score and by the flashing on the screen. This time the orchestra socked it right on the nose.

When Dad got the composite print of Steamboat (*Continued on Page 82*)



"Now there's a rather unorthodox style."

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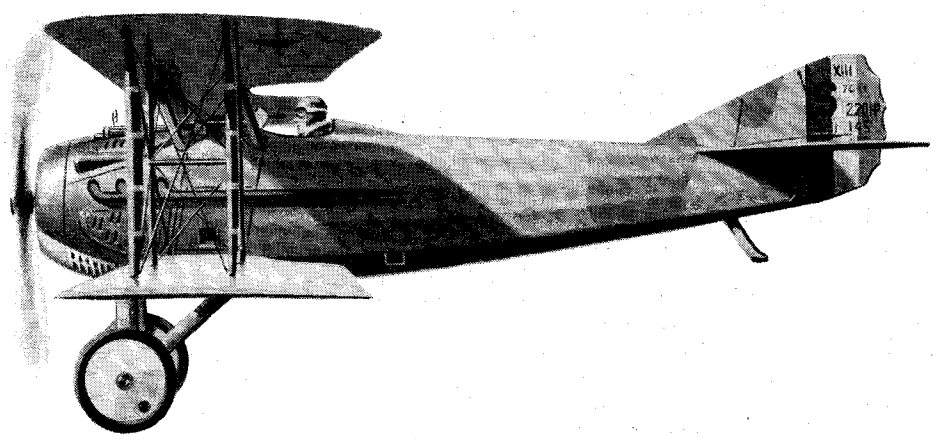
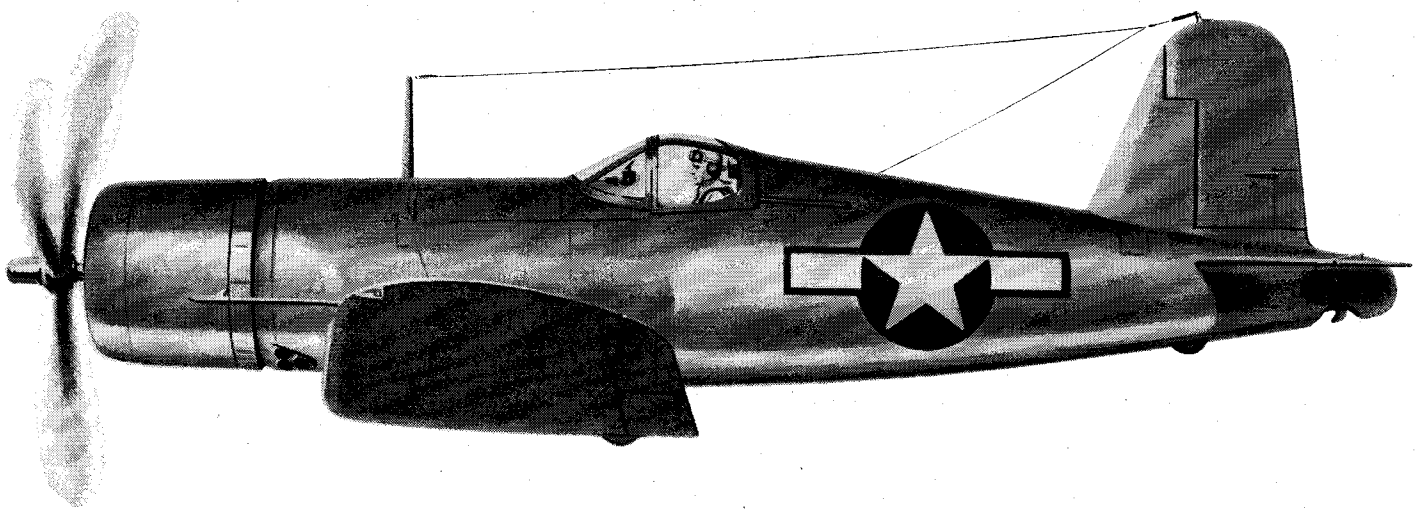
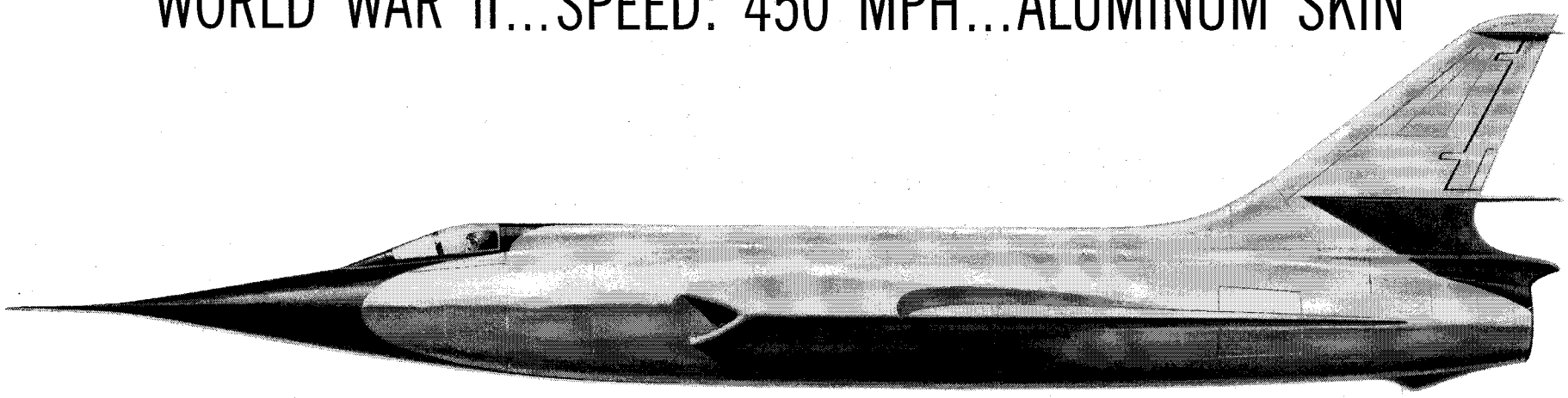


WORLD WAR I...SPEED: 100 MPH...FABRIC-COVERED



WORLD WAR II...SPEED: 450 MPH...ALUMINUM SKIN



TODAY...SPEED: 2000 MPH...ARMCO STAINLESS STEEL

Armco Stainless Steel withstands terrific heat from air friction in today's supersonic planes

The newest military planes soon will be setting speed records of more than 2000 miles an hour. At supersonic speeds like this, air friction causes terrific heat. Temperature of the wings and fuselage may reach 600 F!

Under these conditions, fabrics—used in World War I planes—would tear apart. Conventional aircraft metals, used in planes of World War II, would be dangerously weakened. But planes made of an entirely new kind of stainless steel known as Armco 17-7 PH stay strong and rigid.

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(*Continued from Page 80*) Willie back from the lab, sound and music were in sync. Powers set up appointments for Dad to screen his film for prospective buyers. Dad would go up to a man who'd said he was willing to look, and say, "I'm Walt Disney, the man with the Mouse film. Remember?" The man would say, "Put it in the projection room. We'll get around to it."

Finally somebody would say, "Put on that cartoon thing the fellow brought over." Dad would slip into the projection room and peek through the porthole at the men downstairs, listening hard for laughs. Sometimes he thought he could hear chuckles; other times he wasn't sure. When it was over, he would dash downstairs for the verdict. "We'll call you about it," they'd say. Or, "We'll get in touch with Powers."

Dad took Steamboat Willie all over town. Sometimes the projectionists laughed, but the men who counted gave Dad the brush. Then Harry Reichenbach, an old-timer in show business, saw one of his screenings. He came to Dad afterward and said, "I have a feature picture opening at the theater I run. I'll put your cartoon on with my feature."

Dad didn't know that Reichenbach had been one of the great press agents of all time. It was he who promoted an innocuous painting called September Morn into an international scandal. But at this point he was operating the Colony Theater in New York for Universal Pictures.

"Thank you, Mr. Reichenbach," Dad said, "but I'm afraid if I run it on Broadway first, it'll hurt sales on a national-distribution basis."

"Listen," Mr. Reichenbach said. "You can trot that film all over town, and the guys who look at it won't know whether it's good or bad until the public finds out for themselves. If I run it for two weeks the press and the public will see it, and they'll like it. Besides, I'll pay you five hundred dollars."

Dad pinned him down. "You mean five hundred a week?" he asked.

"O.K.," Mr. Reichenbach said. "Make it five hundred a week."

It was the highest price anybody had ever paid for a cartoon.

Dad sat in the Colony every day, day after day, listening to the audiences laughing at Mickey Mouse in Steamboat Willie. With sound! The reaction in the press was sensational. Powers began to get calls from people to whom Dad had shown the film before its Colony run. "About that cartoon we looked at the other day, I've been meaning to call you. What's the deal?" Powers would say, "I'll send over the young fellow who made it."

When they met Dad, they'd ask him, "What are your plans?"

"I want to produce a series of Mouse shorts," Dad said.

"How much would you take a week to go to work for us?"

"I don't want to go to work for you," Dad said; "I want to produce my own films. I have a little studio in California. I'd like to sell my pictures and get a percentage of what they earn. I'd like five thousand dollars upon my delivery of a negative print of the film, and after that a sixty-forty split—sixty to the distributor, forty to me as the producer."

But Dad couldn't close a deal like that. Everyone wanted to buy the Mouse outright, which included buying Dad too. But Dad stuck to his guns. "I'm staying independent," he said. "I'm going to own my films."

Dad needed money badly—he and Uncle Roy had scraped the bottom of the barrel—but he turned down offer after offer. Finally he went to see Powers.

"I'm on your side," Powers said. "You ought to remain independent. Tell you what I'll do. I want to promote my own sound device; that's all I'm interested in. I'll set a deal with you. Then I'll get a salesman to take your cartoons and peddle them on the independent market."

In those days, movie people dealt in "states' rights." Somebody would buy rights to a film for the New York territory; somebody else would buy rights for the New England states. The whole country was broken up into divisions. The California territory included Nevada, Arizona and the Hawaiian Islands. Each territory had a different price scale, set as a percentage of the take for the whole country. The New York territory was worth 20 per cent of the estimated United States take. California was worth 6 per cent. A producer would set the price he hoped to get for a film, and sell it percentage-wise. It was really a rental deal.

"I'll pay the salesman," Powers said, "and all the expenses involved in selling, and I'll take ten per cent of the gross. And I'll advance you money as you need it against the income of the pictures."

Dad couldn't foresee any complications. Ten per cent to Powers seemed fair, with Powers carrying the sales expenses and advancing money in exchange for Dad's promise to use Powers' sound equipment. "It's a deal," he said.

In the meantime, Dad had phoned a Kansas City organist for whom he'd once animated a group singing film—the man to whom he had once written from California for a $250 loan. The organist came to New York, and he and Dad went to work. They took the first three silent Mouse films Dad had made—and the fifth one, The Opera House—and worked out scores for Edwardi to record. Now Dad could tell buyers he had not one cartoon to sell, but a series.

He turned those four films over to Powers, collected his advance and went back to California to turn out more Mouse pictures. They hit like block busters all over the country. Mickey Mouse even got marquee billing, a distinction ordinarily reserved for feature-length films.

If you have a big hit in the movie business, everybody wants you to produce more of the same. But Dad soon tired of imitating himself. Exhibitors were demanding, "More mice! More mice!" but Dad wanted to broaden his work. So he began to develop a series called Silly Symphonies.

The first was called The Skeleton Dance. The music to which it was keyed was The Hall of the Mountain King. Mixed with that was the Danse Macabre and other themes. Dad even achieved a symphonic effect with rattling bones. Everything in that cartoon kept time with music.

Dad sent The Skeleton Dance to Mr. Powers, in New York, who screened it for exhibitors. It was thumbed down everywhere. Powers sent the film back to Dad with the word, "They don't want this. More mice!"

Dad had been turned down before, and he wasn't easily discouraged. He took The Skeleton Dance to a friend who ran the United Artists Theater, in Los Angeles, and asked him to look at it.

"We're looking at some other things this morning," the man said. "My assistant will look at it. You go with him."

Dad sat beside the assistant while the film was run off. It was just before the first morning show. A few customers had drifted in and they obviously liked The Skeleton Dance. But the assistant wasn't listening to them. "Couldn't recommend this," he said. "Too gruesome."

Dad got hold of another pal and asked to be put in touch with Fred Miller, who was the Roxy of the West Coast. He owned the Carthay Circle Theater in Los Angeles, one of the biggest and most important in town. Dad's pal sent him to a salesman down on Film Row. "He knows Miller," he told Dad. "Maybe he can get him to look." Dad found the salesman in a pool hall, shooting a little Kelly.

"Leave it here," the Kelly player said. "I'll look at it. If I like it, I'll get in touch with you."

It sounded like a stall. But he did look at the film. And he said, "I think Fred will like this. I'll take it over to him."

Miller showed The Skeleton Dance with a feature picture he was running, and it went over big. Dad clipped the local press notices and mailed them to Powers with a note: "If you can get this to Roxy himself, I think he'll go for it the way Miller did here."

Powers did get a print to Roxy. Roxy liked it and ran it in his huge New York theater, along with his current feature picture. Then he held it over and played it with several other feature pictures which followed. It was the first time any cartoon had ever played more than a week at the Roxy. Once launched, the Silly Symphonies sailed to glory.

Then the trouble began with Powers. He'd been sending Dad and Uncle Roy checks for three or four thousand dollars—enough to keep them going—but he kept dodging requests for a full financial report. The Disneys couldn't find out what their films were really earning. Then, by grapevine, they got word that Powers was plotting something with one of Dad's key animators. Dad and Uncle Roy decided to hire a lawyer to look into things. A man named Gunther Lessing was recommended to them—he's still with the Disneys as vice-president and chief legal eagle of the Walt Disney Productions.

Lessing, Dad and my Mother took off for New York to see Mr. Powers. Uncle Roy, who handled the moneybags, gave Dad a last-minute warning. "Don't break with Pat Powers," he said, "until we get some more dough."

In the beginning, when Dad made his deal with Mr. Powers, Powers' only interest was in promoting his sound process. He didn't expect that Dad's Mouse would be a success, but that made no difference. The Powers sound process could use the Mouse as a springboard. Then, to his astonishment, the Mouse made piles of money and he found himself sitting there with a one-year deal and no options. So, without Dad's knowledge, Powers was doing everything he could to get Dad into a box so he'd have to renew their contract. Among other things, Powers' man on the Coast had signed up Dad's top animator, and was only waiting for the word from Powers to set him up in business in competition with the Disney studio.

When Dad walked into Powers' office to demand an accounting, Powers handed him a telegram from his Los Angeles representative. It vouched for the fact that Powers had Dad's No. 1 artist signed, sealed and delivered. When Dad read that wire, he felt sunk.

The boy Powers had lured away had been with him a long time. They had practically grown up in the animation business together.

"I can't believe it," Dad said. "He wouldn't do that to me."

"You'd better believe it," Powers said. "If you don't, pick up the phone and call California. Your brother Roy knows it by this time." Then Powers began to pour on the oil. "Don't be upset," he said. "You haven't really lost him. You can still have him if you'll make another deal with me."

But Dad felt so bad about his friend selling him out that he said, "No. If he feels that way, I could never work with him any more."

"Look," Powers said. "You should be earning a big salary. I'll pay you twenty-five hundred dollars a week."

Dad was so disturbed that "$2500 a week" went in one ear and out the other. He was walking back to his hotel before it registered, and he said out loud, "Golly, twenty-five hundred a week!" People turned and stared at him as if he were cracked.

A second meeting was arranged. Powers wanted an answer about renewing the Mouse option, but Dad remembered Uncle Roy's advice. He stalled and said casually, "By the way, my brother says we've got to have some more money."

"How much?" Mr. Powers asked. "Would five thousand do?"

Dad sent Powers' check off to Uncle Roy; then he went into a huddle with his attorney. They decided to insist on an accounting of the way Powers had handled the Mouse's earnings. But when they demanded a look at Powers' books, he pulled a variation of the trick he'd once pulled on Carl Laemmle. He didn't throw the ledgers out of a window this time, but he said, "If you make a new deal with me, I'll show you the books. Otherwise, you'll have (*Continued on Page 85*)

"Oh, dear, I forgot your razor blades again!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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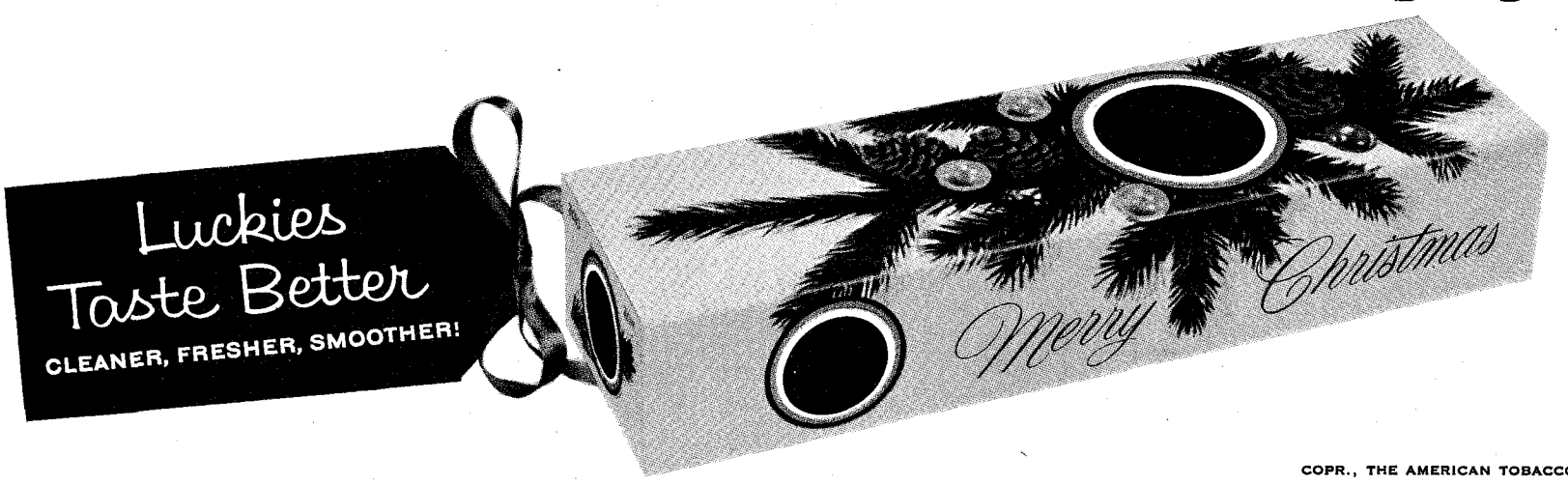

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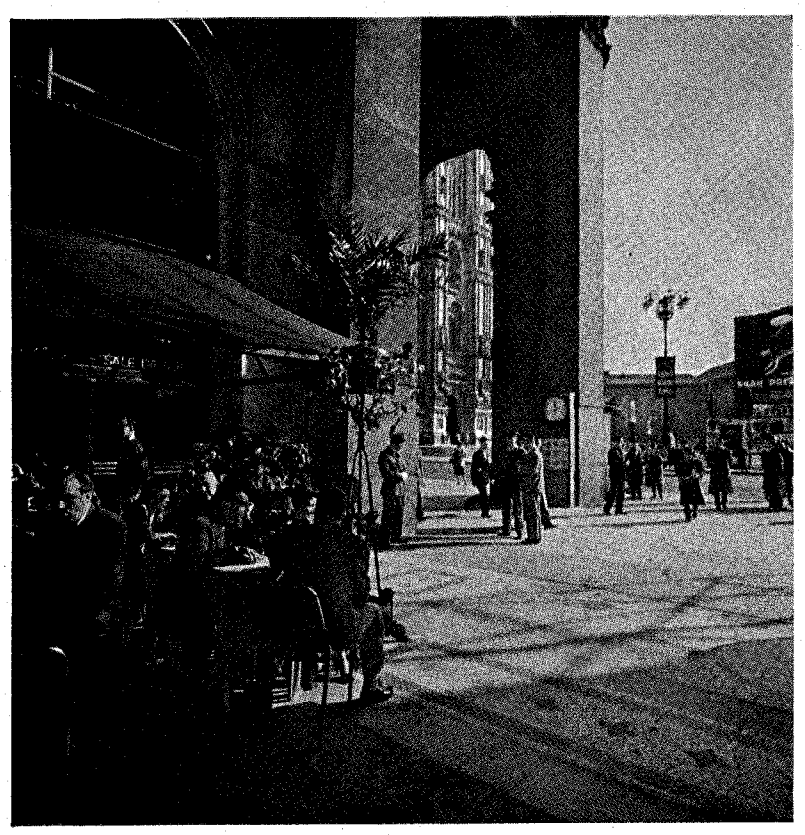

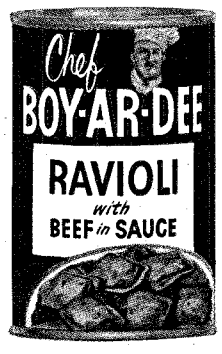

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(*Continued from Page 82*) to go to court and try to get an order to make me show them."

There they were. Getting a court order would cost time and money that Dad and Uncle Roy couldn't afford. So the Disneys let Powers keep all the revenue earned by the Mouse that first year, apart from the sums he'd already coughed up. There was no way to find out how much he really owed without getting bogged down in a legal swamp.

Now they offered the Mouse to other people. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was very interested, since the Mouse was a hot property. Felix Feist, their sales manager, called in his attorney. "We've got to help Disney," he said. "Also, M-G-M needs the kind of material he's got." After several days of discussion, the M-G-M attorneys decided against making a deal with Dad. It would involve a fight with Powers, and they didn't want a fight.

"Powers will kick up a stink," an M-G-M lawyer predicted. "He'll say he's a little fellow and how a big fellow named M-G-M is trying to squeeze him out. No matter what the truth is, he can cause a mess." No deal.

So Dad dropped in on Columbia Pictures. Thereafter, for a year and a half, Columbia distributed both the Mouse and the Symphonies. In the meantime United Artists came to the Disneys with still another offer, and it was agreed that at the end of the Columbia contract, U.A. should handle the Disney distribution.

People who advertise their troubles never seem to dispose of their stock.

FRANCES RODMAN

Dad tells me that although the Mouse series had become internationally popular, the Disney studio still found it tough going financially.

"Each film I finished just about paid for getting out the next one," he says. "I kept on adding people to our staff, and I worked overtime, night after night. Your mother and I used to go out to restaurants and eat an early dinner. Then I'd drive by the studio and say, 'I'd like to go in for a minute. I have a little work to finish.'

"I had a davenport in my office. Your mother would lie down on it and go to sleep. I'd be working away, and when I'd remember to look at my watch it would be one-thirty. I'd look at your mother and she'd be sound asleep, so I'd keep on working. Then I'd wake her and she'd say, 'What time is it?' and I'd say, 'Ten-thirty.' We'd go home and she'd go to bed without knowing what time it was."

He was working too hard and worrying too much.

"In 1931," he told me, "I had a nervous breakdown. I simply went to pieces. I kept expecting more from my artists than they were giving me, and all I did all day long was pound, pound, pound. Costs were going up. Somehow, each new picture we finished cost more to make than we figured it would earn; so I cracked up."

I asked Dad what form his crack-up took. I'd never seen anyone with a nervous breakdown. What were the symptoms?

"I became irritable," he said, "and I couldn't sleep. I got to the point where I couldn't talk over the telephone because I'd begin to cry. I was in an emotional tailspin."

Part of his trouble was an acute attack of perfectionism. He'd just finished a picture, and it was well done. But he kept saying over and over, "I'm sick of it. There're too many things wrong with it. I'm sick of it." Then he went to a doctor.

The doctor said. "Beat it, Walt. That's all. Leave the studio—just drop everything and go away. Otherwise I can do nothing for you. And when you get back, you've got to relax and take exercise and develop a few hobbies."

Dad took his advice. He told Mother to pack, and they took off fast. They didn't know where they were going, but for a starter they boarded an eastbound train. Dad wanted to ride a Mississippi River boat from St. Louis to New Orleans. Maybe he'd go to Cuba from there. In St. Louis there were no passenger boats in sight. Dad was stumped for a moment; then he said to Mother, "I've never seen Washington, D.C. Let's go."

They were in Washington three days. They visited Mount Vernon, saw all the monuments and sat in all the parks and fed the pigeons. A press agent for the Mayflower Hotel was nice to them. "Is there anything I can do for you, Mr. Disney?" he asked. "Is there anybody you'd like to meet?"

"I'd like to meet General Pershing," Dad said. "When I was in France I drove his son a few times, and I heard the general's farewell address at the end of the war. To me, he is everything a man should be."

The hotel press agent shook his head doubtfully. "That's pretty hard to arrange," he said. "Wouldn't you just like to meet President Hoover?"

"No," Dad said, "I don't know what I'd talk to the President about, but I'd like to meet General Pershing." That was too much for the press agent, but through a friend he did manage to persuade General Pershing to autograph a copy of his memoirs for Dad.

From Washington, Mother and Dad took a train south to the end of the line. In those days the railroad went all the way to Key West. There they boarded an old tub and went bouncing over to Havana. They spent a week in Havana. Then they took a steamer bound for California by way of the Panama Canal.

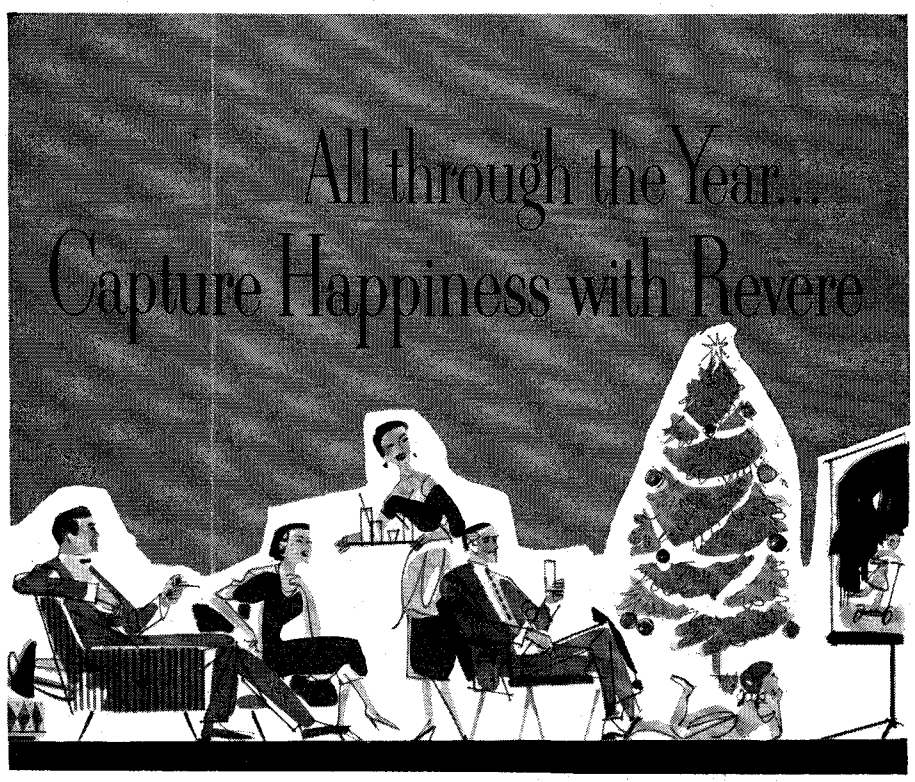
When Dad got back to Hollywood he was a new man. He'd done better than forget his troubles. He just didn't give a hoot. Remembering his doctor's advice, he joined the Hollywood Athletic Club and did calisthenics there two or three times a week. And after that he tried wrestling and boxing. At last he got around to golf. Being Dad, he showed up at the golf course at five-thirty each morning so he could play nine holes before going to the studio. On the way to work he'd put away a breakfast fit for a harvest hand. "I began to feel like a ball of fire," Dad told me. "This health campaign was waged by both of your parents. Your Mother went to the Athletic Club, too, and she took up swimming. And we did a lot of horseback riding."

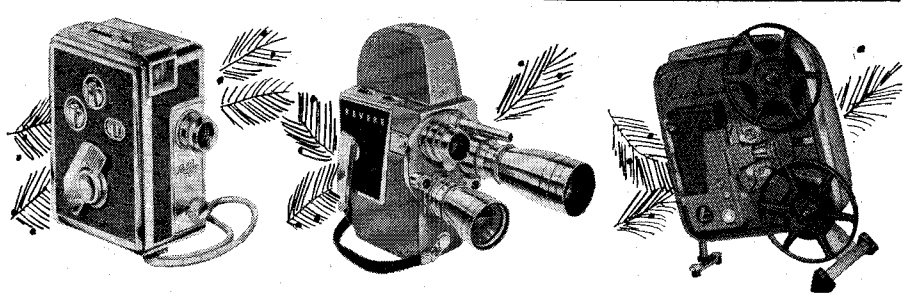
Dad fell into the habit of coming home from work early, so he and Mother could ride over the hills together before dark. Eventually, the horseback riding led Dad to polo.

Dad says that all of this physical activity took the jingle out of his nervous system. "But it had another purpose, too," he said. "We had tried to have children, but it hadn't worked out. The doctor said that we both needed to build ourselves up physically."

Then Dad looked at me, grinned, and said, "It worked. We ended up with a brat named Diane. I also ended up with twenty polo ponies."

Editors' Note—The fifth article in this series of eight will appear next week.





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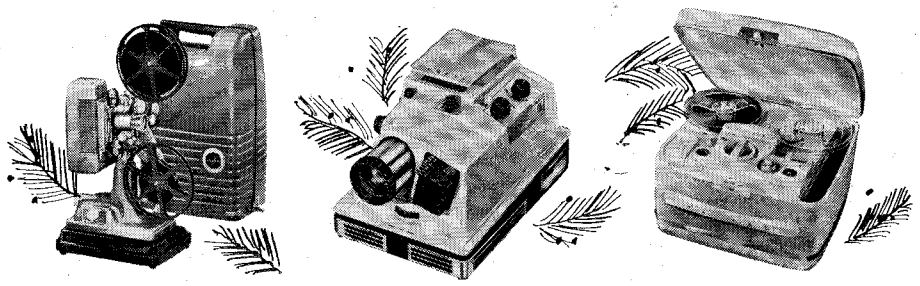

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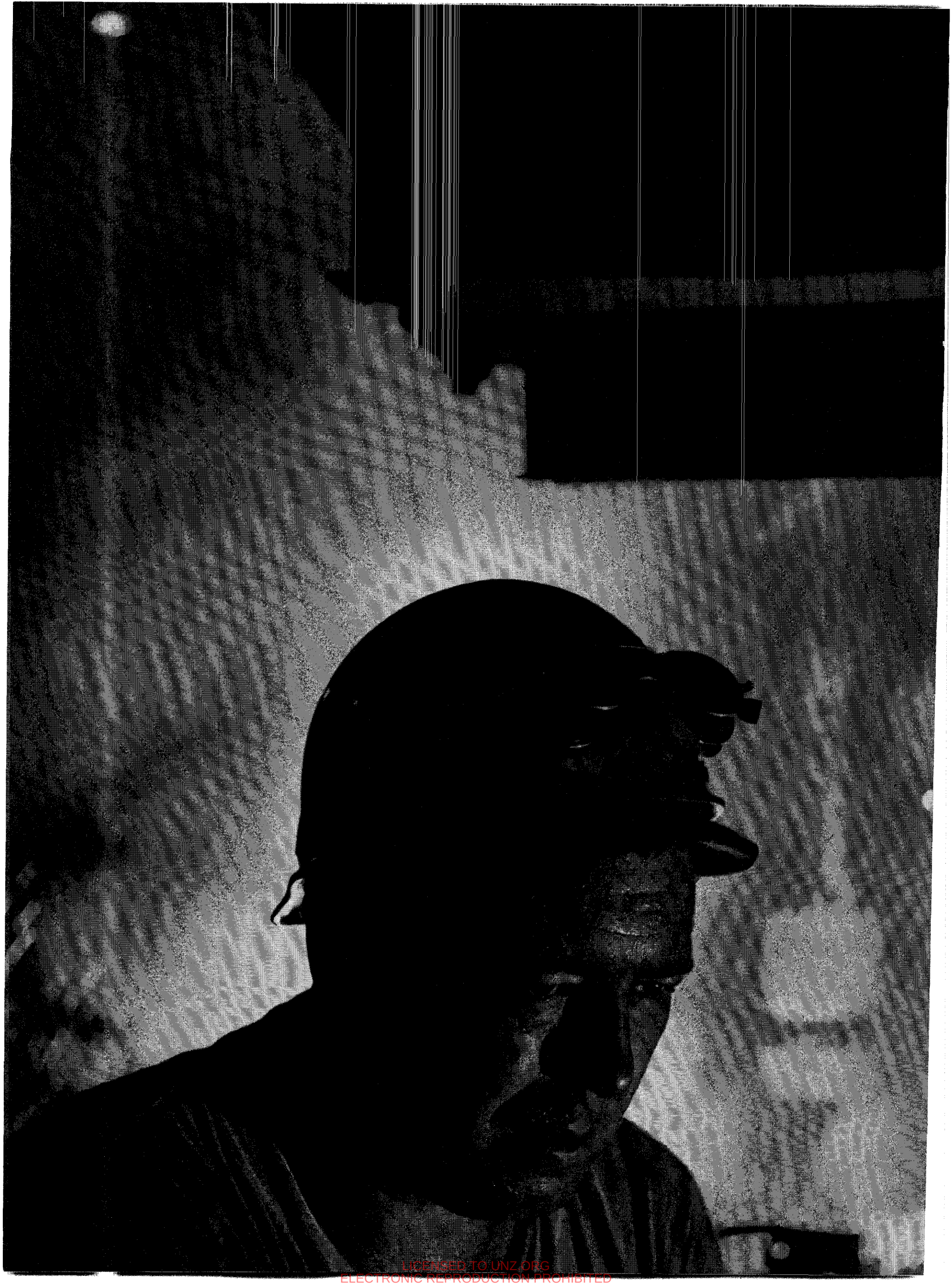

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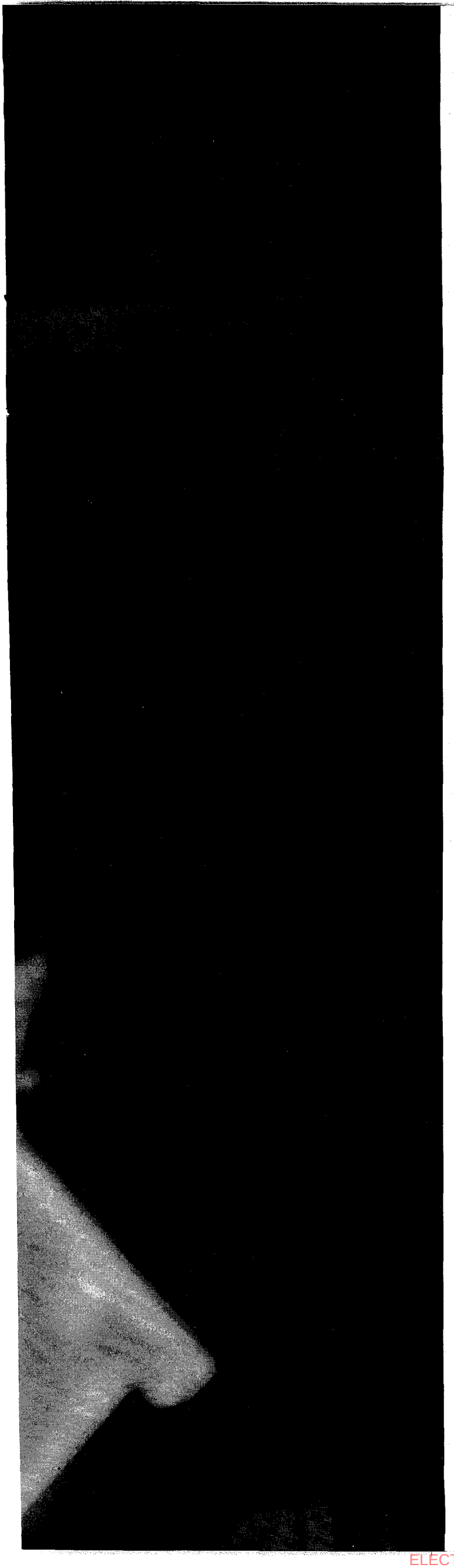

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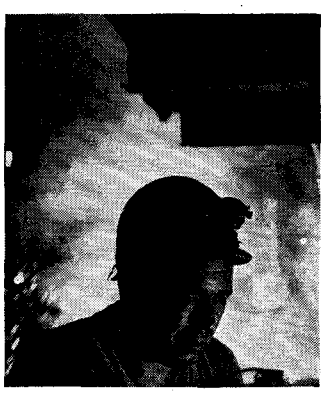

"Industrial Worker"
Photographed by
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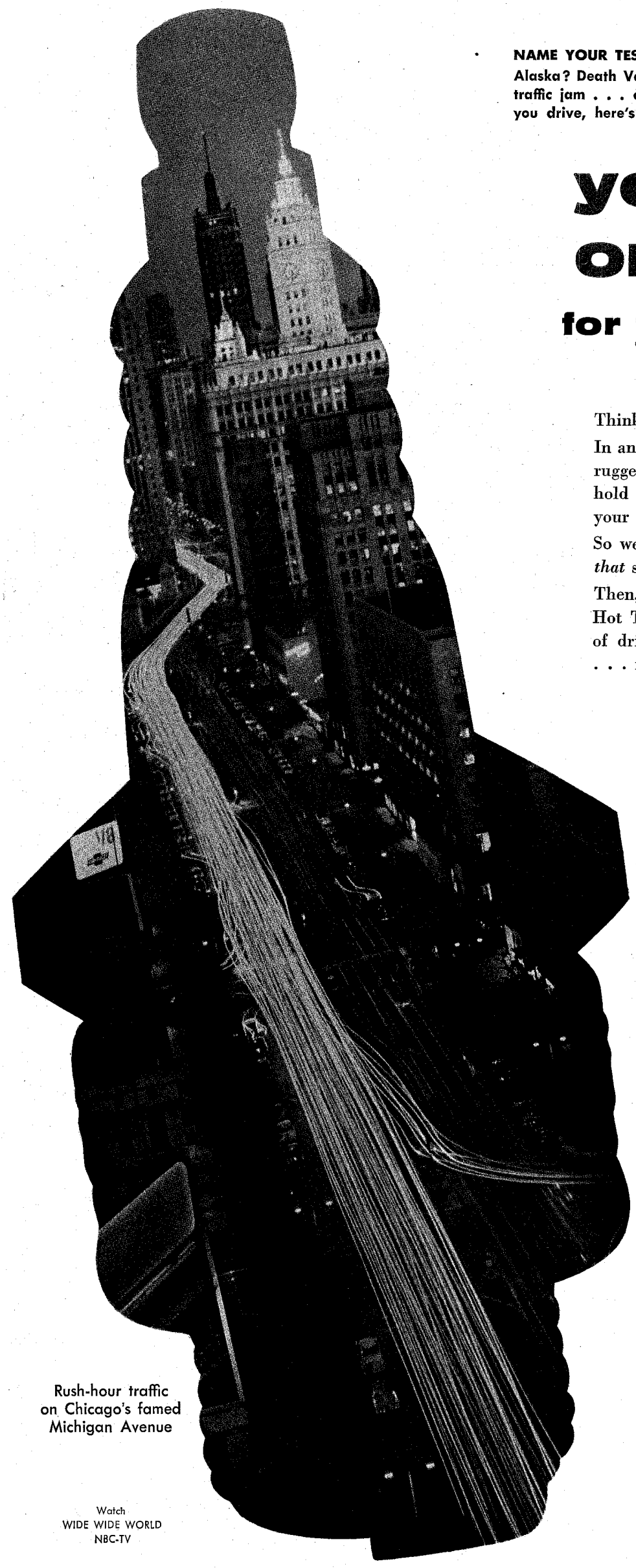

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Then, take the good advice of your AC retailer and install new AC Hot Tip Spark Plugs, engineered and *super*-tested for your kind of driving. You'll feel a smooth difference in power and pickup . . . notice fuel savings, too!

CHECK THESE PERFORMANCE TESTS

TRAFFIC CRAWL—Chicago . . . cold, blustery . . . traffic bumper-to-bumper. Special Hot Tip feature keeps AC Spark Plugs from fouling even under these extreme conditions.

104° HEAT—Phoenix, Arizona . . . thermometer soars . . . desert-dry conditions. ACs operating at full efficiency. Exclusive insulator and shell design assures rapid heat dissipation.

20° BELOW ZERO—Fairbanks, Alaska . . . arctic conditions. AC Spark Plugs continue to fire perfectly through thousands of miles of driving.

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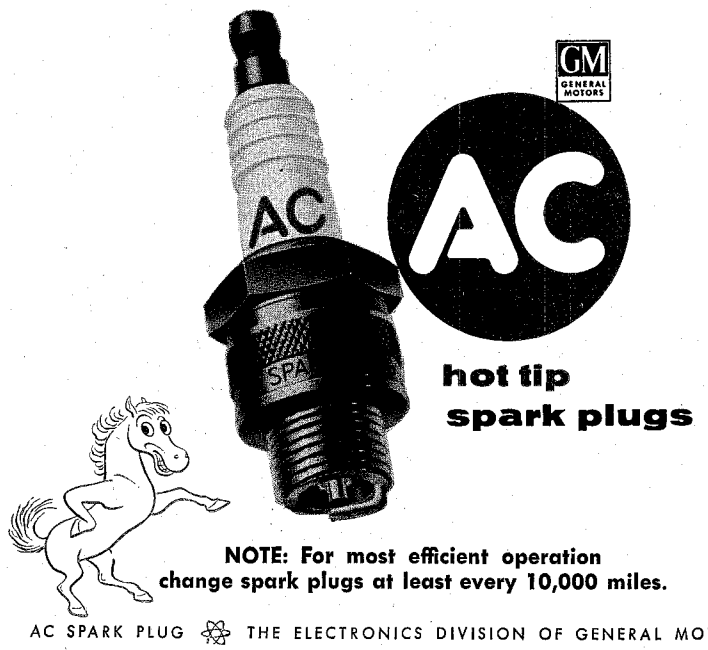
BELOW SEA LEVEL—Death Valley . . . down to the lowest spot in America—altitude minus 282 feet. No misfiring; full power.

100% HUMIDITY—Louisiana bayou country. Despite extreme moisture AC Spark Plugs keep quick-starting ability, complete dependability.



NOTE: For most efficient operation change spark plugs at least every 10,000 miles.

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My Twelve Years as a Blind Man

(Continued from Page 41)

seeing" too. I still occasionally pass someone on the street who thinks I'm snubbing him because I don't recognize him, unless and until he speaks. It will be a case of a familiar voice but a face I can't place because I've never seen it before. He'll be a friend I made during my blindness, and am now meeting for the first time since my operation.

In those twelve years between the explosion in Burma and what I'm tempted to call the miracle in Philadelphia, I made a great many friends. And a lot of other things happened to me, in addition to my marriage. I went through the University of Missouri, acquired a master's degree in history, was made a member of Phi Beta Kappa at the same time Harry Truman was, and was appointed to the sociology faculty at Christian College, a girls' school in Columbia, where we now live. These are milestones of which I am proud. But I am fully aware that I could not have reached them without the tremendous help I received along the way—from Charlene, my mother and my instructors and friends.

I'd like to say something here about this matter of helping the handicapped. I know from experience that the blind man's pride often makes him hesitant to accept the help a seeing person is genuinely eager to give. And this makes for hurt feelings all around. Having faced this situation from both sides of the curtain of blindness, I am acutely aware of how difficult the problem may be. The blind man knows his own limitations, knows how much assistance he needs. But the other person cannot gauge the precise point at which his proffered help stops being necessary and becomes superfluous and unwelcome.

I realize now it is wrong for the handicapped individual to be so sensitive about these things. Most people mean well. Some are so afraid of offending, as a matter of fact, that they do nothing at all. I remember as a boy in Kansas City I used to see a blind man standing expectantly at a street corner. Often I wanted to go over and say, "Can I help you across the street, mister?" But I was afraid I would embarrass him or something. So I just walked by.

Letting others know the exact degree of your disability is especially difficult when you are only partially blind, as I was. Since I could see the shadowy outlines of buildings and doorways, I could get about fairly well alone in the daytime. So well, in fact, that many people who didn't know me intimately did not realize I was blind at all. I even fooled many of my pupils. At night, however, or in a darkened room, I was helpless; and in these and certain other circumstances it was necessary for me to indicate that my vision was not normal. To do that without being blunt about it was not easy for me. Several friends with about the same visual loss as mine solved the problem by carrying white canes, even though they didn't need them to get around. The cane was a symbol the public immediately recognized. But I couldn't do it that way. Instead, I would try to bring the conversation around to eyes, hoping people would become aware that something was wrong with mine. It was silly for me to be so indirect about it, but I guess that was part of my emotional reaction to a handicap.

If I seem to be unduly preoccupied with questions of adjustment, it's because I've had so much time to think about them in the years since the explosion in the Burma jungle. Three of us were badly hurt in the accident: Lt. Earle G. Ramsey, who was in charge of the group and who lost both eyes and part of one hand; Pfc. John Beausang, who was blinded in one eye; and the writer, Pfc. Winstead. The other members of the group weren't hurt. Lieutenant Ramsey, whose story, DON'T PITY MY BLINDNESS, appeared in the Post in 1950, was the most seriously injured, but he, too, went through college and was married.

For the first few hours after the explosion the full impact of what had happened apparently didn't sink into my thick skull. For I recall kidding with a nurse in the evacuation hospital. I grabbed her hand, felt a ring on her third finger and said, "That's a fine way for us to meet—you with an engagement ring on!"

By the time I reached the 20th General Hospital, the big University of Pennsylvania layout, I began to realize what the score was. But everyone there was wonderful to me—Brig. Gen. I. S. Ravdin, the chief surgeon, who is professor of surgery at the university; Col. John McK. Mitchell, now the dean of medicine at Penn; and Captain (later Colonel) Scheie, professor of ophthalmology at the university. And there was a nurse to whom I shall always be indebted. She was Margaret Douglas—she's now Mrs. Eugene G. Hagewood, of Fort Bragg, North

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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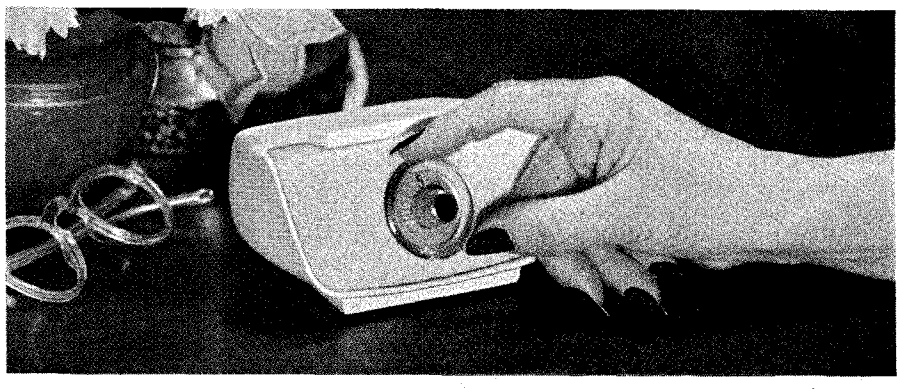

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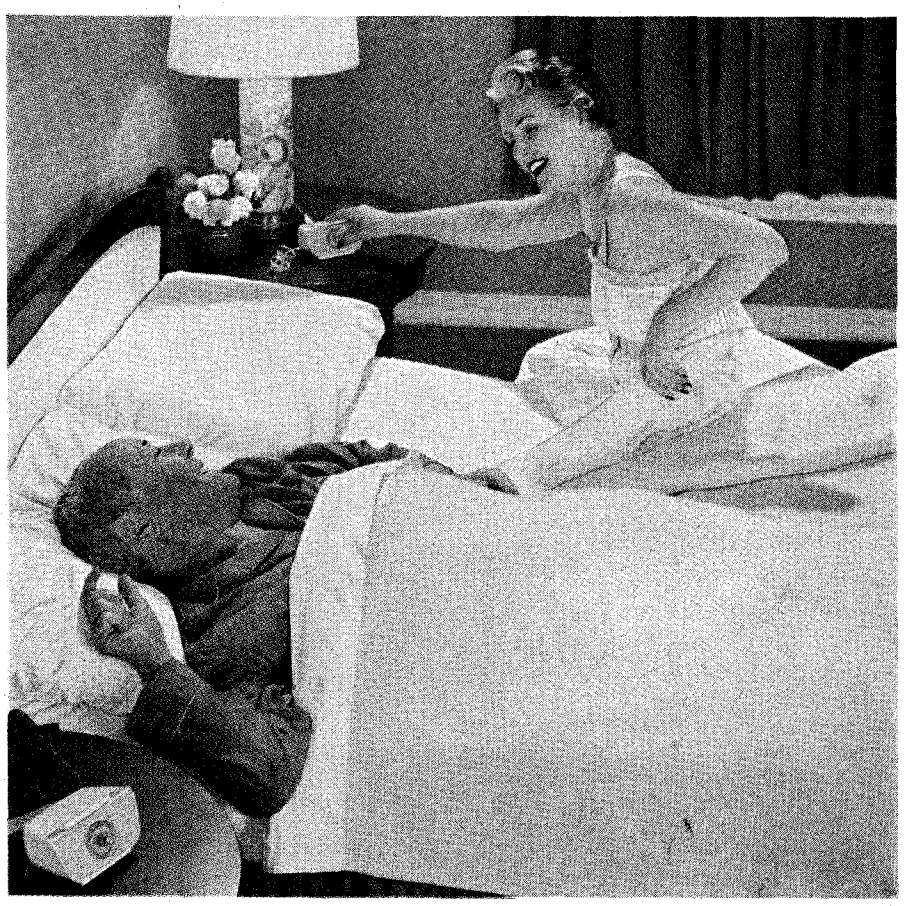

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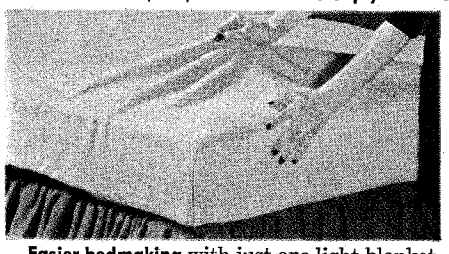

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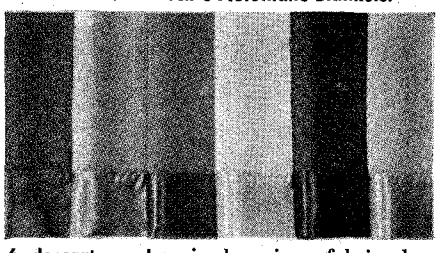

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Carolina. If it were not for Margaret Douglas my face would be badly scarred today, for she spent hours, even during her off-duty time, picking bits of metal out of it. I never saw her, but her hands were gentle and tireless.

John Beausang—he's now in San Francisco and we write to each other once or twice a year—had the bed next to me at the 20th General, and for a long time his one good eye did the seeing for both of us. When my legs got well enough—they had bits of metal blown into them—John would lead me out for walks around the hospital.

He helped cheer me up, too, after my first bad psychological shock, the removal of my right eye, on December thirty-first.

I could have gone home after that, but I still had to have an operation on my left eye and I wanted Doctor Scheie to do it. So I waited in Burma for six months, until the eye was in condition for this procedure, in which the injured and cataract-clouded lens was taken out.

That operation enabled me to see light and shadow, but there was still plenty of trouble inside the eye. I was still blind. And as I started off for home, in June, 1944, I had an experience that first made me realize how miserably alone a blind person can feel. It was a small thing, as I look back at it, but it had me panicked at the time. We were at a landing strip waiting to board our plane, and I was sitting on a bench outside a bamboo hut with my gear. Suddenly I heard the plane rev up its motors for the take-off.

My God, I thought, *they've forgotten me. They're going to take off without me.*

I was all alone, and I couldn't run out on the field, for fear of getting hit by a plane or a jeep. I didn't know what to do or where to turn. So I just stood there and yelled. The plane was making so much noise nobody heard me. Finally, it cut its engines, and the nurse, who'd checked her list and found one missing, came back for me. From then on, I stuck close to the bunch.

As we flew over India, the other guys were pointing out things, like the Taj Mahal, and that went on during much of the trip. Of course I couldn't see any of the sights. I just had to sit there and listen, and I said to myself: *Bill, from now on, you've got to learn everything through your ears. So keep them open.*

For the next eight months I was at the Valley Forge General Hospital, near Phoenixville, Pennsylvania. Here I was with about 200 other blind GI's, many of whom had also lost one or more arms and legs. I realized then that I wasn't too badly off, compared to others. That, I think, was an important step in my rehabilitation.

My vision was about 5/200ths, which meant I had to be within five feet to see the big "E" at the top of the eye chart—something normal people could see from 200 feet away. My mother sent me letters written in a very large hand, and by holding them close to my eye, I could barely make out the words. But soon the eye got worse and all reading was out.

For some time after the injury I lived in hope that additional surgery might give me better vision. One afternoon, while I was lying on my cot listening to a ball game, a buddy who often read for me came hustling over in considerable excitement and said, "Boy, here it is! This is for you!" He proceeded to read from a magazine article about an operation for transplanting part of a dead man's eye to the eye of a blind person.

I was real excited by this news and went to one of the doctors and asked him, "What about this? Will it work for me?" He said he was afraid not; that this was an operation for those who were blind because of a diseased or scarred cornea, the window at the front of the eye. Many people had been helped by these corneal-transplant procedures, he said. But my trouble wasn't that kind. It was more deep-seated. That was a bad letdown. However, I continued to hope something would come along.

In the meantime the doctors checked my eye regularly. They told me they could see bits of copper or brass floating around inside. A membrane of scar tissue also blocked my vision. Nobody wanted to operate, though, for fear of destroying the eye completely. At the same time, I was given the cheerful news that the metal would probably cause further deterioration of the eye. One doctor predicted that what little vision I did have would be lost in another two years.

Faced with that gloomy prognosis, I tried to accept the fact that I would be permanently, and perhaps totally blind. And I determined to learn how to live with my disability. I even got so I could joke about it. One evening toward the end of the war a friend and I were in a bar, and a man sitting on a stool next to me said, "Would you mind keeping your eye on my drink, soldier, while I make a phone call?"

"Be glad to," I said.

Well, while he was out phoning I took two plastic drink stirrers, laid them across the top of his glass and then took my spare artificial eye out of my pocket and placed it on the stirrers.

When the man returned, started to pick up his glass and saw that eye staring up at him, he nearly went to pieces.

"You asked me to keep my eye on your drink," I said. "You didn't say which eye." Then I busted out laughing and he began to laugh, and he thought it was such a good joke he insisted on buying drinks for us the rest of the evening.

Yes, I guess I kept up a fairly bold front. But, underneath, I still had a great many fears. Several times at Valley Forge Hospital the nurses woke me up out of a screaming nightmare. Exactly what I was dreaming I don't know. I may have been reliving the Burma explosion, but I rather think it was just cold terror of what the future held for me. In a spot like this you begin to think the whole world is against you, shutting you outside, and you develop a number of hatreds—blaming others for the situation you are in.

It wasn't the day-to-day difficulties in dressing and eating and getting around that bothered us so much. Those we could take in our stride. Our big worry was how we would get along back home. Here at the hospital we were an entire community of handicapped men, and the staff as well as the people of Phoenixville understood us and were wonderful in every way. They did everything possible to make life pleasant and comfortable and interesting for us. But we were afraid that at home each of us would be a special case in a town that might not know how to take us. And that worried us.

Much was done, at Valley Forge, to help us get started back on the road to self-confidence and usefulness. Rehabilitation programs were not so varied, however, in those first years of the hospital's operation as they were later. Manual jobs received more emphasis than careers requiring educational preparation. For example, they used to put groups of us out in local plants for a half day at a time, to see what our employment potentialities were. I was assigned once to a packing house. All morning long I sat at a big table with eight women and pulled cellophane skins off long chains of precooked hot dogs, which would then be packaged and sold as skinless frankfurters.

Those women were whizzes at it. But I was appalled by the prospect of that kind of future. So I said to myself then and there, *Bill, you aren't going to skin frankfurters for the rest of your life. You're going to college, and you betier get started.*

Before the war, when I was in high school in Independence, Missouri, I had looked forward to a chemical-engineering career. My best grades had been in math and chemistry. Now my blindness seemed to rule out that career because of the accurate visual measurements required in laboratory work. I have since discovered that there is almost no field a blind person cannot enter, including the laboratory sciences, if he sets his mind to it. One blind vet of my acquaintance was told he couldn't handle zoology, but he took a course in it anyway, and made an "A." Another blind boy at Missouri learned to administer the Rorschach test in psychology by memorizing the shapes of all those ink blots from a Brailled set. However, I didn't feel I could make it in engineering and decided I'd have to choose a different career.

Home by this time was Wichita, Kansas, where my parents had moved while I was in the Army. And before I could enter college I had to spend a few weeks in a VA hospital in Wichita and be certified for a special blind allowance to pay for readers. One stop along the route of examinations and tests brought me before an elderly doctor who flashed his little 'scope into my eye, squinted through the instrument and said, after a few minutes, "That's strange, son. I don't get any reaction from your eye at all."

I said, "Well, maybe you'd better try the other eye. The one you've been looking at is glass."

I guess you could say his mistake was a compliment to the company that made the artificial eye, but it shook my confidence in the old doctor.

Do you know, I have had people ask me, in all seriousness, how much I could see out of my artificial eye? That has happened at least three times. I don't know whether they were just nervous and didn't realize what they were saying, or what. Perhaps some of them confuse artificial eyes with the eye-transplant operation they have read about.

I was finally ready to leave for the University of Missouri in the fall of 1945. As I boarded the train the thought of getting a college education by ear alone, of having to have dozens of books read to me by someone else, began to worry me.

It was some comfort, however, to find there would be other blind students in school with me. And the first thing we did, with the help of a big relief map of the campus which the VA had supplied, was to memorize the location of the buildings, sidewalks, street crossings, and so on. Since I could make out the buildings as shadows, I managed to get along pretty well in the daytime, although I nearly hanged myself several times by walking into telephone-pole guy wires. Another thing about the town of Columbia that threw me was its two-step curbings. About half the curbs in this town are that way—one big step and one little step. It took (*Continued on Page 93*)

You be the Judge

By BRUCE M. JONES

On dropping a coin into a machine in Joe's restaurant, customers received a stick of gum and also set in motion some lettered cylinders. If the cylinders, on stopping, spelled "food," the customer was entitled to a meal on the house—or so the sign on the machine said. Actually, Joe had the machine fixed so that it was impossible to hit the lucky combination. During a drive against slot machines, however, city police charged Joe with operating his machine as a gambling device.

"As it was fixed so that no one could win," Joe argued in court, "it wasn't a game of chance or gambling device at all. It was just a gum machine which gave full value plus some harmless amusement."

"Nonsense," the prosecutor replied. "The way Joe had it set up, numerous customers who didn't want gum played the machine as a gambling device to see if they could win a free meal."

If you were the judge, would you pronounce Joe guilty?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Guilty. The court said: "Any 'sure-thing' contrivance, no matter how enticing or alluring to the one who wanted to 'try his luck,' would, according to the defendant's theory, be beyond reach of the law. To claim that . . . seems ridiculous."

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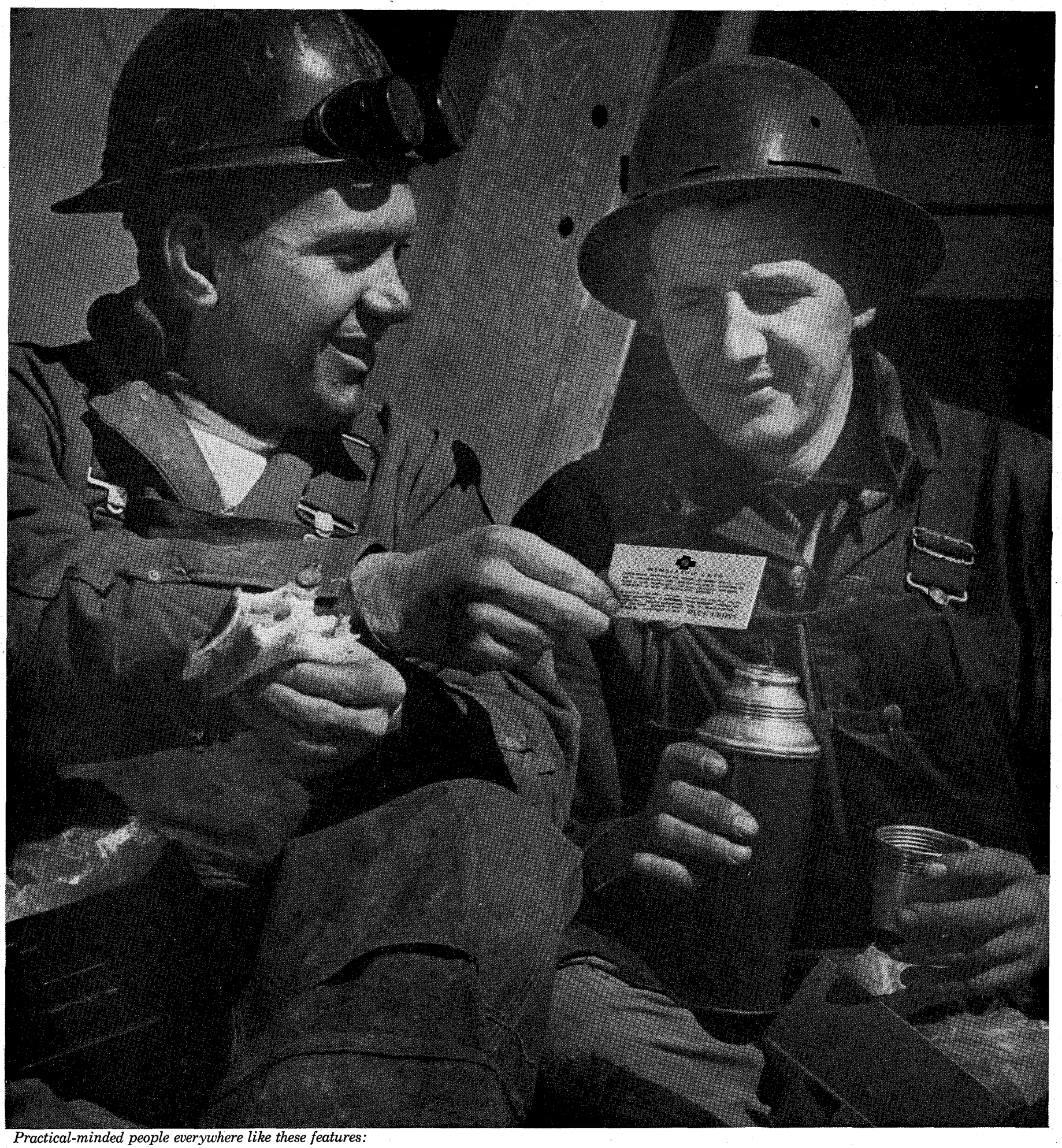

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(*Continued from Page 90*) me nearly six months to learn where these double curbs are.

Blind people are always counting stair steps—so many up to the entrance of this building, so many between the first floor and the landing. They also count doorways along corridors. But one day, when another blind student and I were looking for a room in one of the college buildings, I got my count mixed up. I pushed open a door into a room that was dim and quiet, turned around to the other student and called out, "Here it is. I'm sure this is the men's room." But as I said that, all around me people broke out laughing—a whole roomful of people. I had stumbled into a classroom where they were showing an educational movie—without sound. With our faces a bright red, we beat it out of there as fast as two blind guys could travel.

Although most of the profs had never taught blind students before, they were eager to help us get the most out of college and out of life. I don't think enough has been said about the contributions of college teachers toward the rehabilitation of veterans. Their wise counseling and warm friendship have certainly meant a lot to me.

Members of the social-sciences faculty had an especially good grasp of the problems of handicapped people. Possibly it was because of my pleasant relationship with these instructors, plus my own increasing interest in human relations, that I decided, about midway in my college career, to specialize in sociology and history.

One of the main adjustments I had to make in college was to accept the fact of my dependence upon others. I had to hire as readers students who were taking the same courses I was, and there was always the problem of making study appointments convenient to both of us. If a reader failed to show up when I was all set for three or four hours of study, then I was pretty helpless about the next day's assignment.

Recording machines were a great help and I used them constantly. Sometimes the reader would dictate his classroom notes into the machine and I would play it back later. I often got drowsy listening to a recording, and one of my readers, Frank Heck, used to anticipate this. I would be listening to his voice on the tape droning on about the industrial revolution or something and would begin to nod. All of a sudden I'd hear him shout, "Wake up! Wake up!" and I'd snap out of it and listen to the rest of the lesson.

My luckiest break in readers was Charlene. She came to Columbia in 1947, after graduating from high, and we had several classes together. One day I asked her if she'd be my reader. We got along fine, spent more and more time together, fell in love and were married in December, 1949. From then on, there was never any question of missed appointments with readers. Charlene was always there, and a very good reader she was too. Moreover, she claims she got better grades in those courses which we took together. College was certainly a brighter place with Charlene by my side, and in a very real way we helped each other through school.

A highlight of my commencement was the presence of a fellow townsman from Independence, President Truman. I had known Margaret Truman slightly in Independence and had often seen her father. On this occasion, as I said earlier, he and I were both made members of Phi Beta Kappa, although his was an honorary membership.

I continued at Missouri and obtained my master's degree in history in February, 1952. Now came the time for me to put my education to work and seek a teaching position. I had already decided to work on my Ph.D. degree in sociology, so I went to the head of the sociology department at the university, Dr. C. T. Pihlblad, and asked him for a part-time position to help me financially while I was getting my degree. Both he and Dr. Noel Gist, also a professor of sociology, ignored my handicap and treated me as any other faculty member. This act on their part built up my self-confidence more than any other thing. In 1953 I decided to try for a full-time teaching position. With some trepidation I went to Dr. J. C. Miller, the president of Christian College, one of the outstanding girls' colleges in the Midwest. My application contained a reference to my visual disability, of course, and I was afraid this might rule me out. I heard Doctor Miller lay the application down as he finished reading it. And then he said, "You know, it's a funny thing, but everybody has some sort of handicap. No one of us is without one." And that's all he ever said about my blindness. A wonderful guy, Doctor Miller.

Some peculiar twist of pride made me try to hide my blindness from my students. I would work out little tricks so

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that I wouldn't give myself away. Take the situation that often came up during a written examination. A girl would come to me with the list of questions in her hand and say, "Mr. Winstead, I don't understand this third question. Can you explain just what you want here?"

Rather than tell her that I couldn't read it, I would say, "Now, suppose you read it to me and we'll see if it doesn't make sense to you as we go along." She would read the first few words, and since I had written the question, I would immediately recognize it and from then on would have no trouble explaining it.

My journey out of this world of blindness began in the summer of 1955 as a vacation trip to Canada and Niagara Falls with my wife and our friends, the Habensteins. Dr. Robert Habenstein is a professor of sociology at the University of Missouri, and at the conclusion of the vacation we were going to attend a sociology meeting in Washington. Operations hadn't even remotely entered our minds.

Doctor Scheie and I had exchanged a few letters over the years, and he had written earlier in the summer, asking me to stop in and say "Hello" if my travels brought me near Philadelphia. But he said nothing about an operation. As a matter of fact—and I only learned this later—he had at that very time decided it was out of the question. As the chief eye consultant to the Veterans' Administration he had just gone over the records of all the war blinded to see if any of the boys might have their sight improved by procedures developed since their discharge. My case, he had concluded, was not one of those for which anything could be done. So his note was merely a friendly greeting.

When I found we'd be driving through Philadelphia on our vacation, I wrote the doctor, asking for an appointment. Since I didn't mark my letter "personal," his secretary put me down on the calendar without mentioning it to the doctor. I guess she didn't know we were old war buddies. But when I was led into his office and Doctor Scheie saw who it was, he shouted, "Willie!" and pounded me on the back, and we had a grand old reunion. We hadn't seen each other since I had left Burma, eleven years before.

If he was surprised to see me, he was even more surprised to find my eye in such good condition. And after examining it, he said, "Willie, I think we ought to operate."

I looked at him in astonishment. "What are you talking about? Do you really mean it?"

He explained that he really did think there was a good chance of improving the vision. The operation was a type that he and many other qualified eye surgeons had performed before, although the fact that I had been blind for so many years made my case rather unusual. He told me, however, that there was some risk, as there almost always is when you operate on an eye. He couldn't guarantee that I might not lose the eye altogether.

"This is my last one, doc," I remarked. "But if you think it's worth trying, then I guess I ought to go along with you."

"Now you don't have to rush into this," he said. "You can go home and come back during the Christmas vacation, if you wish. Or I can do the operation tomorrow."

Charlene and I talked it over at lunch with another old friend from the Ledo Road days—Jim Bergan, Jr., who had been Doctor Scheie's technician and who was now with an optical company in Philadelphia. Both Charlene and Jim said the decision was up to me, and finally I said, "O.K. I'll do it."

On the way out to the hospital in the doctor's car he remarked that he could probably work me into his operating schedule that very afternoon if I wanted to get it over with right away. So, before I could change my mind, I was being wheeled into an operating room at the University of Pennsylvania Hospital.

As he pulled on his gown the doctor gave me a quick briefing. "In Burma I was able to remove most of the torn lens from this eye," he said, "but a small remnant remained. There is also a membrane which was formed by the hemorrhage at the time of the injury. What I propose to do is cut through that membrane, hoping it will open up and give you a clear passage for light, and thus for vision. . . . O.K. I guess we're ready."

He first injected alcohol into my left temple to block a nerve and prevent me from blinking, and also anesthetized the eye. Then he slid a small knife under the edge of the cornea and into the anterior chamber. Next he gently slit the obstructing membrane. He told me later it was like slashing a taut curtain or veil, for as he cut the membrane it sprang back on both sides, leaving an opening into the inner chamber of the eye.

Although I was conscious during the operation—which lasted about fifteen minutes—and was aware of a bright light overhead, I couldn't see any details. Nor could I understand the technical talk between the doctors. But I could tell from the tone of their voices that they were pleased with the way things were going. I was pretty sure the operation had been a success.

I was completely sure, a little later, when they took the bandages off and I saw Charlene's face looking down at me. I never knew a postoperative experience could be so wonderful.

My vision before the operation was—well, if you have ever opened your eyes under water while swimming, in muddy water, not clear water, you'll have an idea of what I used to be able to see. Everything was blurry and indistinct. Then, after the operation, it was like sticking your head up out of the water and looking around in the broad daylight. I could see everything very clearly again—for the first time in twelve years.

... ...

Note to My Husband

By Bettie Cassie Liddell

(". . . and it was artist John Singer Sargent who realized that gray hair may in truth be green.")

Have you noticed, dear, my hair
Is not really gray, but green?
And my nimbus, rightly viewed,
Shines with April's vernal sheen?

Say not that you see but frost
On my thatch, which may in truth
Be as green as my heart is
With love unchanged as in my youth.

... ...

The operation was on the Thursday before the Labor Day weekend, and since the doctor and his wife were taking a short holiday, they generously insisted that Charlene and I stay at their home while they were gone. I was in the hospital only three days. When the doctor tested my eye the following Tuesday, he found I could almost read the 20-20 line on the eye chart. I could hardly believe it.

I have already remarked how Christmas-like the Philadelphia streets looked to me at night, the first time I saw them. I was also fascinated at being able to read the flashing news signboard on the front of the Evening Bulletin Building. And just before leaving Philadelphia we went downtown to Jim Bergan's office at the optical company to have a new pair of glasses fitted. I looked out the window and my newly repaired eye picked out a sign across the street.

"I see by the sign," I said proudly, "that they serve cocktails over there. Let's go over and celebrate."

After a quick drink, I brushed aside Jim's offer to hail a taxi for us. I insisted I could do it myself, and, swelled up with my new-found independence, I ushered Charlene into the cab and we were off to the airport and home. It hadn't been the kind of vacation we had planned, but it was far and away the most magnificent one I have ever had.

On the trip home I nearly wore out my eye. There were so many beautiful things

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to look at—the dark, forested hills of Pennsylvania, the green and golden fields of Ohio, the twinkling town lights as evening came on, the faces of the plane passengers, and always, right there beside me, my wonderful wife.

Back in Columbia the streets and buildings all had a brand-new look, much brighter than I remember towns looking when I had last seen them a dozen years before. And our own house on Greenwood Street, I knew approximately what it looked like, but now I could see the cracks in it. As a matter of fact, my old friend, Ray Freese, with whom I roomed when I first came to the university, has recently built a new home for us on Manor Drive.

The pleasure my friends took in my newly restored sight was one of the most heart-warming experiences I have ever had. Mrs. Freese had already spread the word about my operation, and for several days our phone rang constantly as friends called to say how happy they were for me. Mrs. Freese herself came over the first morning we were home, expecting, she said, to find me trying out my eye on some intellectual reading matter, like the Atlantic Monthly or the Sociology Review. Instead I was reading the telephone book.

Looking up phone numbers had been one of those annoying little things I had always had to ask help on, and now I was going to find a few for myself.

I also got a kick out of settling an argument over some historical point one evening by jumping up and going to the encyclopedia. My mother and Charlene and her mother and grandmother were there, and they nearly broke down and cried when they saw me pick up that volume of fine print and read it.

Another thing I now took pleasure in doing for myself was picking out my socks and ties with assurance that the colors would go together. While I was blind I could distinguish only the very brightest colors, and then only if I was quite close to them. I always liked to have Charlene wear a red dress—so I could keep track of her. But I was a flop on socks and ties, and unless Charlene laid them out for me, I was apt to get such loud color combinations that my girl students hooted at them.

Since I could now see almost as well as I could before the injury—although I had only one eye, of course—I wrote to the Veterans' Administration and told them they could reduce my disability pension, which they did.

There were many other areas in which I could now execute a declaration of independence. One that I approached with some trepidation was driving. I had always liked to drive, had been a jeep driver in the Army, and had missed it terribly. So one day after I'd been home a few months I picked up the phone and called the automobile license bureau.

"I want to come down and take a driver's test," I told the young woman who answered, "but I have vision in only one eye. Can I still get a license?"

She then asked me a most surprising question: "Which eye is blind?"

"What?" I exclaimed. "It makes a difference?"

"Yes," she said. "In Missouri, if your left eye is blind you can't drive."

I presume this is because passing cars are always on the driver's left. Luckily, my good eye is my left one. So I went down, told them to give me a stiff test, and passed it with a grade of ninety, which, I was told, was much better than average.

Now, instead of waiting for my wife to pick me up after a class or down at the barbershop corner, which I've been doing for so many years, I do the driving and pick her up. Sometimes, just for the hell of it, I make her wait too.

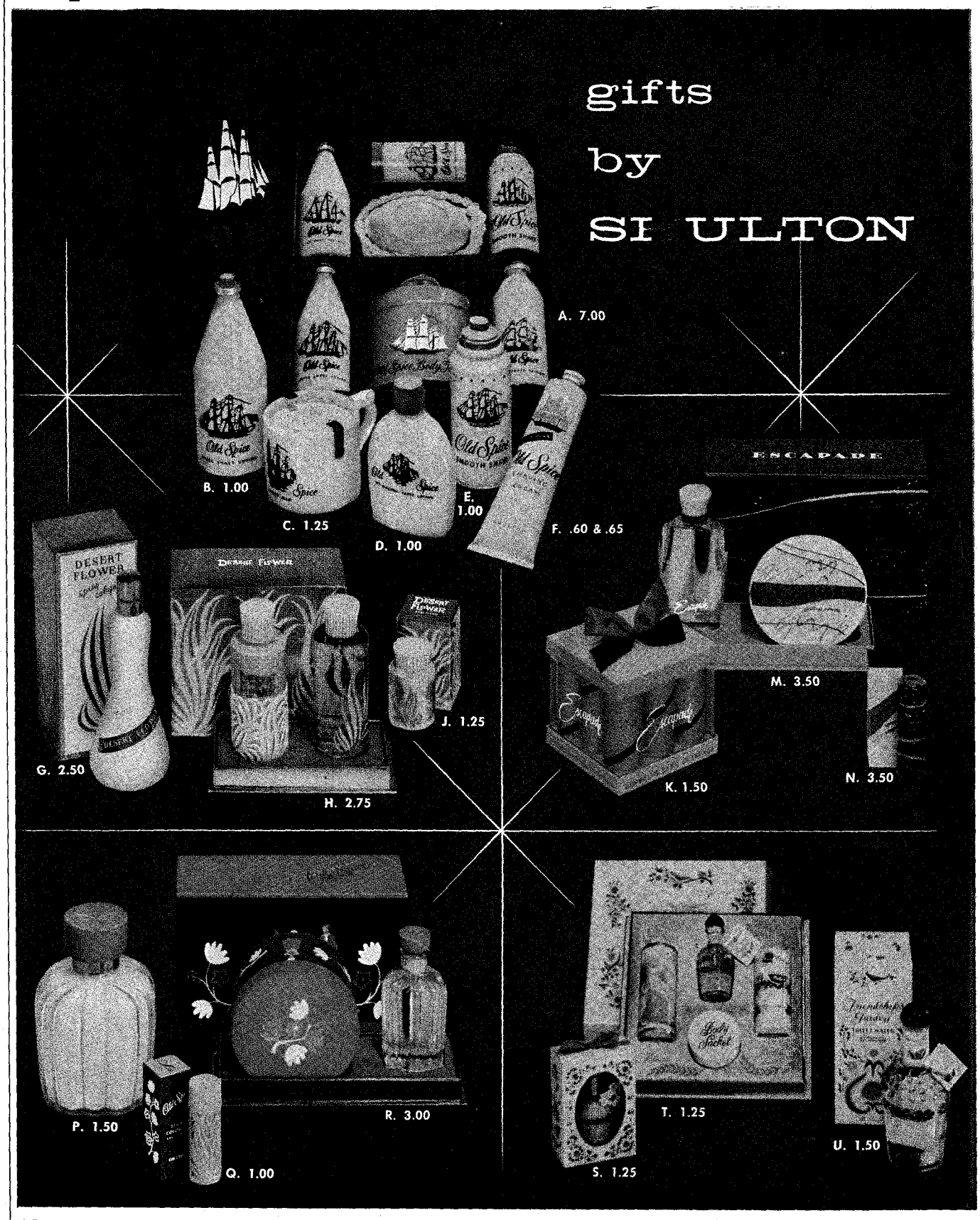
It has now been a year since the surgeon's knife opened the curtain and let me step through into the light of full day again. His gift is something for which I shall never be able to thank him adequately.

And yet I have no bitterness about the twelve years that preceded the operation. I am sure that my blindness helped me see many things more clearly in the field of human relationships, and I hope they have left me better equipped as a sociology teacher and a citizen.

I used to be a prejudiced little devil when it came to religious and racial matters. I grew up in an area where prejudice was deep-seated. I attended segregated schools and held beliefs that I'm not too proud of today. But my blindness, my months in the Army hospitals, where there is no segregation, and my college experiences have completely changed my viewpoint. I'm afraid that I now sometimes become emotional about those who are emotionally prejudiced. But I try to help my students rid themselves of their hatreds of other people, especially of racial groups. I feel this is the biggest and most important job facing the world.

I don't recommend a period of blindness for everyone as the way to improve human understanding. But it seems to me that one cannot be blind very long or handicapped in any way without feeling a kinship with all other handicapped people. And this includes racial minorities, for they are handicapped in a social and economic sense, just as I was handicapped physically. THE END

18 perfect answers for a successful Christmas list



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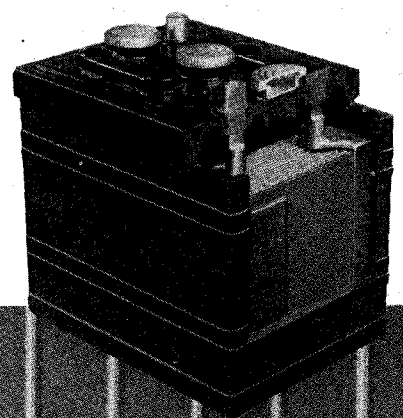

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NEW PLASTIC RIBS GIVE GREAT MECHANICAL STRENGTH

US RUBBER **United States Rubber**

California's Stickiest Business

(Continued from Page 29)

Mission Pak partner John Landis, a brisk, dapper individual, says, "Fruit leaves no hangover."

Perhaps the secret of Mission Pak's success is the extreme lengths to which it goes to insure prompt delivery. In his own handwriting the customer prints the addresses directly on the shipping label—both that of Aunt Abigail in Woonsocket, Rhode Island, and his own. This system ought to be foolproof. But forgetful nephews occasionally address packages to Portland, Oregon, which are intended for Portland, Maine. When the company discovers such a slip, it hustles another package to the correct address.

Should Aunt Abigail suddenly decide to visit her grandchildren in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, the Mission Pak people will forward the original package or send her another when she returns to Woonsocket. If this is unsatisfactory, the purchase price is refunded. When one or two oranges go bad—as they sometimes do—the company replaces the entire package. Mission Pak has even replaced or reimbursed on packages sold by its competitors. "Good public relations for the entire fancy-fruit business," says Landis.

Nobody can pay for a Mission Pak gift and carry it out of the store. It must be shipped, and the purchase price is the same whether the package is sent across Los Angeles or across the United States. The company spends $250,000 annually with Railway Express, $250,000 with the Post Office Department and $150,000 for specially chartered refrigerated trucks that rush last-minute deliveries to Eastern and Midwestern cities. So heavy is the volume of shipping during November and December that Railway Express and the Post Office set up branch offices inside the plant.

This unorthodox business stemmed from the unhappy, pinchpenny boyhood of George Page on a farm near Fremont, Nebraska. He was a frail youth who didn't get along with his stepfather. But he had a kind and wise schoolteacher in Miss Estella Tenbrink. Occasionally she would share her lunch with young George and give him an orange—a treasure seldom encountered.

When he was sixteen—a skinny, freckled-faced kid—he ran away. The Lincoln Highway had recently been laid out to the West Coast and, with $2.16 in his pocket, he started hitchhiking to Los Angeles. He stopped for a couple of weeks in Colorado to help thin peaches, and in Utah to pick potato bugs.

In 1916, jobs in Los Angeles weren't hard to come by. George held two of them: in the daytime he worked as a bus boy at Boos Brothers Cafeteria, at night he was a "soda squirt" for the Pin Ton Soda Fountain. His salary from the two jobs came to thirty-seven dollars a week.

"I bought a few striped silk shirts in those days—like everyone else," Page says. "But I had the idea of getting into business for myself. I was still a Nebraska hayseed, without an education or relatives in business. Something kept gnawing at me. I squirreled away my money until I'd saved a thousand dollars."

Two weeks before Christmas in 1919, Page decided to send a box of California fruit to his mother and brothers in Nebraska. He inquired at several grocery stores and fruit stands, but nobody sold such an item—or wanted to be bothered packing it. He decided to fix up a box and mail it himself.

In the basement of his rooming house he sawed an apple crate lengthwise. He had bought five dollars' worth of oranges, grapefruit, pomegranates, walnuts and avocados—then called "alligator pears"—and he wrapped them in red and green crepe paper.

Fellow roomers poked their heads in the door to see what George was up to.

"Ah-h-h—that junk'll spoil," one of them jeered.

"The railroads will smash the box—and the fruit too," another said.

"It'll freeze," a third predicted gloomily.

Later, however, several of the scoffers sheepishly asked George to prepare similar boxes for them. He packed seventeen that first year and collected one dollar apiece for his efforts. A nagging notion began to shape into a dream: if seventeen fellow boarders would pay for ready-packed boxes of fruit, might not thousands of others in Los Angeles also do so?

The following December, Page took the plunge. He quit his two jobs and rented a vacant store next to the Clark Hotel. It was a busy location and he had to fork out $500 for a month's rent. "In later years we were wheeling and dealing in seven-digit (*Continued on Page 99*)

"Well, then—can you type 10 words a minute?"

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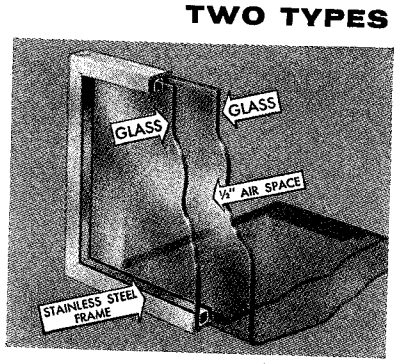

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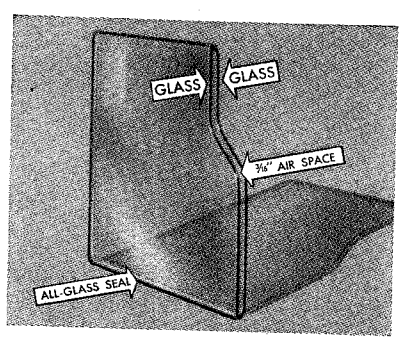

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Pepsi-Cola
refreshes without filling

THIS holiday season, the traditional dishes will all be there—but how the recipes have changed!

The modern taste for lighter, less filling foods has affected even time-honored stuffings and desserts. And the slender waistlines of today's active people show how their wholesome eating habits have paid off.

Today's Pepsi-Cola, reduced in calories, keeps pace with this sensible trend in diet. That's why more people than ever this year will be asking for Pepsi—the modern, the *light* refreshment.

Never heavy, never too sweet, Pepsi-Cola refreshes without filling. Have a Pepsi.

The *Light* refreshment

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(*Continued from Page 96*) figures," he says. "But that first five hundred was the toughest business decision I ever made. Couldn't sleep for a month."

Page labeled his wares "Mission Pak" because he hoped the word "Mission" would suggest the early Franciscan missions of California, where the first West Coast fruits and nuts were grown. "Pak" is California-ese for "pack." During daylight hours the twenty-year-old youth exhibited sample boxes of fruit, assured wary customers that their purchases would arrive in good condition, and accepted orders. At night he rushed to his boardinghouse basement and packed. Next morning he loaded the bundles into a secondhand car and shipped them off. By Christmas Eve he'd done $15,000 worth of business—of which $5000 was profit.

The following year Page opened five stores, and that was only the beginning. To keep occupied during the slack months between January and October, he invested his profits in small bungalows. Today he also buys and sells industrial properties and builds de luxe beach homes.

Despite his business success, Page found his lack of education a handicap. So he finished high school at the age of twenty-five and then studied for two years at the University of Southern California. By the middle 1920's he had begun to travel widely, and in France he chanced upon two things that helped zoom Mission Pak ahead of the mushrooming competition.

One was the glacé process. Up to this time, his company's gift packages had contained dried fruits as well as fresh, but the figs, raisins, apricots and prunes sometimes became mildewed. In Nice, he watched French workers glacé fruit in stone crocks. Though he failed to learn the formula, he returned to Los Angeles, hired a chemist and began to experiment. His process turned out to be superior to the original French method. Instead of merely coating the fruit with a thick sugar sirup, he evolved a technique which replaced the moisture inside with orange-blossom honey.

In this same period one of Page's biggest annoyances was customers who pinched fruit or snitched nuts off samples. To discourage such polite vandalism, he covered the package tops with waxed paper, but it proved difficult to see through. One summer in Paris he found the answer, cellophane, an amazingly transparent material used as wrapping on perfume bottles. He located the manufacturer and ordered a shipment. Page thinks he was the first businessman in the United States to use cellophane.

"The manufacturers offered me the American distribution rights, but I turned them down," he recalls. "Du Pont got the franchise later and made millions on it."

Page experienced his gloomiest moment in 1930 when he used a new kind of adhesive to hang Christmas decorations in rented store windows. To his dismay, he found that silicate of soda in the glue had etched yard after square yard of plate glass.

"I could imagine nothing but bankruptcy," he says. "But I was lucky. We sued the adhesive manufacturer and collected every cent it cost."

During the 1931 season, pretty Juliette Crest went to work for the company as an assistant package designer. She and Page were married a year later.

Packaging once brought a thumping $1000 fine down on Page's head. On January 21, 1937, he appeared in a San Diego justice court and pleaded guilty to a charge of violating the State Agricultural Code. Witnesses testified that the company was selling a "deceptive package"—fruit packed over a false bottom.

"I was busy with other matters," Page maintains, "and didn't have time to fight the case. I expected to pay about twenty-five dollars. The judge really rocked me with that thousand-dollar fine. The matter had been brought to court by local merchants to discourage out-of-town Christmas business. Later the statute under which I was convicted was declared unconstitutional."

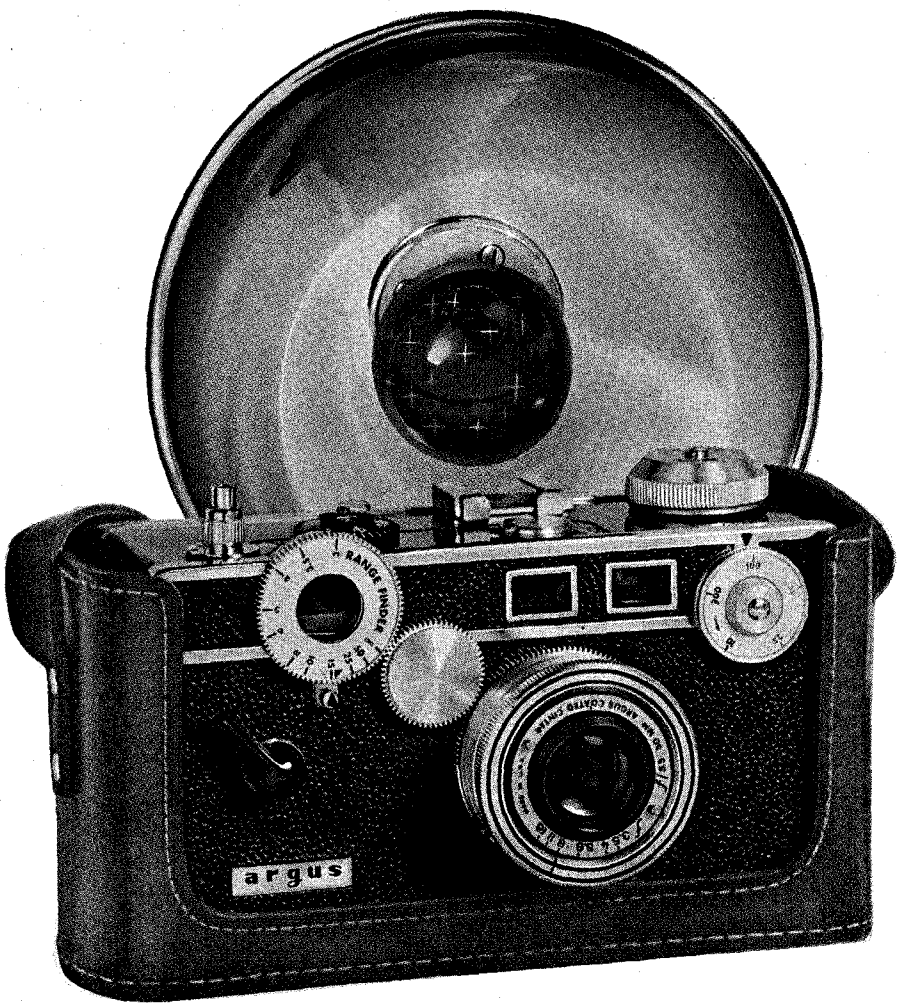
Page always wanted to become a millionaire. Years later, aboard a cruise ship, he recalled this youthful determination and vowed to start easing out of Mission Pak when his net worth reached $1,000,000.

"I was always nervous about betting my entire bank roll on next year's sales," he says. "I ran a one-man show and was haunted by the possibilities of being laid up with a broken leg, a big freeze that would wipe out the fruit crop or a major earthquake just before Christmas. I'd made enough to live comfortably and had no desire to wind up the richest man in the cemetery."

In 1943, he found associates in Albert Waxenberg, who had come to Los Angeles after successfully operating department stores in Moline and Rock Island, Illinois, and John Landis, a commodity expert who had been president of the Coffee Corporation of America, an independent roasting and distributing company. Page now holds a nonvoting interest in Mission Pak and remains active in the company as a consultant.

Waxenberg and Landis brought modern, aggressive merchandising methods to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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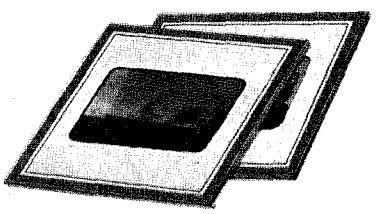

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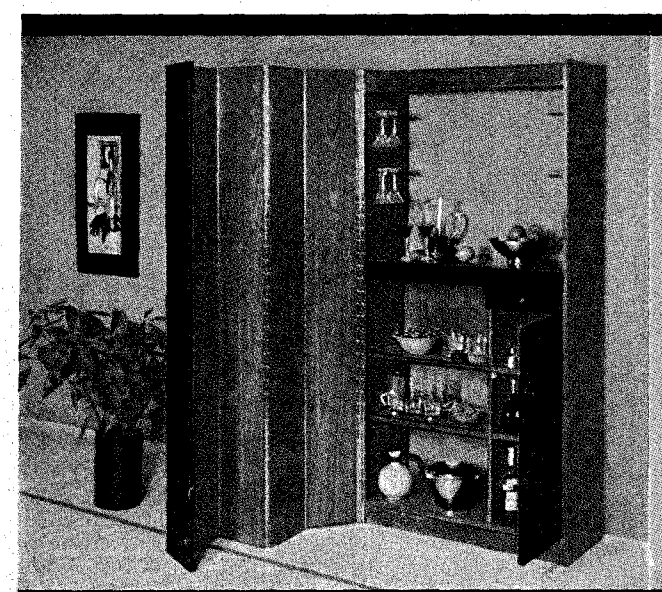

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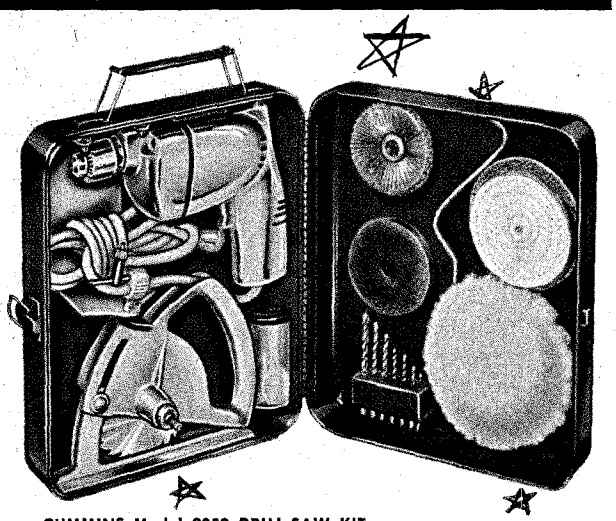

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Mission Pak—increasing sales volume eight times over 1943. The company now employs 150 full-time workers in its rambling, raspberry-pink warehouse in downtown Los Angeles, and hires 1000 more packers and 500 salesmen at the crescendo of Christmas operations.

Mission Pak's five fruit buyers range California like a crew of big-league-baseball scouts. They know the first name of almost every rancher in the state, and are free with technical advice on how to grow and harvest the premium stuff. Mammoth fruit is produced by heavy fertilization and thinning the crop down to a few prize specimens on each tree. Tender-skinned pears, figs and apricots are packed in crates lined with cotton batting. Some growers, if hard pressed for cash, are subsidized as high as $5000 by Mission Pak when their trees bear a promising crop.

This policy of buying jumbo-sized, fancy-quality fruit has been a boon to California agriculture because, oddly enough, super-large specimens are not readily marketable through regular channels.

"Put a soup-bowl-sized orange in the grocery store, and the housewife will ignore it for a smaller orange that is easier to squeeze," says Page. "But wrap a dozen of these beauties in cellophane and you've created magic that people remember."

With the exception of pineapple, which comes from Hawaii, the company's fruits and nuts are grown in California. Mission Pak has almost singlehandedly supported California's date industry and has taken a sizable part of the crop of the California Walnut Growers, the Sunkist Growers, Inc., and Calavo (avocados). Gift orders received by these organizations are turned over to Mission Pak.

Husky, black-haired Lee Palm, who started in the business twenty years ago washing pots and pans, now superintends a crew of white-aproned, rubber-gloved chefs who glacé orange peel and pears in January, whole tangerines in February, grapefruit peel in March, apricots in June, pineapple and cherries in July, black figs and peaches in August, white figs in September and dates in October.

Where the average cannery prepares fruit in 500- or 1000-pound lots, Mission Pak's stainless-steel kettles never process more than ten pounds at a time. "This prevents fruits on the bottom from being crushed," Palm explains. The fruit is given six "cooks" in orange-blossom honey over an eight-week period. Then it is stored in honey up to a year so that osmosis may continue. "Every fruit is handled as gingerly as a glass Christmas-tree ornament," Palm says.

For seven years the company experimented with various fruitcake recipes, contracting them out to commercial bakers. None proved entirely satisfactory.

One day Mrs. Ramona Swanson, Waxenberg's secretary, asked, "Did it ever occur to you what fruitcakes are made of?"

"Glacéed fruit, mostly."

"Well," she said, "why don't we try making fruitcakes out of our own glacéed fruit instead of the commercial variety?"

They did, and produced a unique confection which consists of 90 per cent candied fruit and 10 per cent batter. Some people don't like it because it's "sickly sweet," but the public buys about 100,000 of the cakes annually.

For nine months of the year, the Mission Pak plant is a cool, sweet-smelling, muted place. Waxenberg and Landis play a lot of golf, Page isn't seen for weeks at a time, Palm takes a day off now and then to go deep-sea fishing. But comes October first and the plant begins to hum.

In late October more than 1,500,000 four-color catalogues are mailed to former customers and new prospects. From November first on, the labor force expands rapidly. Most packers are nimble-fingered Mexican-American women. Under an incentive plan, they average about $1.50 an hour and some make as much as $600 during the preholiday season.

Because glacéed fruits come in the goofiest sizes and shapes, nobody has yet figured out how to mechanize the packing process. Furthermore, their stickiness gums up the works. Engineers from the Food Machinery and Chemical Corporation took one look at the problem and threw up their hands in despair.

Packaging is crucial to the fancy-fruit business. The Mission Pak people spend thousands of dollars each year creating novel arrangements of redwood, cardboard, cellophane and silk ribbons. New packages are tested in "trial runs" by being shipped between Los Angeles and New York several times. Ribbon-tying itself is a highly specialized art, and at Mission Pak, Mrs. Theresa Adams directs a staff of four girls who labor all year knotting attractive silken bows.

During the year the real-estate division under Landis seeks locations for the seventy-three-store chain Mission Pak will establish almost overnight in California's principal cities. (Only two Los Angeles stores—one at 620 S. Hill Street, the other at 6564 Hollywood Boulevard—are permanent.) Landis is prepared to offer from $200 to $10,000 in rent to get the locations he wants. Adjoining stores seldom raise objections, because Mission Pak's heavy advertising program lures additional Christmas shoppers to the block.

Equipment for Mission Pak stores is standardized and packed in field kits—enabling the operation to be set up rapidly. An installation and display crew can move into an empty store on a Monday and be ready for business by Wednesday morning.

Mission Pak once employed men on its sales force. But during World War II, when manpower was at an ebb, the company found that women were more patient and would work for less pay. Now only women are employed—preferably the gray-haired, grandmotherly type.

"We've found low-pressure selling to be the most effective," says Landis. "If any employee is caught urging a customer to buy, she's fired on the spot."

Mrs. Silas C. Baker, sixty-five-year-old wife of a Southern Pacific Railroad engineer, is a typical Mission Pak saleslady. A veteran of sixteen years with Mission Pak, she worked her way up to managership of the San Bernardino store and has recruited two daughters and a granddaughter for the business. Every October she visits the Los Angeles headquarters to resign, but ends up agreeing to stay "just one more year."

By December first Mission Pak has paid out a king's ransom for fruit, labor, rent and overhead—and has hardly taken in enough cash to square the electric-light bill.

"That's when we all start getting jittery," says Page. "We know everything's going to come out all right. Always has. But with several million bucks riding on the whims of the public, those butterflies start flapping around in your stomach. We all work fourteen to sixteen hours a day, toss around sleeplessly at night, and act as grouchy as bee-stung bears."

But the miracle of Mission Pak comes off on schedule each Christmas. It seems destined to do so as long as Californians retain a compulsion to impress folks "back home" with gifts that symbolize their sunshiny adopted state.

THE END

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Trial by Teen-Agers (Continued from Page 31)

Richard H. M. Swann, of the Municipal Court in Miami, Florida, after the experiment had been going four months, "by the sincerity of the defendants, the members of the jury and the juvenile spectators. The verdicts of the juries have all been fair, and the young people of Franklin County seem to have a renewed interest in traffic safety. I feel that the juvenile-jury system impresses highway safety not only upon the defendants but also upon the twelve young people who pass upon their cases."

Judge Darnell declines to offer categorical explanations for the drop in traffic violations in and around Kentucky's state capital. But he does see significance in the fact that the teen-age courts have attracted widespread attention in the county. When school is open, the courtroom is jammed with boys and girls from the civics courses. Possibly the young people have been persuaded that careful driving makes sense, quite apart from their dislike of being judged by their beaux or best girls.

Whatever the causes, the statistics are compelling. In September, 1955, three months before the first court was held, twenty-three youngsters had sinned against traffic safety—that is, this many were caught. But word of what lay ahead apparently spread rapidly. In December, when the first batch of juvenile jurors sat in the box, there were only eleven offenders. The curve continued downward: January, 1956, nine; February, seven; March, six; April, four; May, three. And on the June day of this year, when we watched the proceedings, only two young sad sacks were in the clutches of the law. In July another pair were in court.

"If you put me out of business," Judge Darnell says, beaming at both jurors and defendants, "it's perfectly O.K. by me."

Possibly the youthful juries will do just that, although Darnell won't really be out of a job. In addition to sitting in the Juvenile Court, he presides over the County Criminal Court, the Civil Court and the Probate Court. Quite apart from his interest in reducing accidents and death on the highways and streets, he needs more time for these other judicial duties. And then, of course, there is the matter of the higher insurance rates charged on cars driven by boys under twenty-five. The premiums are heavier, by a good deal, nearly everywhere in the United States, than they are for adults. In this respect it should be noted that adolescent females are far less of a menace. Susie's parents are not forced to pay an additional 25 per cent or more. For that matter, males under twenty-five are not usually penalized, either, if they are married. Marriage, insist the insurance-company mathematicians, is a stabilizer at the wheel of an automobile.

The data in the Juvenile Court at Frankfort bear out these theories. No girl has yet stood trial, nor has any pre-twenty-five benedict. Paul C. Chenault, now an insurance broker in the city and formerly with the Kentucky Insurance Department, has no doubt that the teen-age juries are effective in cutting traffic violations. Parents in the area pay about 36 per cent more for a standard liability policy if they permit their under-twenty-five bachelor to drive the family car. In time, if the current trend continues, the courts may mean added cash in father's bank account.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Well, that's what I'm giving my husband and if he doesn't like it he can lump it."

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Longines Christmas gift watches—left: Wellington Automatic, fully protected against all common watch hazards, 14K gold, $210; right: Symphony "D", diminutive elegance in fine 14K gold, $135. Prices include Federal tax.
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One of the seventeen-year-olds who started the teen-age-jury idea had some basis for his temerity. Ted, as we will call him, since his real name is protectively embalmed in the Juvenile Court files, had for some years delivered papers where Judge Darnell lived, and so knew him fairly well. The second boy had no claim to distinction except that, ironically, both Ted and he had won one of the monthly safe-driver citations of the Frankfort Junior Chamber of Commerce.

Their fleeting virtue was undoubtedly responsible for the light sentences handed down. In addition to losing their licenses for two months, the boys were ordered to attend a traffic school, then being conducted by the Young Men's Christian Association. The meetings of the school, now run by the Veterans of Foreign Wars, did not bother Ted particularly. They are given over to talks by troopers of the Kentucky State Police, movies of highway accidents and driving lessons. Judge Darnell usually attends and was approached by Ted at one of the sessions.

"Your honor," he said, "I'd like to have a word with you."

"Go ahead."

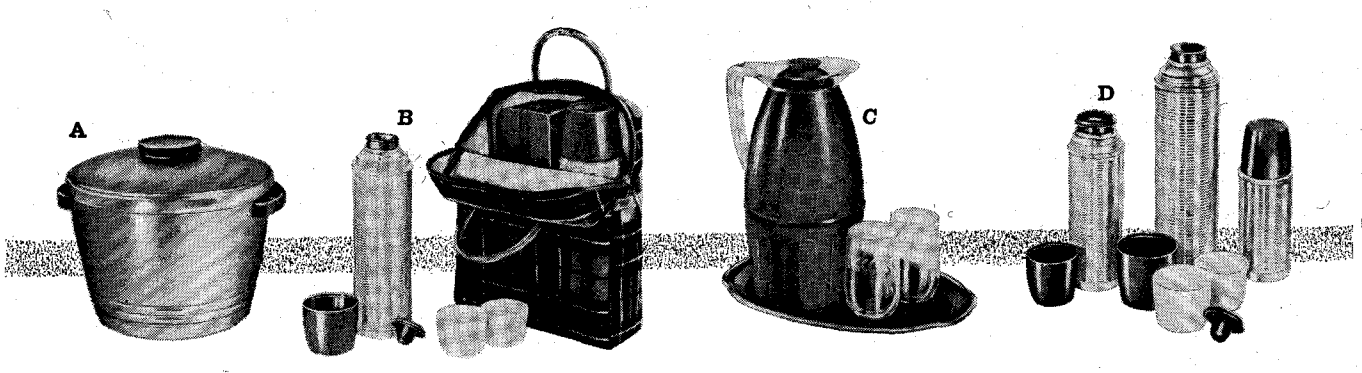
"It's like this. To deny a man his driving license is taking away his livelihood. How can I deliver my papers without a car? I don't think it's constitutional."

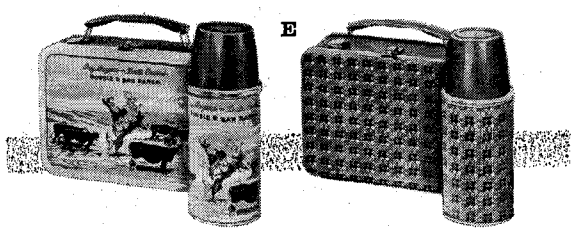
"But you did race through the streets at seventy miles an hour, didn't you?" asked the judge. "You know you might have killed yourself or somebody else. What do you propose?"

Ted mumbled that he had been driving too fast all right; hadn't he pleaded guilty? Then he came up with the suggestion that teen-age traffic violators be tried by juries consisting of boys and girls from the seven high schools of Franklin County. To his credit, perhaps because he is the father of three potential lawbreakers, Darnell kept a straight face and later explored the possibilities. No legal obstacles stood in the way, although two years would pass before the new court was functioning. Kentucky's Youth Authority Act, recently passed, had given much broader discretion to the Juvenile Court. Prior to it, the court could either turn the offender loose or send him to the reform school. The amended law permitted probation or almost any penalty short of a fine or a jail sentence.

Judge Darnell was raised in Franklin County, however, and knew his community well; he realized it would be a mistake to move too fast. The judge was entitled to the public confidence that he possessed in Frankfort, a small quiet city of about 20,000 people. He had abandoned a lucrative law practice to go on the bench. So people listened when he sought the co-operation of the school authorities and the city and state police. County superintendent of schools Charles Hart said he would ask the high-school principals to compile lists of prospective jurors between the ages of sixteen and nineteen; the only qualification for service was that they must be licensed to drive. Principals Roy Bondurant, of Bald Knob; Ronald Connelly, of the Elkhorn High School; and the Rev. Joseph A. O'Dwyer, of Good Shepherd, among others, agreed to do so.

Thereupon the judge of the Juvenile Court announced the rules. The county district attorney or a member of his staff would prosecute where pleas of not guilty were entered—it would turn out that there were few such pleas. Local lawyers had volunteered to be counsel for the defense, without compensation. The jurors could be challenged, just as in any other trial. Challenges have been quite frequent. The district attorney, having done some research, has asked whether the jury is packed with the defendant's friends. Defense lawyers have guarded against possible high-school enmities. It was not intended that adolescent grudges should be worked out in a court of law. Judge Darnell, a stickler for impartiality, upheld the challenges unless they were friv-





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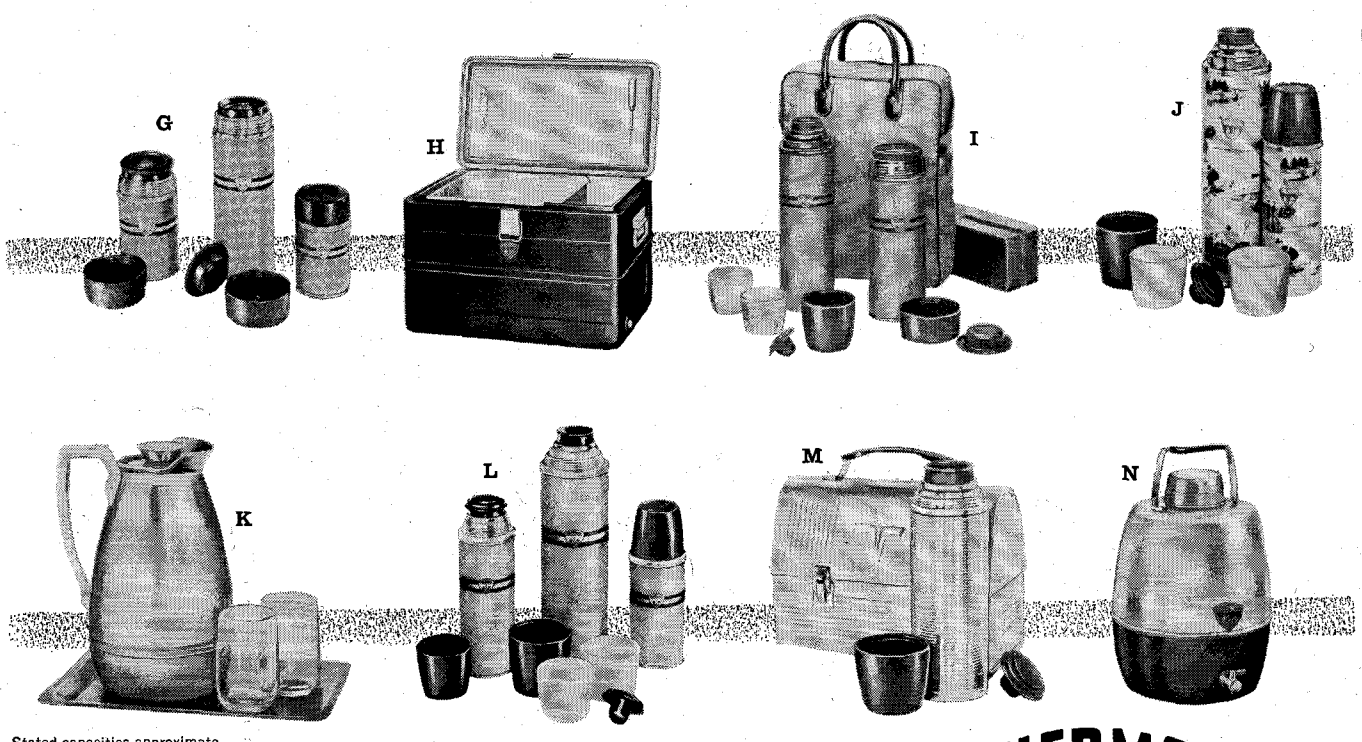

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By Dorothy Faubion

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dowager-aged,
Corpulently foliaged,
Old orange trees, neglected,
stand
Knee-deep in rank alfalfa
and,
Honey-scented, blandly
wear
Heirloom birds' nests in
their hair;
Waiting in old-age
ignorance
The subdivider's brash
advance;
Soon to become brief
memories
To dislodged birds,
disgruntled bees.

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olous. He explained, however, one major difference between grown-up and teen-age juries.

"The verdict of the jury," he pointed out, "is strictly a recommendation of punishment and guilt, and the court will reserve the right to reject the recommendation in case the verdict is flagrantly against the evidence."

The limitation was perfectly obvious. The boys and girls are minors, so their decisions can have no legality until they have the weight of judicial approval. Yet every single verdict had been upheld by Darnell six months later, when we visited the teen-age court. The jurors filed into the box before the court convened at nine o'clock—five boys in their shirt sleeves and without neckties, and five attractive girls wearing summer frocks and socks.

"It's vacation time," the judge said, "and under the rules we can go ahead with ten jurors. But don't any of you have a friend who might like to be on a jury?"

"I can get one girl," volunteered a youth.

"That all the girls you know?" asked Darnell amid laughter. The boy went out to telephone.

Before long the eleventh juror, another pretty girl, panted in and took her seat. At the counsel table were William A. Young, the Franklin County attorney, and Herbert D. Liebman, of the Frankfort bar, who had offered to act for the defendants. In the back of the room sat several state troopers, looking as stern and ominous as police invariably look at a trial. A few minutes after the hour, Darnell called the court to order. Smoking continued, but not on the part of the teen-agers.

For each session of these courts, Judge Darnell prepares a new charge to the jury, for the sound reason that he wants to avoid anything which might seem routine or prosaic. These boys and girls, he argues, are almost certainly having their first contact with that sometimes forgotten part of the American dream—the orderly, just, wise and swift administration of the law. Darnell's good-natured joking stopped abruptly. The courtroom was quite still, even solemn, as he began his charge to the youngsters, and this was so despite the Kentucky heat, the shirt sleeves and the occasional cigarette. It was doubtless as informal as the Kentucky juvenile law insisted. But the court, the county attorney and the defense lawyer addressed defendants and jurors, alike, as "Miss" or "Mister."

"The court instructs the jury," said Juvenile Judge Darnell as the sun shone through the open windows, "that you will determine from the evidence you have heard whether or not you feel that the defendant is guilty beyond a reasonable doubt of the charge we placed against him. If you find him not guilty, you will so state in your verdict. If you find him guilty, you will recommend to the court what punishment you feel will impress upon the defendant the need for safe driving, with the view of leaving with the defendant a lasting impression of the offense for which he is charged.

"You cannot, under the law, impose a fine or a jail sentence. But we have a traffic school which meets monthly. You may sentence him to traffic school for any number of sessions you desire. You may recommend suspension of his driver's license for a period up to one year. You may have other ideas of your own. We want this to be your court. I would like to admonish you to let the punishment fit the crime, but remember to temper justice with mercy."

When court had recessed, we asked Judge Darnell whether the boys and girls understood that old but somewhat tricky phrase, "guilty beyond a reasonable doubt." Did they confuse it, as adult jurors so often did, with guilt beyond the

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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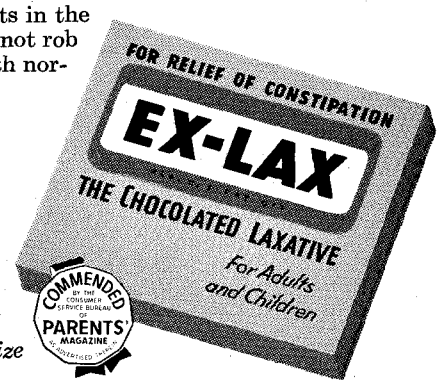
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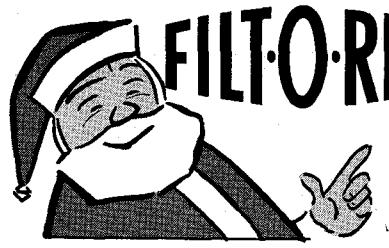

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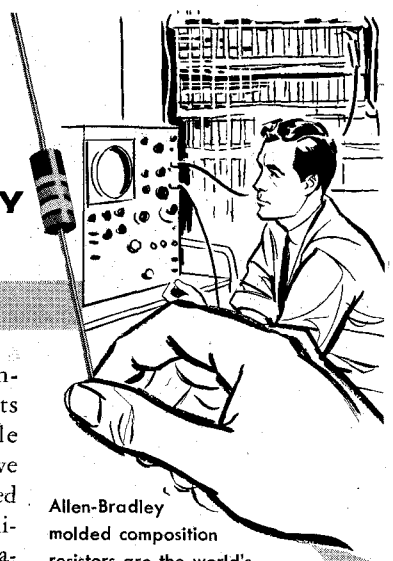

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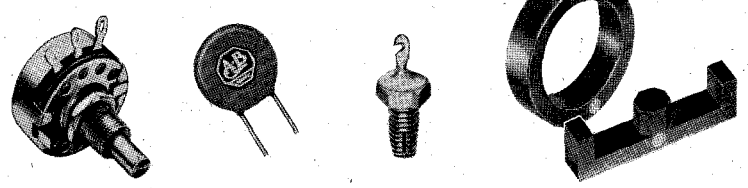

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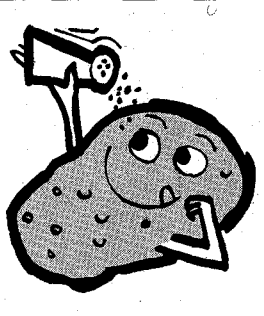

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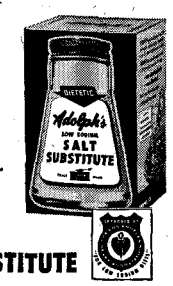

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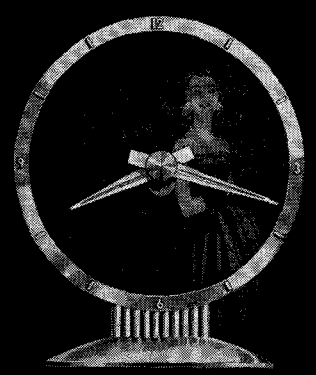

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possibility of a doubt? He answered that, in his opinion, they knew precisely what it meant. Darnell observed that the jurors were at least high-school juniors, that most were seniors. Somewhat lugubriously, he contrasted teen-age I.Q. with the level of intelligence which occasionally turned up on his adult juries, when not enough jurors had been summoned for the trials on the calendar. Then the sheriff's men would go out into the streets and the taverns to pick up emergency ones, and Judge Darnell had more than a reasonable doubt about the mentality of some of them.

Originally, four defendants had been scheduled to appear at the June sessions of the court. One had been granted a month's adjournment, however, and a second failed to show up—a grievous mistake, as one of the state policemen was ordered to arrest him and produce him in Darnell's chambers. Defense Attorney Liebman went into a rear room to confer with the two boys on hand.

"I regret to say," he reported a few minutes later, "there isn't any defense. They both plead guilty."

The first defendant, looking particularly sheepish as he faced the high-school jurors, was nineteen and a freshman at the University of Kentucky—in short, a university man. He illustrated another feature of the new system in Franklin County. Defendants who have passed their eighteenth birthday, but not their twenty-first, may elect to stand trial in the Juvenile Court if they are still in school or college. The purpose of this, Judge Darnell explained, is to allow them to avoid court costs and the possibility of a fine. It was his considered belief, he added, that youths still seeking an education should use their money toward that end, not for the benefit of the county taxpayers.

Joe College, his face revealing a devout wish that he were somewhere else, heard one of the state troopers testify that he had been driving at eighty-five miles on the Lexington-Frankfort highway. He had been clocked for a quarter of a mile.

"No questions," said his lawyer resignedly.

The court then asked the jurors whether they had any objection to hearing the evidence in both the cases before they retired. They had none. The second defendant was less of a villain. He was merely absent-minded. Always intending to obtain an operator's license, he had somehow forgotten to do so. Thus no testimony apart from that of the arresting officers was needed, and the teen-agers filed into the jury room. They emerged in about a quarter of an hour with the verdicts written and signed by Freddy Rosenberg, aged sixteen, the foreman. Judge Darnell appoints a different boy or girl to serve as foreman of each jury, on the ground that this is also excellent training in the functioning of the jury system.

"Melvin Penn and I were foremen of two juries," reported one youth in his high-school paper, "and it was an experience I will remember all my life. It was a privilege and a great help to me in becoming a citizen."

The day's verdicts were handed to Judge Darnell, who read them from the bench. Regarding Joe College: "We, the jury, recommend the following punishment; that the defendant attend traffic school for four sessions."

Defendant No. 2: "We recommend . . . that the defendant write a five-hundred-word essay on The Purpose of Having a Driver's License, by July 1, and attend traffic school for one session."

These sentences, duly reported in the newspapers, with the names of the jurors but not of the defendants, aroused mild criticism in Frankfort on the ground that they were too soft. Yet Joe College, denied the use of the family car by his parents, had to commute to the traffic school by bus from a summer job in a boys' camp. The round trip was over 100 miles. And No. 2 found writing an essay during vacation such anguish that Judge Darnell had to grant an extension of two weeks, after which he met the deadline. It should be noted that adolescent speed demons who injure or kill anybody or who damage property do not rate trial by their peers. They are subject, with some limitations, to the same jurisdiction as grown-ups. Their (*Continued on Page 106*)

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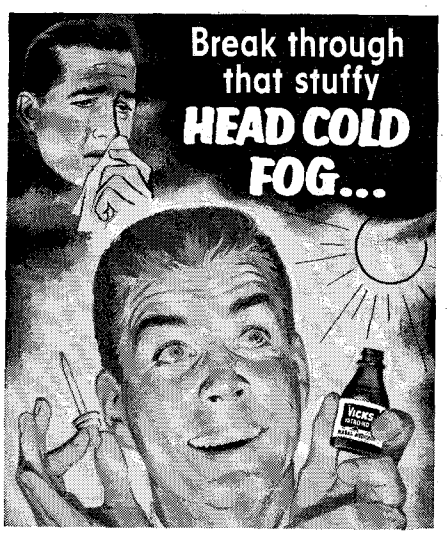

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Judge John Darnell and teen-age jurors outside the Franklin County, Ky., courthouse. "If you put me out of business, it's perfectly O.K. by me," he once told them.

(*Continued from Page 104*) parents are liable for damages.

A meeting of the traffic school was held at the clubhouse of the Veterans of Foreign Wars while we were in Frankfort, and that month's defendants as well as a voluntary sprinkling of other high-school boys and girls were present. Damon Harrison, of the V.F.W., a former schoolteacher, presided and opened the session on a note of solemnity. He hoped, he said, that attendance would never be limited to the culprits who came by court order. The more who came, the better, and parents were always welcome too. The programs, Harrison said, would be varied; there would be a good deal for even adults to learn about safe driving. In the hour which followed, these particular adults learned that he had been stating a fact.

The principal speaker that evening was Cpl. William K. Juett, of the Kentucky State Police. An impressive young man in his gray uniform, with his gun on his hip, he gave an extremely intelligent talk on the reasons behind slaughter on the highway. Corporal Juett did not scold or threaten and told no horror stories. But he addressed his remarks to the pair of violators, who squirmed restlessly and unhappily.

"You don't have to be bright to drive a car; any idiot can do that," he said in part. "Teen-agers, because they are young and fit, with first-class reflexes, are the best drivers on the road, or could be. But they account for more of the accidents. Only fifteen per cent of all drivers in Kentucky are teen-agers, but they cause twenty-five per cent of the accidents. Figure that one out!"

The state trooper went on to summarize the principal causes. Speed came first, and he warned that excessive speed could in some cases be within the legal limit. A second major cause was defective brakes, at which we did a little squirming on our own part.

"I suppose most of you drove here tonight," Juett said. "Did you check your brakes before you started?

"The modern automobile," he concluded, "is a thing of luxury or a lethal weapon. Who is going to stop the accidents? Not the police—you! Maybe we can save your life, but only if you let us. You two fellows got arrested, and you were lucky."

Such forthright stuff has been handed to the young drivers of Franklin County at least once a month for four years—long before the juvenile juries—and has been at least as much of a factor in cutting the traffic violations. Judge Darnell believes, however, that a really major influence is the youngsters' distaste for being haled before schoolmates. He told about the son of a close friend who had been arrested for some minor offense and came to the judge's home.

"Can't we work out something, judge?" the boy begged. "I just can't go in front of those kids!"

"We don't make exceptions for friends, Jimmy," Darnell replied. "You'll have to go."

Opinion is not unanimous in Frankfort, on the other hand, that fear of ridicule is invariably a deterrent. High-school principals Bondurant and Connelly approved heartily of the educational value of the courts and urged their students to attend the sessions. But they felt that the more brash among the boys gained little respect for the police and the law. The penalties were too light. What such potential highway killers really fear, the high-school men said, was suspension or revocation of driving licenses. Judge Darnell is quite aware of such criticism and keeps in close touch with the Franklin County educators. Without their cooperation the whole idea would, of course, collapse.

An outside observer, studying the records of the teen-age courts, would be inclined to agree that there should be more suspensions and longer ones. Bill Blank, for instance, was driving without an operator's license. He was a brash smart aleck. On the day of his case, he did not turn up in court and was brought in by the police. Even then, Bill figured that he could outsmart the jury and pleaded not guilty.

This time a heated trial took place. The boy said he had lost his certificate, but it was established that he was a liar. The sentence, however, was merely that he obtain a license and that he write a 500-word theme on why he had not appeared in court. Another youth, caught for reckless driving, was ordered to count the traffic signs between the Courthouse and the Bald Knob High School. The written verdict revealed that spelling among the Frankfort teen-agers, as nearly everywhere else, could be improved. If the boy failed to count the signs, the jury warned, "we will revoke your lience for a month." Still another youth was convicted of "wreckless driving."

The whole matter of stiffer sentences lies in the hands of Judge Darnell, obviously. Just as he charged one jury "to temper justice with mercy," he does not believe that undue severity is necessarily a preventive. But if the number of traffic violations should rise sharply or take a more serious form, he would reject verdicts and sentences which did not fit the crime.

Cases have arisen where the boy and girl jurors can be both sophisticated and realistic. One of the early ones concerned Fred and Sally. The Frankfort police had arrested Fred for speeding while Sally was in the car. Perhaps it was the male contingent on the jury which felt that there might have been extenuating circumstances; no record is kept, of course, of the jury-room deliberations. In any event, when Fred admitted his guilt, he was ordered to attend the traffic school for a period, and the jury added the recommendation "that the girl, if possible, should attend with him."

This proved wholly possible, not to say delightful. During the meetings at which they were lectured about safe driving, shown movies and given lessons, their friendship ripened into love. They were married and have been living together happily for about a year. THE END

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Missing in Action

(Continued from Page 35)

went down to Immigration. She had only to state clearly, that first day, that she was unmarried and didn't know what they were talking about. But curiosity led her to stall, in hopes of finding out what went with Howie; and before she got out of there she had run into the weirdest part of the whole snafu: the child was actually there at the port of entry.

How he had got that far was a mystery buried under snarls of red tape. Apparently he had passed very fast through a great many hands, like a little hot potato; and—well, anyway, here he was. They let Annie see him, and still another disparity was plain to her at once. The child was at least four years old. He could not have been Howard Johnson's son by any conceivable stretch. "But"—she turned to the inspectors blankly—"but this ——"

Almost accidentally she put her hand on the child, and instantly he wrapped his small arms around hers and clung. She looked down wonderingly at this tiny Asiatic boy, lost on the far side of the world from anyone who could even understand what he said. Probably he would not have been here if anyone had been left alive to love him and care for him in the land from which he came.

"Of course I'm Mrs. Johnson," Annie said. "What do you want me to sign?"

It wasn't so easy as that. According to statute, it wasn't possible at all. Annie didn't know, then, that an act of Congress was her only hope. But she did know with total certainty, from the very first, that she was going to take care of this child and somehow keep him with her until Howie came home. If he was coming home.

"I don't get this," Aunt Millie said. "If you were in love with Howie and this were really his kid—but it's not."

"He trusted me," Annie said.

"While he was out of his head?"

"In his right mind or not, he proved he trusted me. All my life I'll always know that."

Howard Johnson had not been out of his mind. Confused, certainly, and without much left to do with, but not deluded. He knew he was not married to Annie, and that he hadn't fooled around with any Korean girl either. He hadn't had any chance to. Johnson knew the Korean waif only as "Bo"; and he had never expected, when he wrote his fraudulent statement, that it would stand up as long as it did.

Two nights before, as he lay in the rain wondering where he was, such a swindle was farthest from his mind. Howard Johnson was one of a patrol that had managed to get itself cut off behind the enemy. Their outfit had been getting a bunch of intelligence indicating an unbelievably strong enemy build-up in front of it. This patrol was one of several sent out to see what was actually there. Rumors from Panmunjom had been shrugged off for a long time; they had no way of knowing, that night they set out, that they were just five days from cease-fire.

There had been twelve of them then—ten riflemen, plus a sergeant and a corporal. Moving skillfully, they penetrated the enemy's outpost chain. The Reds seemed to sense that something was happening, without knowing just what it was; machine guns swept the terrain over which they had come, closing the way back. They went deeper, circling behind the enemy in search of a way out. For three days and nights they had crawled and dodged and hidden; their corporal and two riflemen were dead.

But now the sounds of a fairly angry fire fight, ending only when the monsoon rain sheeted in, had guided them to an American battalion dug in on the opposite ridge. It was so close there surely must be a way to get to it, through the commies between. The sergeant and two others had gone looking for it, leaving the rest belly-down in the rain.

Just before dawn the rain stopped, and as the ground mist cleared, the six wet riflemen began to see where they were. If any had not learned to stay where they were told, they got a lesson in it now. They were strung out along the edge of a narrow shelf. One end of it trailed off into a slope that a goat might climb, but in front of them it fell off in a sheer drop.

Johnson counted the others where they lay, spaced out in thin brush. None were sleepwalkers, apparently. Something else was moving among them, close to the ground, a few yards from Johnson. After a moment he saw it was the Korean kid. The child was a very thin, little, sober-faced boy, so tiny he might have been two, but handling himself as if he were older. Sergeant Rajovic had picked him up somewhere along the way and shoved him off on the rest of them to carry. Nobody complained. They didn't know exactly where they were trying to take the little boy, but there didn't seem to be any place to put him down.

Johnson now saw the child crawl to the edge of the drop and peer over. "Hey," Johnson said. A clod crumbled under the child's hand; he tried to turn back and a knee slipped. Johnson stared, hypnotized, while the kid subsided over the edge, disappearing slowly. At the last moment Johnson made a scrambling dive and grabbed him. The little guy didn't whimper. That grave, little, wide-eyed face had never changed, not to smile, not to cry, since they had had him.

"Me H'ard," Johnson said to him, using the mispronunciation the others had fallen into. "You say H'ard? Me H'ard."

Floyd Hoxie said, "Don't you believe him. He's softer than life at HQ."

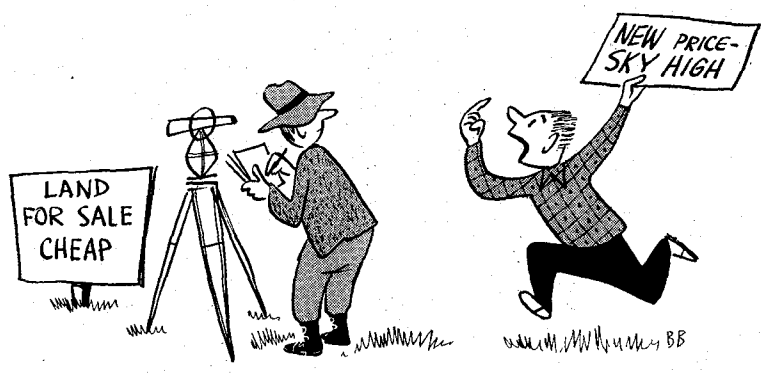
"H'ard," Johnson repeated. "Come on—say H'ard!"

"Bo," said the child. It was his first remark.

"Bo to you, too," said Johnson, and the little boy looked up at him. "Hey, I think his name's Bo."

"Hi, Bo," said Hoxie, and the little boy turned his grave eyes. "By gosh, I guess it is, at that," Hoxie conceded, without much interest; and they went back to their red-eyed scanning of the terrain.

They could see the crest of the opposite ridge now, behind drifting rags of mist, but no sign of our troops showed. Below, the floor of the valley was covered with paddies, neatly laid out, but churned and cratered everywhere. Johnson began to see a few mud-colored specks, moving about where broken walls hid them from the battalion on the ridge. And a little after that he made out the slit trenches—a little group of them first, then more and more, until he knew that the whole valley was crawling with enemy troops, division after division, as far up and down the valley as he could see. The American battalion over there was going to bear the brunt of one (*Continued on Page 110*)



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Joe's motel on the main highway was a gold mine, but he was unable to sell the rolling acres behind it even for a song. When the state rerouted the highway to the far side of his property and came to buy a right of way, however, Joe jacked his price sky-high. The state condemned his property at the lower price he had been asking. Joe thereupon sued for the difference.

"Joe can't kick," the state's lawyer said. "We're paying him just what he asked all along for his land."

"That may be fair for ordinary selling," Joe replied, "but they're buying my land to ruin my motel business by relocating the highway. So the price for the land should compensate me for the motel loss."

If you were the judge, would you make the state pay the extra price?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The state did not have to pay extra. The court ruled that highways are built for public travel, not to enhance property values along the route. "The state owes no duty to send public travel past people's doors," it said. "Benefits which come and go with changing currents of public travel are not matters in which any individual has any vested right."

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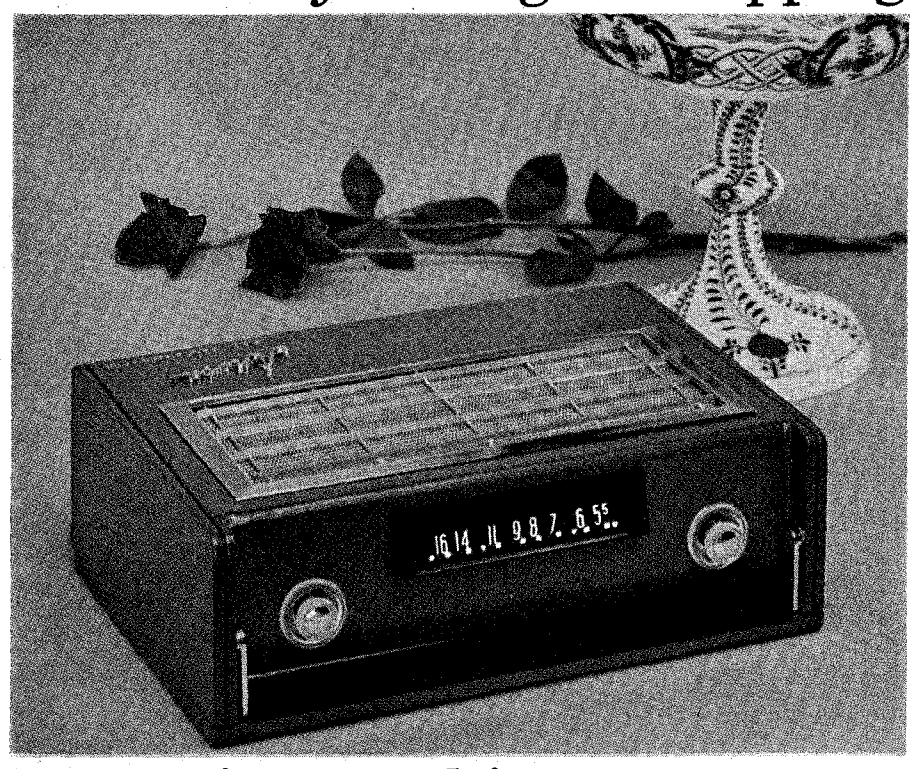

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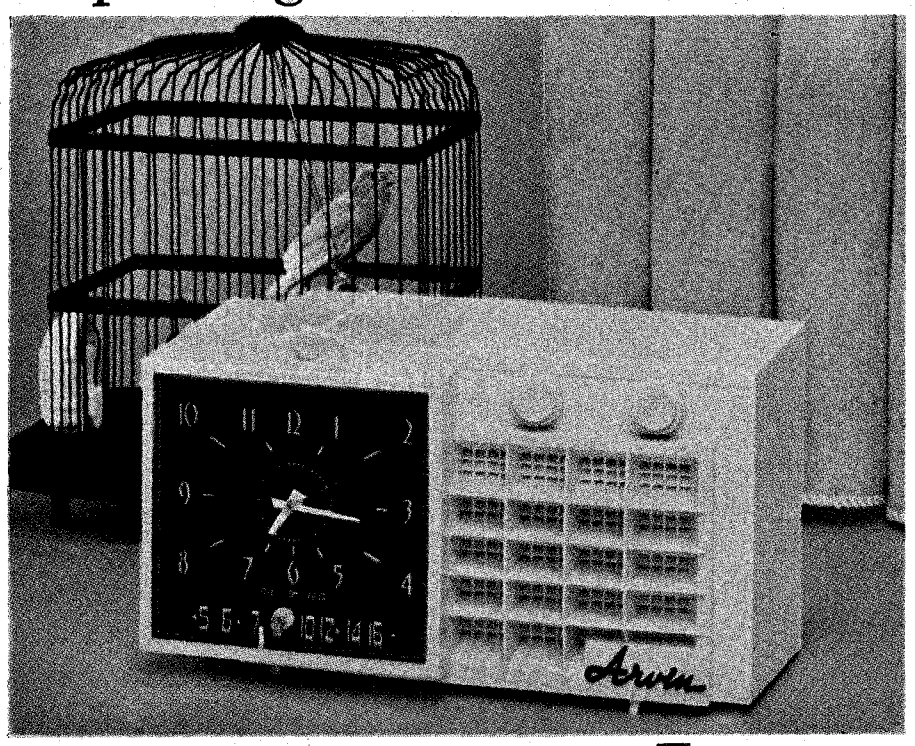

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(*Continued from Page 108*) more of the current all-out attacks—brutal and meaningless attacks, as we know now, in the immediate shadow of the truce. As he understood the enormity of what he was looking at, Johnson's scalp crawled, and a dry nausea came into his middle.

When that passed off, he went back to looking for some sign of their three-man patrol. He might as well have relaxed. When two mud-soaked figures dropped off the steep behind the shelf they were on top of him without any warning at all. The two returning scouts were Sergeant Rajovic and a Pfc named Harbeck. The third who had gone out did not appear.

Sergeant Rajovic dropped to his knees and morosely began unloading a supply of K rations and ammo clips he had collected out there in the wake of battle. He was a swarthy, barrel-chested man with some kind of a Southeast European accent. They had got him as a recent replacement, and didn't know much about him yet, except that he was a lifelong professional soldier, and often let them know it. Behind his back they called him "the Rage." They moved in around him now, keeping close to the ground.

"Where's Pinkie?" Johnson asked.

The Rage looked Johnson over unhurriedly. "He's had it."

Johnson shut up. Actually Johnson was at this time much nearer to being Rajovic's kind of soldier than he could possibly have imagined. He had learned discipline slowly, giving ground inch by inch; and he still never thought of himself as a soldier. So he hated Rajovic—who perhaps understood him perfectly.

Sergeant Rajovic kept them dangling until he was good and ready, then opened up with characteristic ferocity. He spoke in the world's loudest whisper—if the growl of escaping steam can be called a whisper. "Listen here, meatheads! You hear me, meatheads? You ain't going no place, meatheads! We wait for dark. And I don't want no gabbing, no creeping—no nothing, meatheads! You get that, meatheads?" The Rage looked at his hairy wrist, which carried the only watch among them still working. "We post couple guards," he said to Harbeck.

"Hoxie, Davis—off the duffs," Harbeck said, getting up. He was a watchful, wakeful fighting man in forward action, and a case of habitual disorderly conduct in rear area, so he had been up to sergeant twice, and twice busted. Now that their other noncom was dead, he had stepped up, tacitly and automatically, to second under Rajovic. "What you bunched up for?" he snapped at the others as he moved off.

They spaced themselves out again. Johnson fed Bo some K ration; then lay trying to sleep, his mind wandering. It never seemed to wander far any more without coming to Annie Freelander. He could have married Annie. She had told him so. Now he was shoring up his stubbornness, unwilling to admit that his desolate loneliness was his own fault. His luck never had been any good. His father had been a truck driver, killed on the road when Howard was nine. For five years his mother had worked in a laundry to keep him in school, but something went wrong with her, and down she went. She never did get up again, though it took her two years to die. Howard quit school and never went back. He was knocking around loose when Annie took up with him, and got him a job in maintenance with the telephone company where she worked. For a while it looked as if he really might come out somewhere, someday, after all.

Just then his number came up and he was inducted. It was one setback too many for Howard Johnson, and he chucked in his hand. He figured Annie would take up with somebody else long before he ever got back—nothing ever happened any different. So the hell with it, why kid himself? He shipped out leaving nothing behind him to worry about—or to come back to, either, if you wanted to look at it that way.

I was right, he told himself now. *She would have written if there wasn't another guy. I was right. I was right.* He had to think that.

The sun was low when he woke, and Bo was gone from beside him. Looking around, Johnson saw that Acey Davis had crawled out to the end of the shelf where a boy called Boston was on lookout; they were watching something down the slope. Raising himself, Johnson saw that Bo was about fifty yards down the steep, where the shelf tapered off. He was trying to climb back up, but sprawled and slid back. For a moment Johnson thought he was going all the way to the river.

Acey Davis went down the slope on his belly, starting little avalanches of flints. At once both the Rage and Harbeck were at the lookout, tensed like bird dogs. Davis was a good fighting man, and now he was doing a brave, gentle thing, but if he gave away their position, they would die here pretty soon. Harbeck and the Rage watched Davis until he got hold of Bo and started back up. Then they went and sat together at the back of the shelf, looking beaten.

"That's how the ball bounces," Harbeck said.

"They seen him or they didn't," the Rage said stolidly.

"They seen him."

An hour after dark they knew Harbeck was right.

Rajovic left them sweating it out on the ledge while he and Harbeck made one more reconnaissance. They were fretting about the moon, which was coming full; it would have come up as the sun went down, except for the ridges. Unless they moved soon, it would clear the hogbacks and catch them in the river. Some of them thought their best chance was past, by the time Rajovic and Harbeck got back.

"Well, you—guys," the Rage said softly. For once, he did not call them meatheads. "We got a little fight on our hands. They're coming up." In the silence he saw some of them lift their eyes to the almost vertical wall at their backs. "No," he answered the unspoken question. "Please believe me. That ain't a way. They run these hills like goats. How you know how many they got waiting up there?"

A chill touched Johnson as he heard that disused "Please."

"They got maybe company strength," Rajovic went on. "But they can't climb only four-five abreast. So, we go down a ways. I spot you where you can't miss. I want just one thing. You got to hold fire till I blow this here whistle."

He stopped, and they all held motionless, for he seemed to be listening. He wasn't, though. Actually, he was reaching for the locker-room speech of his life. He had to get to them now, in some new way, as he had never got to them before. When he spoke again, his low voice was tired.

"I don't know why I waste breath," the Rage said. "You ain't followed no orders before. I ain't kidding myself you're about to now. Because it ain't in you. Not the guts, nor the sense, nor the fear of God. I don't know what it is. Maybe they never trained you right. Or maybe you never could've been soldiers. All I know, goof this one up, you'll never goof up nothing no more. So I'm telling you. Hold fire. Hold your damn poor-aimed fire—and we'll beat 'em this time. After

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that, the battalion over there will know where we're at. Maybe they can give us cover fire—or something—so we can go on home. . . . Let's go."

As they started to move, fumbling after Rajovic, Johnson picked up Bo. Johnson's back wasn't a very good place for a kid to be, with a close action coming up, but no other place was any good for him either. Seemingly, the world had no place left in it for one little Korean boy too many. The Rage strung them out down the rocky steep, placing each man separately with his hands. He seemed startled to find Bo on Johnson's back, but said nothing.

When they were in place they waited again, each alone in the hostile dark.

Lake Change

By HERBERT MERRILL

Only a handful of weeks
ago
The lake was a living,
restless thing,
With whitecaps running
row on row
And sailboats racing wing
to wing.
The little children in the
sand,
The bittern on the fallen
tree,
The fisherman who waved
his hand,
All seemed so permanent to
me.
And yet I knew what all
men know:
Time had to close the iron
vise,
And sails of canvas turn to
snow
Ghosting along the midnight
ice.
Orion has no choice. He
must
Scuffle his boots in white
stardust.

Johnson was very tired, tired physically and tired of trying to stay alive in the teeth of what seemed to be the will of God; and Annie was haunting him again. He tried to rally his defenses: All women were alike; Annie had another guy as soon as his back was turned; would have quit him whatever he did. But his stubbornness was wearing thin, and a dreadful doubt was showing through. Suppose she really loved him and would have been loyal to him; so that she was the one who was hurt, and he had done it. . . .

"I was right," he said through his teeth, sweating. Bo patted his shoulder. And now the enemy came.

The commie soldiers were barefoot, and came very quietly, but they were so many they could be heard anyway. Faint scrapings, rolling pebbles, trickles of displaced dirt—small sounds coming from all over the hill below made a whispering, like a horde of insects in a field of grass. Bo heard it, too, and clung very tight and still.

After a while Johnson could see them, first one, then three, then five, passing very close. He was certain they were letting too many get above them, that it was time to shoot; yet he held on. Then Rajovic's whistle went, and the carbines opened up.

The enemy turned his fast-firing burp guns to sweep the rocks where they lay, and the ricochets howled continuously over the explosions of the guns. While this was going on, a jelly-quaking figure crept into the crevice where Johnson was, but Johnson had no time to wonder about it. The mountain turned into a scramble of commie soldiers going back down. He picked off a few, shooting much better after they quit shooting back.

As the firing petered out, a grenade explosion nearby made Johnson think he was hit. Actually it was yards away, he learned later, in Hoxie's position.

In the moment of quiet that followed, Johnson took a look at the man who had crawled in beside him. The fellow's name was Butterfield, and he had been a fat boy once. He was not a fat boy now, but somehow he still looked like one. This guy had been a hopeless sad sack ever since Johnson had known him, and now Johnson knew why. Butterfield had not fired a shot. He was one of those who never could.

Harbeck began yelling, "Get back! Get back!"

Johnson started, but turned to help with Hoxie. As they got him onto the ledge, they could see that nothing fixable was left of Hoxie's right arm and leg. He remained unconscious as they worked over him. Butterfield had foraged some medical stuff, and came up with a little morphine—about the only stuff that would still do Hoxie any good.

Harbeck got back minutes later. He said hoarsely, "The sergeant's had it."

Johnson felt a sinking in his middle. He had been told what to do for a long time, and hadn't liked it much. Now suddenly he was free of all officers, noncoms and chain-of-command compulsions. And he didn't even know where he was.

"Somebody's got to get through to our lines," Harbeck said.

Boston spoke across Hoxie, "No way to move this guy."

"I'll be here," Harbeck answered, "for one. I figure about three guys got a better chance to get through than us all, now they got a fix on us. Acey Davis says he'll go. I need two more."

Their eyes went to Davis, called Acey because his initials were A. C. He stood in a slack-jointed slouch, as he always did, but now his mind seemed far away.

"He needs two guys with him," Harbeck repeated.

"I'm staying with Hoxie," Boston said.

Johnson heard himself say, "Me too. I guess."

No one else spoke up, until the silence was unexpectedly broken by Hoxie's faint, blurred words. "You guys go on. Go on," he repeated. "Go on." He blacked out again.

"O.K., then," Harbeck picked it up, "I'll name who goes. I'm sending Butterfield. And H'ard Johnson."

"The hell with you," Johnson said.

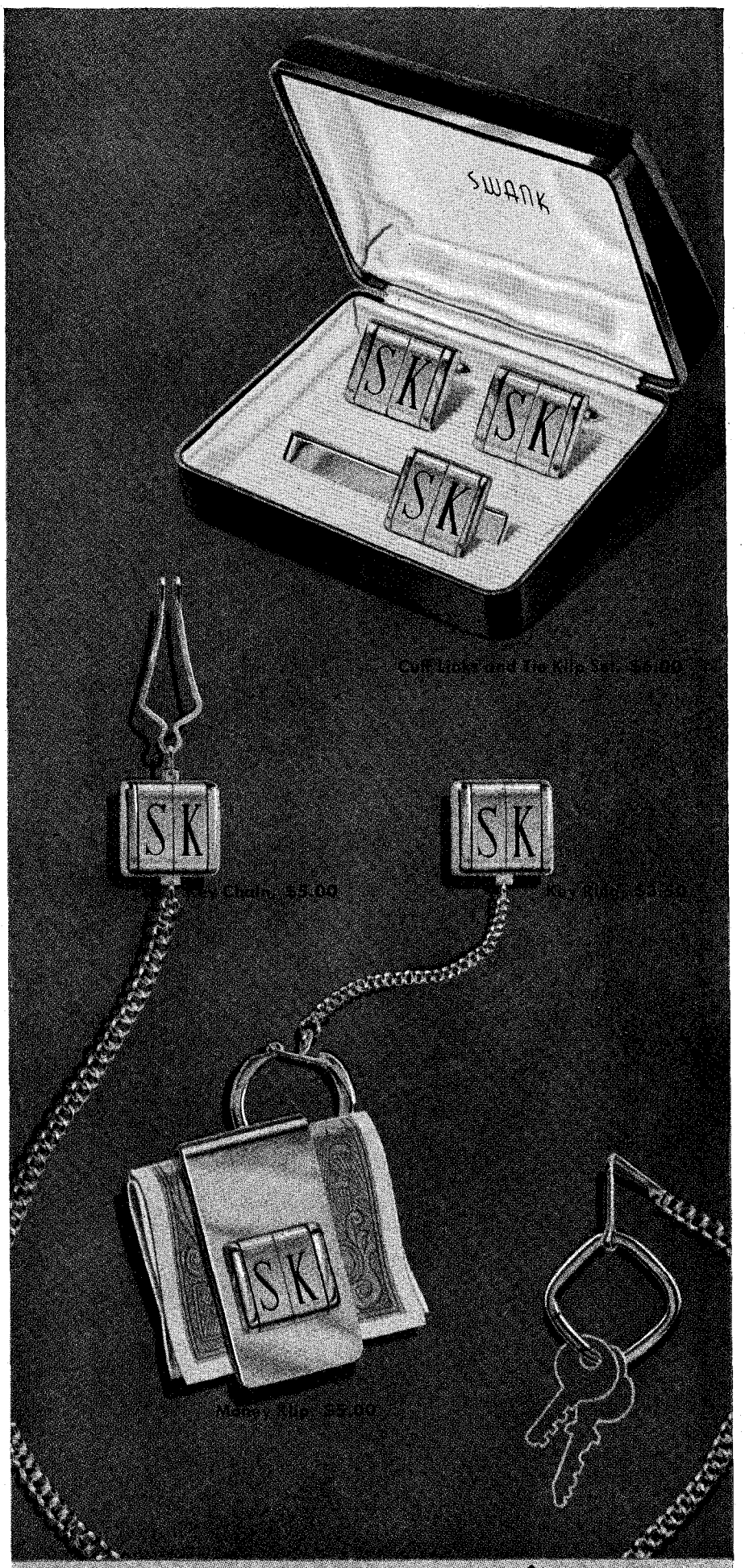
"Come here a minute," Harbeck said softly, and moved apart into the shadows. Johnson followed him, hands empty, but ready.

"Me and Butterfield," Johnson said bitterly.

"Maybe you think I'm making you look bad," Harbeck said. "Maybe you ain't got the guts to do a nec'ry thing, if it makes you look bad. But I got to send you, H'ard."

"You got about half the authority of a can of dog meat," Johnson reminded him. "You ain't sending me anyplace, you hear me?"

Acey Davis came up to them then, gangly against the moonlight. "I asked



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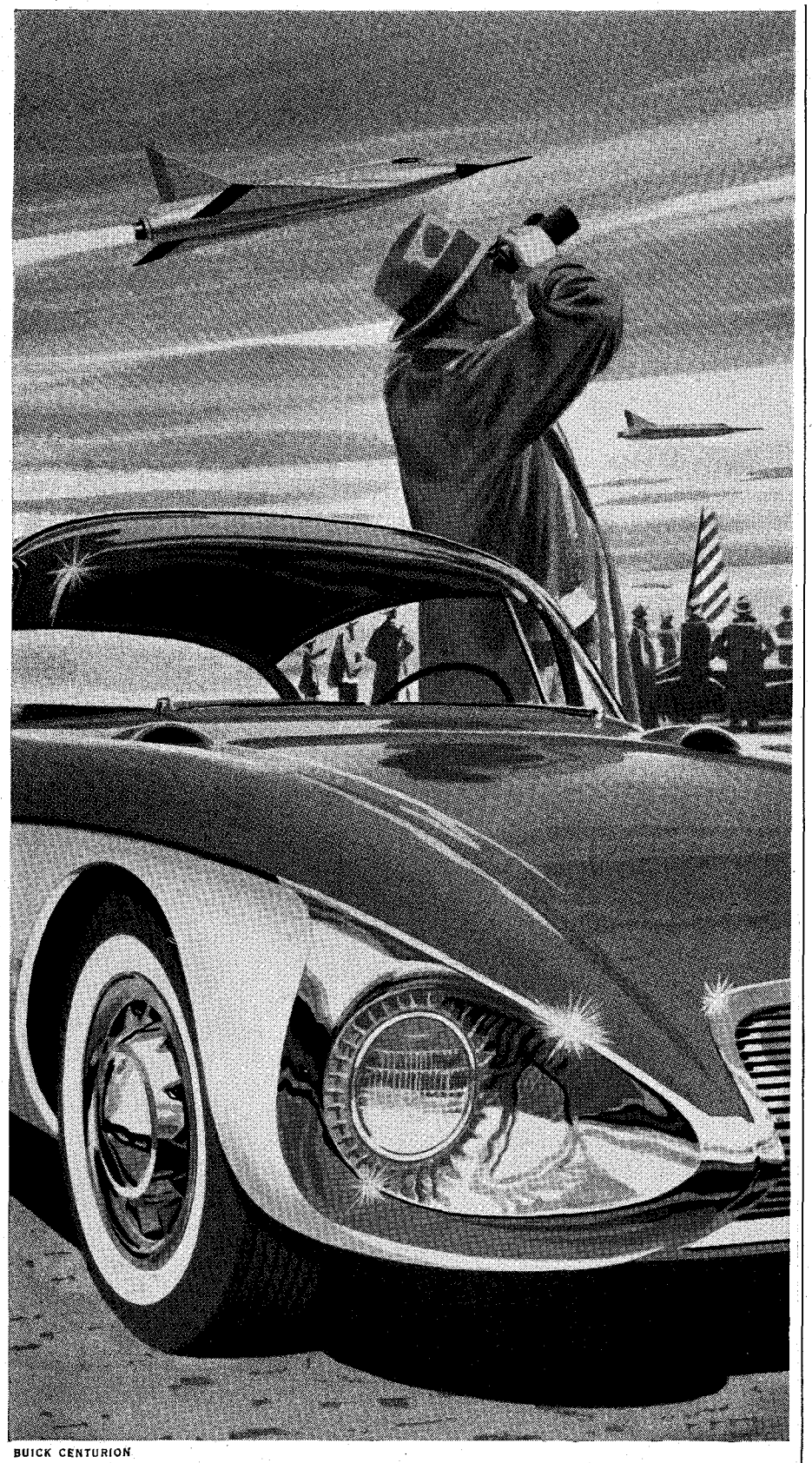

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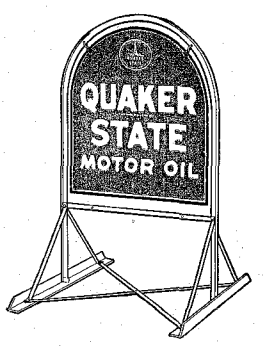

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for you, H'ard," he said; and Johnson's cork was pulled. He thought of nothing more to say.

"I'm giving you the sergeant's watch," Harbeck said, unstrapping it from his wrist. "Now, you don't want to cross the river here. Go about two miles down, and cross over to the sugarloaf hill. Work up and around it, and I think you got it made. Rajovic picked that way."

As Johnson took the watch he saw it was 2200. The cease-fire, of which they knew nothing, was exactly forty-eight hours away.

"Guess you might as well take the kid," Harbeck said.

"I guess." It was their only admission that the try through the enemy, forlorn hope though it might be, was a better bet than the ledge.

"There's a way to go straight down—if you can make like a human fly. You traverse right, to about ——"

"I saw it," Johnson told him.

Harbeck helped put the little boy in a sling upon Johnson's back. As Johnson lowered himself over the edge, Bo waved at the others they were leaving there—a babylike opening and closing of the hand.

The four made it to the bottom, three beat-up GIs and a little child. The attacking force had pulled back to the river, so that they were able to get past it and work downstream. As they came opposite the sugarloaf hill they got a break. Some puffs of cumulus were drifting across the sky; by waiting a little they could cross under a dimmed-out moon. Johnson looked at Rajovic's watch. It was not yet 0100.

While they waited, Acey Davis crawled off to have a look at the river; and Johnson noticed Butterfield. The onetime fat boy sat with his face buried in his arms. And he was crying.

"So you never fired," Johnson said. "But what the hell! Lots of guys can't squeeze off, if it's to kill a man."

"You mean that?"

The pitifully eager tone disgusted Johnson. "Forget it, will you? Keep your mind off it." A cloud inched across the moon, letting him out of it.

Once they rounded the bulge of the sugarloaf, out of sight of the river, they lost all placement of the enemy. The night became a series of pindowns by the moon, between intervals of cloud shadow in which they spent themselves unsparingly. For a long time, climbing and leaving the river, they rounded each shoulder only to find a far higher one unfolding beyond, until it seemed that there never would be any end to the detour or to the night. Johnson thought after a while that they had passed the flank of the battalion and were lost.

Yet when they came out in full view of the battalion's position, they knew it at once. From here they could see the river and the scene of their fire fight, and even could make out the shelf where the others waited. Above them, less than five hundred yards up a coverless steep, was the abutment they had identified as the anchor of the American flank. They weren't there yet, though. The enemy was watching the American position with a thousand eyes, and not one more scrap of cloud was on the way.

"Maybe," Butterfield faltered, "if we make a run for it ——"

Johnson didn't think so. "Wouldn't get twenty yards." But he knew they had to figure some way to get up there, and soon. They had heard very little fighting during the night, but the commies liked to attack at dawn. If they intended an artillery preparation, this mountain would jump as if it were boiling, pretty quick. "Only thing ——"

Just then the mortars began letting go, raggedly at first, four to the salvo. The GIs flattened to the ground, but no rounds came in; and soon they saw what was happening. The mortars were feeling for the shelf where their guys were, across the valley. The bright bursts showed how they were doing—a salvo short, a salvo over. . . .

A moment's pause; then a whole massed murderation of mortars let go at once, and the distant shelf turned incandescent. Johnson thought he saw the ledge itself crumble and avalanche, leaving a great dished hole in the face of the mountain. Yet the mortars kept on.

Howard Johnson, with the kid on his back, went down on his hands and knees, retching dryly. "Now," he gasped when he could. "While they're watching ——" He went clawing up the last steep. The crest, the American crest, was just those few hundred yards away.

He never got there. They figured later it was a shoe mine that stopped him; they hadn't heard anything coming in. One foot, ankle flat to the ground, found purchase on a clump of rocks, which instantly blasted out—a blow struck straight upward out of the earth itself. Both Butterfield and Davis were with Johnson at once. They dragged him face down by the arms, the little Korean boy still on his back, and got him into a hollow.

"Help me up!" Johnson kept babbling. "Help me up!" At this point he showed no conception of what had happened. They turned him over and bent low for a look at the damage.

"He's had it," Acey said.

Butterfield said, "I still got a little morphine. Hey, you stick this in his arm, or right in the leg, or what?"

"I don't know, but stick it someplace! He'll start screaming in a minute."

Johnson got his head up, and after a moment his eyes focused. His boot was intact, but as he watched, it rolled over on its side with a pulpy movement, like a bag of water. Above the boot, his leg was split open halfway up the thigh; Butterfield was bandaging this. Johnson let his head drop back. The little boy was sitting on the ground by his shoulder, and Johnson saw that he was bawling. He pulled Bo toward him and pressed the kid's face into the sweaty hollow of his neck, so he couldn't watch.

"We got to get up there and get a litter, H'ard," Butterfield said. "Here's more bandage—and the rest of the morphine." He put the stuff in Johnson's shirt pocket. "Take it easy."

He didn't know exactly when they left. He was groggy, and under a heavy numbness lay a pain of such depth that it conveyed a sense of finality. He no longer believed he would ever get out of the dreadful mountain maze of Korea. Yet to quit trying, to have no way left to try, in itself brought a certain peace. Maybe a lot of men would give up, if they could think of a way to give up.

He had one irretrievable regret. He knew now that he should have married Annie. If there had been just one chance in a million that it would have worked out, he should have taken that chance. "I was wrong," he said bitterly. "I was wrong."

Belatedly he realized that he should have sent Bo with Davis and Butterfield. The child's face was quiet now, but it was the quiet of helpless nonresistance. Johnson reached out to touch him, and his hand, though not especially outsize, almost entirely cupped the thin little back. For a moment Johnson scratched futilely at the caked mud on Bo's jacket. The jacket had once been a pretty turquoise blue, carefully and lovingly made, but there was no hope of cleaning it up now, or probably ever again. He tried to think of something else he could do to make the

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little guy feel that somebody was on his side.

Only thing that came to him was kind of silly, he guessed, but all he could think of. He fumbled for the spare bandage Butterfield had left him, and wound about a yard of it around the child's leg, to match the bandage on his own. A strange look came over Bo's face, such as Johnson had never seen there before. Yet even in the moonlight he was sure of what it was: The little lost Korean boy had smiled.

He was thinking that it didn't matter too much that the kid had got left here. Johnson had seen about a million kids in the ditches beside the deep-churned roads—some dying, some dead, all without hope. This kid had no future anywhere, any more than the rest.

Then suddenly he had his big idea—the one thing more he could do, even now. Painfully he searched his pockets, and found part of a message book and half a broken pencil, which he sharpened with his teeth. And he wrote the statement that was going to dumfound Annie.

The sky was paling when Davis and Butterfield came back. Acey's face showed fatigue and a bitter tenacity in defeat, but Butterfield seemed to have fallen into a strange apathy.

"They're gone," Acey Davis told Johnson. "They've pulled back. There isn't any battalion up there."

Johnson was half floating and half in pain, but his mind seemed clear. "You got to follow after them," he said.

"Yes," Davis said, dead-voiced. "I know." Perhaps he had meant to promise air action or a return in force. But the words didn't come.

"Take the kid," Johnson said.

"What?"

"Take the kid."

Butterfield helped fix Bo on Acey's back. "You go ahead, Acey. I'm bushed."

"You got to get going!" Johnson's voice cracked with the urgency he tried to put into it. "Quick! Now!"

Down below, a bugle sounded. The dawn was coming very fast. Acey Davis still stood, looking baffled, for one moment more. His words were barely audible. "Be seeing you round." He went up the hill, his long steps swift and quiet.

"Why ain't you with him?" Johnson asked.

Butterfield didn't answer right away. "Don't know where he'll go with the kid," he said finally. Fatigue made his tone sound idle. "Must be a billion of 'em. Army can't handle it."

"This one's different. This is an American kid."

"What?"

"I got an affidavit tied inside his coat." He told Butterfield what he had written. Then his strength dropped another notch, leaving him discouraged. "Thought it might get him a little grub. Before they figure it out." It was the best he could say for his idea now.

"Your girl will flip her lid," Butterfield said. "If she ever hears."

Sounded likely, at first. But after Johnson had thought about it, he paid Annie the highest compliment she ever had in her life. "I don't think she will. I think she'll back me up." He paused; then changed it. "No. I don't think it. I know it. It's what she'd do."

"I found some cigarettes," Butterfield said. He put one in Johnson's mouth. "It's getting kind of light. They might see the smoke."

"So what?"

Butterfield lighted Johnson's cigarette and his own.

The enemy came in the first hour of light, climbing openly up the mountain in line of skirmishers. Evidently the commies knew the battalion was gone. Yet they remained wary, and presently they were given reason. Johnson dragged himself by inches into a firing position; it nearly killed him, but he got there.

"You can be loading for me," he said, wiping the sweat from his eyes.

"I got my own carbine," Butterfield said. He wormed into a position a yard or two from Johnson.

Johnson didn't argue. He opened fire at fifty yards, allowing carefully for the deception of the hill. He got one; he got two; his third shot ricocheted. He rested a moment, to steady himself, then picked another target. The commie folded up and rolled down the hill before Johnson could get sights on him. He became aware that Butterfield had fired.

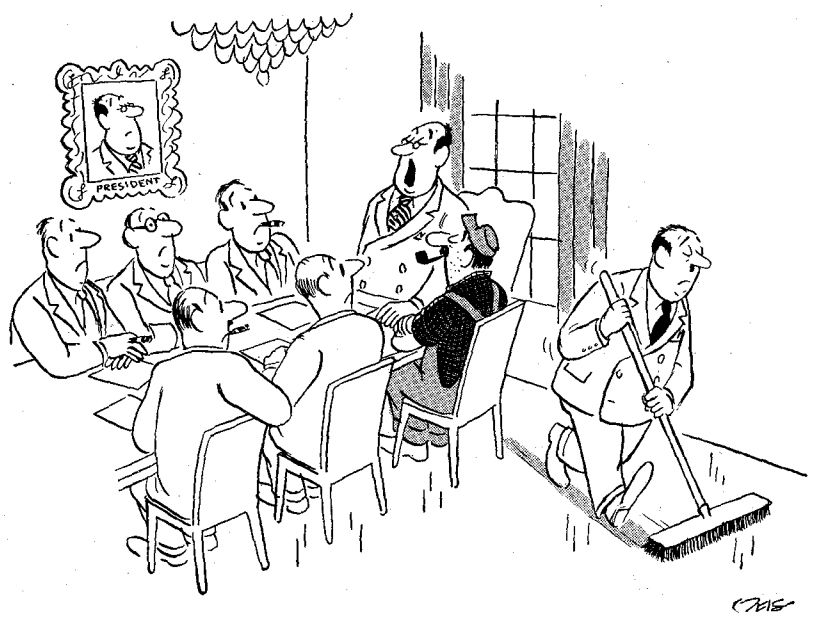
"Well, good for you," he said.

"Yeah," Butterfield answered.

They did a good job, for a little while. A heavy answering fire was coming in by the time Butterfield's carbine was silent. Johnson looked over at him. Butterfield was smiling, his cheek on the stock. It was several seconds before Johnson realized Butterfield was dead.

"You did all right," Johnson said aloud.

His own magazine was empty. Moving very slowly now, he got hold of one of the clips he had laid within reach, and tried to load, but he could not. THE END



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Rendezvous in Tokyo (Continued from Page 45)

"That is comical, when you come to think of it," Jack Rhyce said, "but it takes all kinds to make a world, doesn't it? You know, I'm kind of hungry after that plane ride. I wonder if we could get some bacon and shirred eggs and tea. Maybe you can make the room boy understand in Japanese better than I can in English. Ha-ha-ha."

As he spoke he felt sorry for Ruth Bogart, listening at the connecting door, and he added, "A whole flock of bacon and eggs and tea."

"Oh, yes," Mr. Moto said. "I shall call up room service. Everything is up to date at the Imperiar Hotern. Excuse me when I cannot say the *l*."

There was no breaking the law of averages. Sooner or later there would be a slip of the tongue or else a careless gesture might become a chain reaction that ruined everything. Mr. Moto had slipped, and Jack Rhyce was sure that he was unaware of it. Mr. Moto had surmounted that stumbling block of the Japanese tongue by pronouncing the letter *l* with a subconscious fluency. This meant that he could speak a better brand of English than he was using. When he picked up the hotel telephone and asked for room service in Japanese, his accent was crisp and educated.

When Mr. Moto gave the order, he asked for bacon and eggs and coffee—not tea, and Jack Rhyce was certain he had mentioned tea. He could not suppress a quiet satisfaction as he sat and listened to Mr. Moto's Japanese. He felt rested, and Mr. Moto had lost a trick in pronouncing the letter *l*.

"Everything will be right up," Mr. Moto said. "Chop-chop, as they say in China. Ha-ha."

"That's mighty kind of you. Sit down, won't you, please? And I do hope the food does come up chop-chop, as you say. I could certainly do with a cup of coffee."

He could have bitten off his tongue the moment he mentioned coffee, but already it was too late. There was nothing to do but go ahead without showing a trace of embarrassment.

"You know you've come at just the right time, Mr. Moto," he said. "I'm here to do a piece of work for an organization known as the Asia Friendship League, something in the nature of a report, and the more I think of it, the more sure I am that I'll need somebody like you to show me around."

Mr. Moto's glance had turned toward the glasses on the table, and Jack Rhyce had a feeling that tension had relaxed when Mr. Moto saw them. You could discount a good deal of potential menace in a man if you saw a glass with lipstick smears in his bedroom.

"The Asia Friendship League," Mr. Moto said. "How very, very nice. The Asia Friendship League is known to me, and Mr. Pender, its new head, is such a good, nice man."

"So you know Mr. Pender?" Jack Rhyce said. "Well, that's fine. Mr. Pender has made arrangements to show me around the shop tomorrow, and so I'm afraid I'll be pretty much engaged tomorrow. By the way, how about a little drink, Mr. Moto? . . . Oh, oh. I've got to rinse the glasses."

"Oh, no; not for me. But you—prease, you help yourself."

Jack Rhyce took his flask from his open kit bag and poured himself another drink.

"I suppose the tap water's all right in Tokyo?" he asked.

"Oh, yes. You see, the American Army has been here."

"Oh, yes. Well, as I was saying, I'm going to be busy tomorrow, but Saturday and Sunday I shall need a little rest and relaxation. You know—maybe you've got a saying in Japan like ours in the States—all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy?"

Jack Rhyce smiled fatuously and sipped his drink. He was almost sure that Mr. Moto was smiling sympathetically.

"There are lots of amusements in Tokyo and its vicinity," Mr. Moto said. "I would be so preased to show geisha girls or anything, Mr. Rhyce."

Jack Rhyce laughed easily. "That would be swell sometime later. But this Saturday and Sunday I was thinking of taking a spin into the country. I've got the name of the place written down. It's in Mio—Mio——"

"Oh," Mr. Moto said, "Miyanoshita. Very nice."

Jack Rhyce took another sip from his drink and gave Mr. Moto a man-to-man look.

"Well, I thought if you could rent me a good car and a driver, I might go up there, and—well, you know, take a girl along."

Mr. Moto nodded and tactfully drew in his breath. "Oh, yes," he said. "I can drive very well myself. I can get good car for you, and very nice girl."

"That's it," Jack Rhyce said. "That's the spirit, Mr. Moto. I had a hunch, right when I saw you at the airport, that you'd be broad-minded."

"Oh, yes. If you like, I can find four or five girls and you can make a choice."

"Well, that's fine," Jack Rhyce said, "but you supply the car and I'll supply the young lady. Be around here at nine o'clock on Saturday morning."

"Oh, yes, and we can see Kamakura—many interesting things."

There was a knock on the door. It was a waiter with bacon and eggs and coffee. Mr. Moto rose and bowed.

"Nine, Saturday," he said. "Big, fine American car. Everything first crass. You will be satisfied, I am sure, and thank you very much. Good night then, Mr. Rhyce."

It had been a long while since Jack Rhyce had been so unsure of his cover work. That slip of his still worried him. There was no need to exaggerate its potential danger. His expression must have disturbed Ruth Bogart when he called her to come in.

"What went wrong?" she asked. "You sounded so terrific, you almost made me feel sick to my stomach."

Jack Rhyce pointed to the table and the tray.

"Sit down and eat it," he said. "I'll order up some more from room service." He stopped and imitated Mr. Moto's voice, "Everything is up to date in this Imperiar Hotern."

"But what is worrying you?"

"The coffee," he answered, and he told her.

"Well, it's over now," she said. "I didn't know you knew a word of Japanese. You said you'd hardly ever been in Japan."

"Frankly, I did live in Japan from the age zero to five. Japanese servants are devoted to kids, and I was speaking the language all the time. My father was a missionary, and the moral of that story is always to look out for missionaries' sons."

"You're too conscientious for me to have to look out for you," she said. "Why didn't you lose that Japanese when you went back to the States?"

"My father wanted me to keep it up, and he made me for quite a while. You see—don't laugh—he wanted me to be a missionary too. The language came right back to me in the war at language school." He stopped and passed the flask to her. "We may as well finish this," he said. "And thanks for doing that about the glasses."

"Don't mention it. You can't be a mastermind all the time, you know. Did he notice?"

"Oh, yes, he noticed. I'm afraid he's very smart."

"Afraid?"

"That's right. I don't know where he fits in—not to mention this man Pender in the green coupé." He had forgotten that she did not know about Harry Pender. "We're still in the clear with him, I think, or he wouldn't have told about that USO singing caravan. But we're running into something."

Her manner changed as she listened. All the outlines of her face had hardened.

"Yes," she said, "we're walking into something, but let's not take it too big, if you know what I mean."

"There sits a man who parlayed a ten-minute coffee break into two years of unemployment."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I wish I could place the Jap," he said. "It's what I tell you. I can't make out where he fits."

"All right," she said. "We'll find out. We're walking into it, but don't take it too big."

"There's the second time you've said that. Just what do you mean?" he asked.

"I suppose I'll have to be personal," she said. "We're teamed up on this and we've got to stick together, and you're running the show, of course. There's only one thing about you that makes me nervous."

From the way that he reacted he knew that his nerves were still edgy, and he found it difficult to keep annoyance out of his voice.

"I'm sorry if I make you nervous," he told her. "Go ahead and tell me why."

"Because, as I was saying, you're too damned conscientious, Jack. You try to think of everything; and no one can. Why not try to just think of one or two things tonight, and put the rest out of your head? It will be back in the morning."

"All right. Name the one or two things."

"Well, I'll name one. How about thinking about me for a while? I wish you wouldn't take me as another responsibility. I'm really not so bad as that. Remember about the glasses?"

When she smiled at him his nerves were not on edge any longer.

"I mean," she said, "let's try to be friends as well as business associates. I think it would help the cover if we found out a little more about each other—what we really are, I mean, and not what we're pretending to be. We can pick that up again tomorrow."

"That's true. We don't know much about each other, do we? And maybe you're right. Maybe it wouldn't be a bad idea."

"Then go ahead and be yourself. Say anything, but for heaven's sake let's be ourselves. Just go ahead and say something."

Her mood, it struck him, was the same as his had been before he had fallen asleep. He understood exactly what she meant, and it saddened him that it was an effort to do what she asked. He had been in the business too long.

"Well," he said, "I suppose childhood is an impressionable age. I haven't been back to Japan since I was five, except for a few days in the occupation, but it's all familiar. I can feel at home in it because I used to go to the mission school. I used to play with the gardener's boy." He paused and cleared his throat. "Is that the conversational line you wanted?"

"Yes, it is, and it's the first time you've been natural since I've seen you. Now I know quite a lot about you, but you don't know anything about me."

"No, but you don't have to tell me, Ruth."

"But aren't you curious about me? Guess what I was outside?"

He was surprised that she asked the question, because girls in the business seldom cared to talk about their pasts. There was always some tragedy of love, or a broken home, or some hate or some frustration that was requited by the business. As his glance met hers, and as she raised her eyebrows slightly, he honestly preferred to take her as she was, without knowing any more.

"Why, yes," he said, "I could make an educated guess about you, but I don't know that you'd like it."

Her glance met his again, and then shifted. "You're such a damn pro, aren't you," she asked, "that you know everything?"

He was sorry to detect an undertone of antagonism in what she said. Antagonism or clash of personality would seriously (*Continued on Page 117*)

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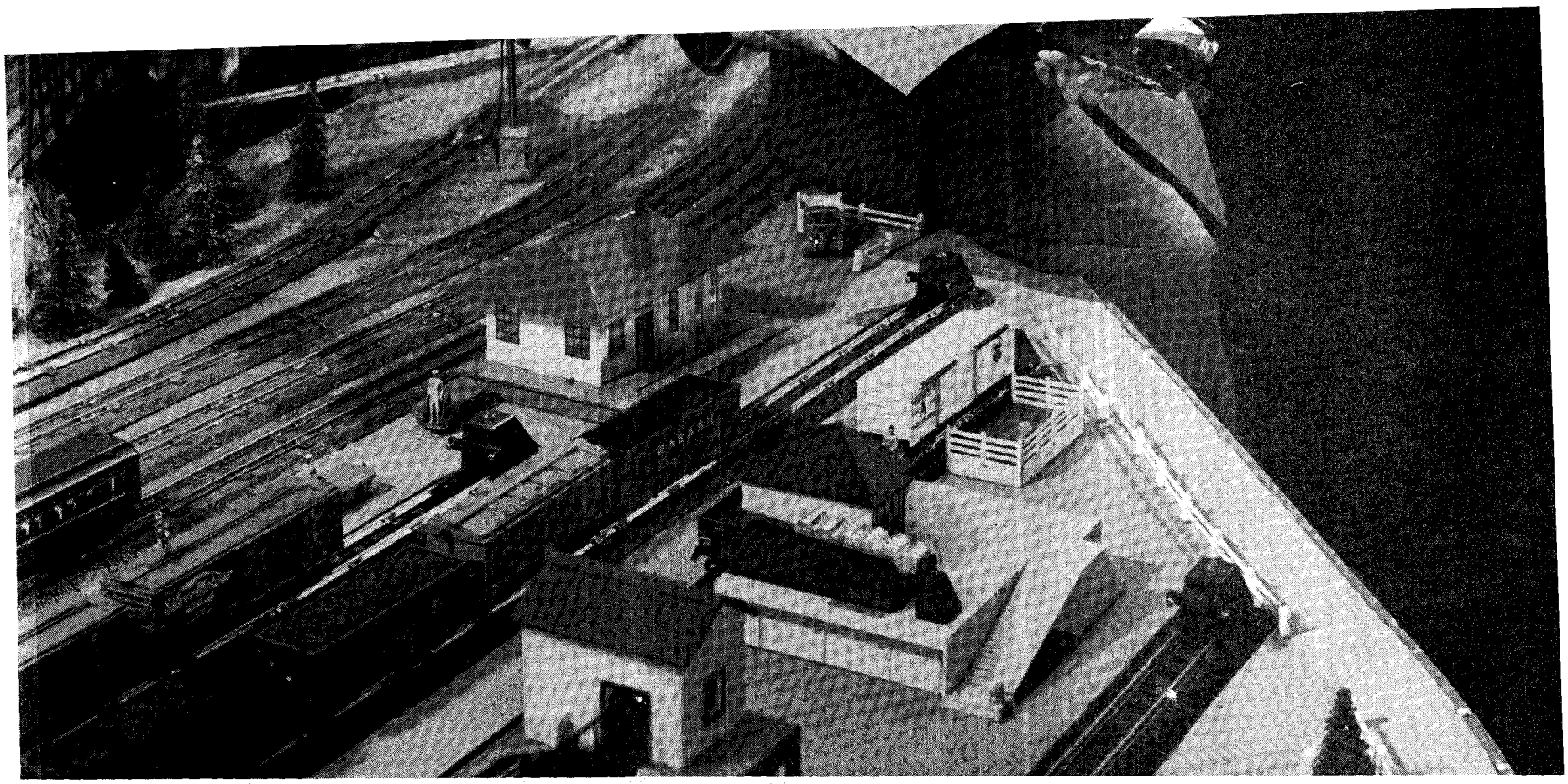

A. C. Gilbert, Jr., President of A. C. Gilbert Co., as photographed by Peter Benech

A. C. Gilbert, Jr., puts a new Diesel on the track with telegrams

"This scale model of an American Locomotive Company Diesel is the newest thing in our line of electric trains," says the president of the A. C. Gilbert Company which, in addition to American Flyer trains, makes Erector sets, scientific toys and small electric appliances. "The body is high-impact polystyrene and getting the master mold exactly right was a ticklish proposition. The molder was over 1,500 miles away and, since the blueprint required detailed explanation, we used telegrams. It was fast —and put our instructions in writing for the record."

More than a million times a day, business finds it wise to wire. Telegrams quote prices, confirm orders, route shipments. Speed plus the written record make the telegram essential to American business.

DO YOU KNOW about these other Western Union services? *One-to-many messages:* you write one message, give it to Western Union with a list of people to be contacted and Western Union sends the message to all simultaneously. *Hotel Reservation Service:* just tell us where and when and we'll make sure there's a room waiting for you.

WESTERN UNION
TELEGRAM

ON ANY OCCASION ...

IT'S WISE TO WIRE!

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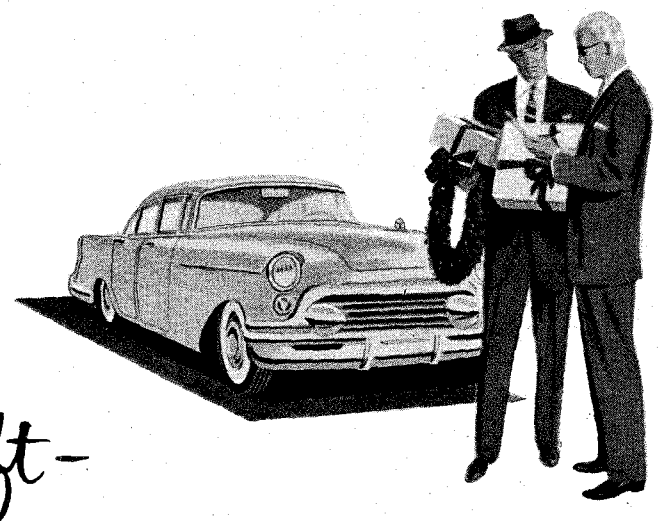

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is always important. And if the gift is to be a new car for the family, choosing the right financing is equally important. On the GMAC Thrift-Guard Plan, terms can be arranged that exactly fit your needs. And GMAC can give you considerate assistance if your circumstances change. Your General Motors Dealer who uses this Plan can show you the extra advantages of financing where you buy.

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(*Continued from Page 114*) interfere with their working smoothly together. It was better to keep things on an impersonal basis, if possible, and not to quarrel or be unkind, but the strain of the day had told on him too.

"I'm sorry if I've displeased you," he said. "Of course I don't know everything, but maybe I've been around more than you have, and I've been acquainted with a lot of girls in the business. Naturally I can make an educated guess about you. Naturally I've made one to myself already."

He was sorry to notice that her face had flushed.

"So you think I'm just another tramp. Is that what you're trying to tell me?"

"No, I'm not trying to tell you anything. There's no cause for you to lose your temper, Ruth."

"I'm not losing my temper," she answered. He knew this was not true. "But I do think if two people are going to work together they understand each other better if they know something about each other, and if they're friends and not acquaintances. Suppose you tell me what you think about me, and I'll tell you if you're right."

"All right. If you want the professor to give you an analysis. In the first place, you're not in the tramp class, and you never will be. You're too well bred. You have too much background and character to be a tramp."

"That's nice to know. Go ahead, what else?"

"Now most girls in your position always tell the same story. All of them are always born of wealthy parents, usually living on Southern plantations. Then along came a business failure or else they married an undesirable man. The undesirable man is usually correct—but in your case the rest of it is true. You come from an excellent background. You were brought up in a large American city, but I can't tell which, from your accent. Upper-class accents are reasonably interchangeable."

"Go ahead. What else?"

"You never spent all the year in the city." He had forgotten Tokyo. "You spent a lot of your time, while you were growing up, in the country—a riding country, but not the West. You rode and jumped horses once."

"What made you make that guess?"

"Your posture; but mainly your hands. You have beautiful hands, but they are strong above the average. They are riding hands."

"All right. You hit that one. Go on."

"All right. One or two things you said on this trip make me think you've been used to attention and expect a good deal from people. You should, because you're exceedingly good-looking."

"Why, thanks," she said.

"I'm a man," he answered. "It's obvious and I've mentioned it before, but if you mean I haven't been influenced by it, you're right."

"And believe me, I haven't tried to influence you," she said. "So you think I was spoiled, do you? All right, I was by the family and the servants."

"I'd also guess that you're an only child. I'd say your father had great personal charm. Drinkers do, and I'm afraid he was a drunk. I've noticed how your expression changes every time I pick up my glass. He died, I imagine, while you were away at a fashionable boarding school. Your mother married again, and you were on the loose with an income—a bright, popular girl. You went to college, and I'll bet it was nearer to Bryn Mawr than Goucher. You fell in love, and the boy friend left you flat. He wasn't killed in Korea or anything."

"What makes you say that?"

"From the way you act with a man. You don't trust men. Then you met the chief. The chief's good at spotting material, and he found that you were a natural at the business, and that's about all."

When he had finished he knew he had been very close to being right, from the cool, suspicious way in which she looked at him.

"Just how did you happen to see my file?"

He shook his head slowly. "No file," he said. "I've only found out about you by minding my own business, watching you. You asked for it."

She was looking at him with a new respect, and suddenly she smiled at him, and he knew that they were friends.

THE MEMORY LINGERS ON

A jolly good way to remember your friends and relatives this Christmas is to send gift subscriptions to The Saturday Evening Post. They are easy to order. They keep on reminding. You can buy a full year of pleasure for only six dollars—and each gift will be announced in your name with a cheery card, timed to arrive in the Christmas mail.

A handy order form is in nearly every copy of this issue.

Order now and we'll bill you later on.

"You make me feel naked," she said, "or like the tattooed woman in the circus. I didn't know I had everything written on me in fine print. Actually, in case you want to know, we owned a place in Virginia. In fact, I own it still."

"Now, listen; you don't have to tell me anything more about yourself. It's too dangerous, Ruth."

She shook her head in an exasperated way. "You're always damn careful, aren't you?" she said. "How do you mean—too dangerous?"

"When you get talking this way you get interested. You might have to ditch me or I might have to ditch you tomorrow. You know that."

His hand rested on her shoulder, and she had not moved away, and he was right that it was dangerous.

"Well, thank heaven, you have a human side," she said. "And I'm glad we've talked this way, and to hell with the business until tomorrow." She brushed his hand off and stood up. "Look, we haven't had anything to eat. Call for a room waiter, since everything's so modern at the Imperial Hotel, and these eggs are cold, and everything. And I have another flask in my suitcase. After all, you're supposed to be crazy about me, Jack."

He was right that the whole thing was dangerous. He knew all the rules about women and emotional involvement, and he knew that he was at least coming very close to breaking several of them, but he had never realized that the prospect could be so pleasant. For a moment or two, at any rate, he felt he was himself again, exactly as he had been on the outside.

"Let's save your flask for some other time," he said. "I'm having a good time without it. In fact ——" He stopped because his training was back with him.

"In fact, what?"

"Maybe it won't hurt if we took a little time off," he said.

A great deal of the business was very dull, but that ensuing Friday was one of the most irksome that Jack Rhyce could remember. His hours with the Asia Friendship League had a fatuous quality that demanded every bit of his patience in order to fall into the mood of the dedicated people in the Friendship office and still not miss a trick. He could only get a general picture in his mind, and yet he was reasonably sure that most of them had honest intentions and felt that they were engaged in a great work.

He wished that he could make up his mind as to whether Mr. Harry Pender honestly shared this viewpoint, but he had to set down the whole Pender problem as unfinished business because Mr. Pender made himself so hospitable and charming that no time was left for analysis. Besides, it was a time to be very, very careful, until he had told Bill Gibson his ideas. It was a time to be enthusiastic but dumb, in an openhanded way. It was also a time to show by a series of skillful shadings a picture of growing attachment between himself and Miss Bogart. All these details had kept Jack Rhyce very busy.

"Of course this is only a very quick fill-in," Mr. Pender kept saying. "You can't really start getting your teeth into anything until Monday, Jack."

"I can't wait to get the bit in my teeth, Harry," Jack Rhyce said, "and possibly to be of some help with the wonderful things you are doing here. I had no idea that you had such an inspiring picture to show me or such lovely and artistic offices."

"You just wait. These are only temporary quarters."

Temporary or not, the Asia Friendship League occupied already half a floor of a postwar office building in the neighborhood of the Ginza. Mr. Pender, as the head of the Japan branch, had a truly beautiful office, looking over a large section of the city and furnished with new Japanese furniture that had been adapted to the European fashion. The furniture had been designed right in the Friendship League. A lot of leading Japanese artists and merchants had been consulted, and had been generous with their help, Mr. Pender explained, and the result had surely been worth the hours of conferences. In fact, it might very well start a new vogue, Mr. Pender said, and this was just a small example of what the Asia Friendship League was up to. The league's motto might, in one word, be termed Interest. Mr. Pender did not mean financial interest, but an honest interest in the other fellow out here in the East. There was a group in the office, for example, studying the new Japanese films. Then there was the sports group. And this afternoon, as Mr. Pender had said, there would be a panel discussion on writing, in the conference auditorium. One of the foundation's own girls, Miss Kettlebark, was going to deliver a lecture to some young Japanese writers on the American novel.

There was not really time, Mr. Pender said, to give a full survey of all the projects, but there was one which was a particular pet of his—the Friendly Pen Pals. Up to this point Jack Rhyce had listened brightly, but now his interest quickened.

"What's that again, Harry?" he asked.

"Well, it's an idea that is purely my own," Mr. Pender said, "and I hope you'll play it up big in your report, Jack. You've heard of pen pals in the States and Europe? Well, it just came over me, why not do it here? Why not get a lot of these Japanese kids in schools and the universities to swap ideas and news with their own age groups back home? It would seem to me to be the very essence of the cultural interchange we're looking for, and it's working already."

Mr. Harry Pender was watching him expectantly when he finished, seemingly waiting for pleased surprise as the idea dawned, and Jack Rhyce nodded slowly. He was beginning to wonder how he had overlooked Mr. Pender in his research back in the States. The idea of pen pals was original and could form the basis of an excellent message center.

"There's only one thing I don't get," Jack Rhyce said. "I don't exactly see how they write to each other without a common language."

"That's right, Jack. That's the difficulty. I began playing around with that problem just as soon as I took over the center here, and then it came over me, just a week or two ago—why not set up a translation post right here in the league? The translation center kills two birds with one stone. We have two big rooms now. Would you like to see them?"

Mr. Pender pushed back his chair, but Jack Rhyce shook his head. It was better not to be overcurious, and besides, Bill Gibson knew the ground. Bill could never have missed the Friendship League for a moment, or this new man who was running it, and Bill would give the orders.

"Thanks, Harry," Jack Rhyce said. "I would be fascinated to see this project next week, because I can begin to see already what real thought there is behind it. But right now, how about some more on the organization's setup, before I go after the details?"

Mr. Pender nodded. "I think you're very wise, Jack. Take the whole thing slowly. Of course, our basic trouble as I see it is getting personnel out here who are imbued with the right ideas in a social sense."

Harry Pender was a good, fast talker when he discussed the problem of personnel. As Jack Rhyce listened, occasionally nodding in agreement when a cogent point was made, he constantly made mental notes of Mr. Pender's facial expressions and mannerisms. The trouble with the business recently was that new faces and new talents were continually appearing and the photograph files were getting a year or two behind the contemporary parade.

He glanced across the office at Ruth Bogart. "You're getting full notes on this, aren't you, Ruth?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," she said. "It's very fascinating, Mr. Pender."

It was late in the afternoon and entirely by accident that Jack Rhyce picked up another piece of information that interested him. They were conferring following a tour of the offices and Mr. Pender poured forth facts, while Jack Rhyce listened.

The man, he was thinking, must have been at some time the recipient of a Ph.D. degree, and he must have worked as an instructor, presumably in sociology in some college in the States, and there was a depth and charm to his voice that fitted well with the USO Song Caravan.

"You see," Mr. Pender was saying, "this job here is a real challenge to me, Jack. I don't know why Charles Harrington thought I was suitable for it. There I was, just running our settlement house at Pnompenh not six weeks ago, and along

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came the news that the foundation board had selected me for Tokyo."

"Pnompenh," Jack Rhyce said slowly. "I don't think I've ever heard of Pnompenh."

It was not true, what he had said, but it was not a time to be bright.

"I don't blame you," Mr. Pender said. "It's in Cambodia, and not many people get there now, but the Cambodians are very lovable people."

It was also an excellent place from which to communicate with China—but it was never wise to appear too interested. Jack Rhyce glanced unobtrusively at his wrist watch.

"This has been a very full and fascinating day, Harry," he said, "and I can't be too grateful to you for giving us all this time. But now maybe Ruth and I had better leave you and call things off until Monday or else we'll lose perspective. We can get a taxi, can't we?"

"Oh, don't do that. Why don't we all go to a real Japanese restaurant for supper, and see night life in Tokyo?"

Jack Rhyce glanced at Ruth Bogart and shook his head. "Let's make it sometime next week. I think Ruth's still tired from the trip. . . . Aren't you, Ruth?"

"Well, yes. I am a little, Jack."

"I'll just take her for a walk along the Ginza," Jack Rhyce said. "I can find my way all right, thanks, Harry. It was quite a shambles right after the war."

Mr. Pender smiled at them as they moved toward his office door. "You won't recognize it now," he said. "It's everything it used to be, and more so. Well"—his smile grew broader and more tolerant—"have fun, kids, but come back to school on Monday."

The offices of the Friendship League had been air-conditioned, so that the heat on the street outside made one catch one's breath.

"That office and that damned Aloha shirt," she said.

"It was a fresh one since yesterday," he told her. "The fish were red yesterday. They were orange today. Did you notice?"

"Oh, yes. I'm a dumb girl, but I noticed quite a lot besides the fish."

"How much else?"

"Enough else to know we'd better be careful."

"That's why we're walking down the Ginza. If anyone's tailing us—I agree, we'll have to be damn careful."

Every large city in the world was bound to have a characteristic street or square, and Jack Rhyce had seen enough of these to make intelligent comparisons. It seemed to him that the Ginza was the most vital of them all, and best expressed the *Geist*, if he had to use a German word, of the people who had made it, although it was not a beautiful street, any more than Broadway was beautiful. There were huge department stores and smaller shops filled with garish, highly colored Japanese goods. There were motion-picture houses displaying the latest Hollywood films as well as Japanese-made pictures. There were beer halls, cabarets and billboards, jewelry and cultured pearls. There was something for everyone, on the Ginza. It was too early for the neon signs, but once they were turned on, the Ginza would be another Broadway, a center of national aspirations. Now and then, you could believe that you were on Broadway, except for the Japanese features and the voices speaking a strange tongue and the Japanese characters above the shops.

"It's a little spooky here, isn't it?" Ruth Bogart said.

"How do you mean? There aren't spooks around at four in the afternoon."

"I mean, it's half home, and half not. I wonder whether the Japanese feel any more at home here than we do."

"I could show you quite a lot if I wanted to use the language," he said.

"I'd say we're seeing enough the way it is. I wouldn't say we had a tail on us. Would you?"

"No, I wouldn't. Between us we should have spotted one by now."

She smiled at him, and he smiled back because he shared her temporary relief.

"Then let's go back to the hotel and have a drink in the bar," she said. "And you can make eyes at me in front of the bar boys and the bar flies, just to build the cover, darling—just to build the cover. They have an air-conditioned bar at the hotel. Did you know it?"

"We'll go there pretty soon, but there's one place I'd like to take you first. It's quite a distance, but we can get a taxi."

"Oh, no; not any more sights today. I never did like sights."

"It won't take long, and perhaps we can pick up some ideas."

It was simple enough to find a taxi driver along the Ginza who could speak a little English.

"Street with all the bookstores," Jack Rhyce said, and then he took a paper from his pocket and pretended to read the name of the district from it, with a clumsy pronunciation.

"Bookstores?" she said, as soon as the cab had started on its way. "For heaven's sake, why bookstores?"

"You'll be surprised," he said, "at how many people are reading in Japan."

There were districts in every city where dealers in new and secondhand books congregated, but few were larger than the book street in Tokyo. The bookshops extended for block after block and, like the Ginza, they offered a little bit of everything. Most of them were filled with customers, many of whom were reading as much of a volume as possible in the hope of getting the gist of it before they had to buy it, but no one disturbed these furtive readers.

No one interrupted Ruth Bogart or Jack Rhyce, either, as they moved from shop to shop. The displays of periodicals were what interested him most, particularly the large numbers that dealt with Russia and Red China. These—some in Russian, some in English, some in Japanese—were crude but effective projections of American formats. Except for some scurrilous pictures of Uncle Sam and heavily armed gentlemen with dollar signs on their waistcoats who whipped starving workers into factories, everyone was happy in the pictures.

"You see," he said, "how it rounds out the picture of the day?"

"Yes, naturally, I see," she said, and she took his arm and pressed it urgently. "But let's go. We shouldn't have come here."

"Why not? What's the hurry?"

"Buy some cheap American magazine," she said, "and get out of here."

He did not ask her again what the matter was until they stood on the curb waving to a taxi.

"We're in the clear," he said. "There was nothing queer in any of those shops."

She shook her head impatiently. "No," she said; "but we are. We were the only foreigners, and everyone remembers foreigners. Where would you keep a lookout for new operators? Put yourself in their position, Jack."

He felt deeply mortified that he had not thought of her point himself. Too many small mistakes too often added up to something fatal, and there was no way of knowing how great a margin of error they possessed. A taxi had halted.

"There are some people looking at us," she said.

"What sort?"

"I don't know. Little man."

"But, darling," he said, and he laughed loudly and put his arm through hers and took her hand. At least he could leave the impression of love and dalliance if anyone was watching. "This country is full of little men."

When they were in a taxicab he put his arm around her. They had only been two people in love looking for a copy of Hollywood True Romances.

"Oh, Jack," she said, and she giggled.

The taxi driver, if anyone asked him, would remember. But she had been right. He had been a fool to be examining Red literature in Tokyo.

The bar of the Imperial Hotel was aggressively modern and so over-air-conditioned that Jack Rhyce felt for a moment that they were locked inside a refrigerator. They sat next to a sealed plate-glass window that looked out on a small Japanese garden containing a marble bust of an elderly man in the top half of a frock coat. There was nothing professional about anyone there, and nothing technically disturbing. It was becoming easier and easier to appear conspicuously interested in Ruth Bogart.

"What would you like, sweet?" he asked, when the bar boy came to the table.

"Scotch on the rocks, darling," she said.

They gazed at each other fatuously for a while after the bar boy left, and then they both began to laugh, and it was the first time in several weeks that he had been genuinely amused.

He realized that he was happy, and happiness was such a rare sensation that he was suspicious of it, but the more he examined his mood the more certain he was that it was genuine.

He could discover no particular reason for it, and he did not particularly care. He only knew that it was something that had made the whole day worth while.

"You know," he said, "I think you're a pretty clever girl."

"Why, thanks a lot. Coming from you, I must be."

"In fact, maybe you are smarter than I am. You were right about those bookstores."

"I like to have you wrong sometimes. It shows that maybe you are human."

"Why, thanks a lot; but believe me, it's better not to be."

She smiled at him, ironically, but very pleasantly. "You remind me of a poem of Whittier's," she said.

"What poem?"

"About the boy and the girl at the schoolhouse."

"*'I'm sorry that I spelt the word;*
I hate to go above you,
Because'—the brown eyes lower fell—
'Because, you see, I love you!'"

"Yes," he said, "but I don't like what comes next.

"*Dear girl, the grasses on her grave*
Have forty years been growing!"

"I don't like that either," she said, "and I wish you hadn't brought it up."

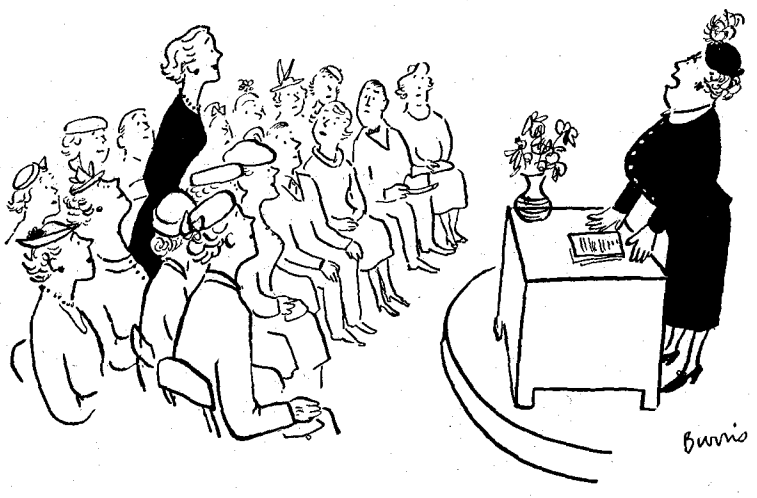
But even so, nothing changed his mood.

"You know," he said, "I don't see why we shouldn't have a nice time going there tomorrow."

When she smiled at him again, it was exactly as though they were on the outside.

"Please," she said, "please let's, Jack."

TO BE CONTINUED



The Perfect Squelch

Mrs. Frest had a vast respect for her own opinion and was generous about sharing it. So when a new and very young teacher ventured to disagree with her at a PTA meeting she opened all her vocal jets.

She loudly denounced the young teacher's suggestion that children need constant parental guidance and companionship. She implied that although she was always terribly busy with community affairs, her own teenage children hadn't suffered. Then she dwelt at some length on the youth of the teacher, her inexperience and her complete lack of knowledge of children.

"Why, you simply couldn't know anything about children, Miss Smith," she said finally. "You've never had any children."

"No," the young teacher said quietly, "but I was one since you were."

E. D. Smith

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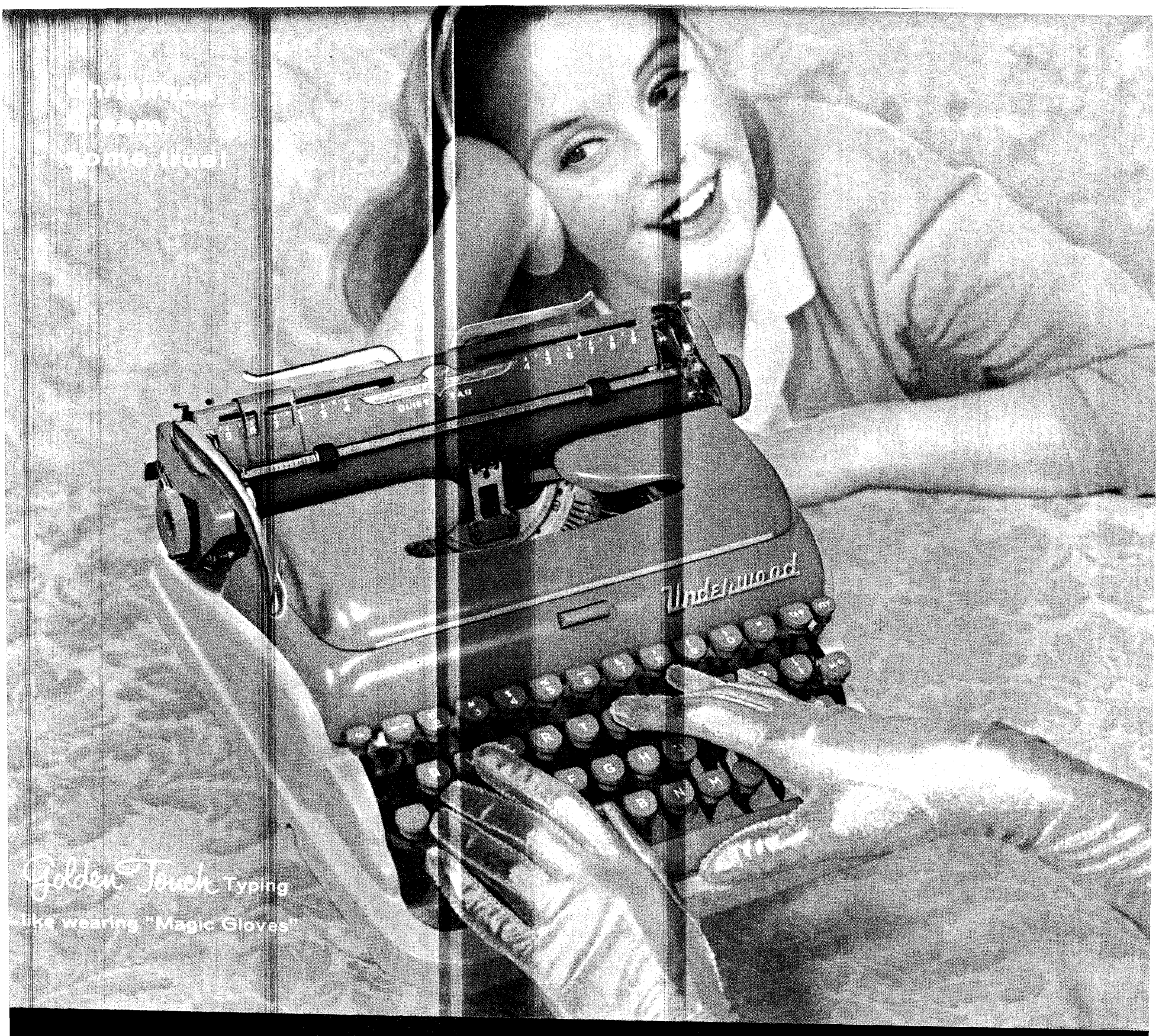

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The Secret of Shining Brook

(Continued from Page 49)

whys and wherefores of you knocking the whey out of Moffitt and Leary. Miss Quinto is going to be pinched—Miss Quinto that's wanted by the New York police. Van Patten found out who she is."

"So," asked Archy, "what does Miss Quinto do? Rush out and hide in the woods?" He squinted at Lumpy. "Who," he asked, "worked you over, and why?"

"I drove Miss Quinto to town," Lumpy said impatiently. "She went into the store. Bones Leary came out of a saloon, and a man was waiting for him—a pipe racker I've had my eye on. They went back into the bar. Table near the side wall. Thin boards. I plastered my ear against."

"Speed it up," urged Archy.

"This pipe racker said the party was set. Gang fight in the contractors' camp around ten o'clock tonight. This pipe racker said it would be a doozer."

"Cover for something else," said Archy.

"That," said Lumpy ruefully, "is as far as I got. Three roughnecks descended."

"And beat you up."

Lumpy grinned wryly. "You ought to see them," he said.

"Come to Sergeant Van Patten," Archy ordered.

"That was later—after your fracas in the café. I was eating when the sergeant came in, polite as all git out. That's when the counterman told all—about you and Miss Quinto being not friendly. About that other slick chick coming in, and then Moffitt and Bones. All of it. Identifying Miss Quinto."

"But," Archy asked, "did Van Patten understand who Miss Quinto is?"

"Plenty," Lumpy said. "He turned me inside out. He's mad at you, Butts. Said you'd been holding out. He and the trooper with him are heading for the Pansy Grove store to pick Miss Quinto up. I beat them to it."

"But not," said a voice from the open kitchen window, "by much."

Sgt. Douglas Van Patten withdrew his head and walked the few steps to the screen door, which he pulled open. "Good day, all," he said politely.

"Pull up a chair," invited Mrs. Violet Magin hospitably, "while the vittles is hot."

"Don't mind if I do," Van Patten replied. He pulled up to the table and then turned to look at Lumpy quizzically. "The guilty flee when no man pursueth," he said. "Now, aboot Miss Quinto."

Boots, who had been sitting quietly in her chair, peered at the sergeant calculatingly. "You knew about me all the time, didn't you?" she said.

"We do keep track of strangers," he said. "Now Mr. Sawyer thinks I came squirreling out here to take you into captivity." He shook his head. "In spite of Meester Sawyer, I did not drive out here to molest you, Miss Quinto, but to caution you."

"Against whom?" she asked.

"There are those, Miss Quinto, who worry aboot you. There are those who fear that you might not reach New York, were you to start for that city. I would sleep sounder did I take ye into protective custody."

"Sergeant," Archy said, "was it officially or unofficially that you came into possession of that emerald?"

"When we made thorough examination of the murdered detective, Seth Bowen, it was in the leetle fob pocket of his britches," Van Patten said.

"So-o?" Archy drew out the word significantly. "Was it perhaps put there as a red herring—the way my Phi Beta Kappa key was included in the deal?"

"My considered opeenion is it was overlooked by him that broke Bowen's neck with his powerful hands."

Lumpy was sulking. He thought he had been belittled by the Mountie. "And I suppose," he said disagreeably, "what I heard about a gang fight tonight was a mare's-nest!"

"All observable signs in and aboot Shining Brook Field point to the imminence of big, bad trouble," the sergeant said. "I am far, Mr. Sawyer, from belittling you."

Mrs. Magin was restive. Too much talk had been going on in which she had taken no part. She pushed back her chair and clomped into the bedroom. She returned almost instantly with an ancient double-barreled twelve-gauge shotgun across her arm, which she leaned against the wall. Her beady eyes snapped.

"Now, Mrs. Magin!" her husband protested.

"Shet your mouth, darlin', ye dummed ol' fool," she said with as near to affection in her crackling voice as she ever could come. She fixed the sergent with accusing gaze. "D'ye deem," she asked, "that some miscreant is plannin' to molest Boots? Do ye?"

"I'm apprehensive," Van Patten answered.

She pointed to the shotgun. "Nobuddy is," she said sententiously; and then added with significance, "Buckshot."

Muffled somewhat by the walls of the store, there came to their ears from the road the sound of galloping hoofs; then the detonation of a rifle shot. The hoofbeats changed their tempo. Sergeant Van Patten tipped his chair over backward as he leaped to his feet and ran through the store to the front porch. His trooper and Archy were at his heels, the others following.

On the brown grass at the roadside was a tiny, huddled figure—very still. Archy reached it first and raised it in his arms. It was a small girl in scuffed boots, threadbare dungarees and a worn and shapeless felt hat. He looked around as if bewildered and saw Boots Quinto running toward him. But the duplicate of Boots Quinto was inert in his arms.

"That flibbertigibbet!" said Mrs. Magin. "That Lolly Grebus!"

The face of the sergeant hardened. "From a hundred yards away," he said, "she could be Miss Quinto!"

Boots was kneeling at Archy's side. "Is she—dead?" she asked.

"I don't know," Archy said. His lips were stiff. "It might have been you," he said harshly. "Whoever fired the shot thought it was you."

Archy stood up, the girl in his arms. As he strode with her toward the store, he said accusingly to Van Patten, "Because you came here. Because someone thought you came to arrest her, to send her back to New York. Miss Quinto."

"It could be that way," Van Patten said gravely.

"On my bed," Boots said.

"Poor little thing," said Mrs. Magin. "Poor, silly, naughty little critter! You men skedaddle out of here." She shooed them out of the room, all but Boots, and shut the door against them. They—the men—stood huddled. Minutes passed before Mrs. Magin opened the door. "Go along about your business," she snapped. "The flapper ain't hurt bad—jest creased." With which she slammed the door in their faces.

"Sergeant," Archy said, "there's a man who is camped out on the riverbank. A regular gargoyle of a man. John Smith, called John the Fisherman. Are you aware of him?"

"A peaceable man," Van Patten said. "Some kind of a religious person. Like a hermit."

"Not a hermit," Archy said. "This girl has been visiting his tent."

"Wayward little fool," Van Patten said sorrowfully. "No parents. No restraint."

"This girl might—mind, I say 'might'—have got to be a nuisance to him," Archy said. "It could be."

Van Patten shook his head. And then, "Talk about this man," he directed. "What do you know about him, Mr. Butts? How does he fit in?"

"The Fisherman," Archy said, "is a professional hijacker. A hijacker is a criminal who preys on other criminals. Name derived from old rumrunning days. The story is that the Fisherman never commits the original crime. He lets someone else rob the bank or steal the jewels or work the blackmail. Then he steps in and grabs the fruits of the crime." Archy smiled wryly. "To finance," he said, "his messiahship."

"Crazy?" asked Van Patten.

"Who's to define insanity? A genius, maybe; a zealot, a crook." He held Van Patten's eyes, and his words were a suggestion. "A man with powerful hands—hands that are strong enough to break a neck."

The Mountie was thoughtful. "Is it your idea," he asked, "that this Fisherman is here because someone else has done a crime?"

Archy nodded. "Not just any crime," he said; "a money crime, where the booty was big and valuable."

The officer was trying to think it through. "His presence here would seem to indicate," he said, "that the proceeds of some depredation are coming here, to Shining Brook. He is waiting for them to arrive."

"To swoop down," Archy said. "That's how it looks to a man up a tree."

Sgt. Douglas Van Patten was a man of more than average intelligence—an intelligence which had been trained to function in a difficult and demanding profession. He was not an imaginative man so much as a plodding man, but a man who used his brains even as he plodded.

"How," he asked, "do these happenings here and these people here—these intruders who do not belong in this environment—connect with the murder of the president of an oil company in New York?"

"Sergeant," Archy said unhappily, "I don't know. I can only guess. But I believe that Miss Quinto could tell us—or at least put us on the path—if she could be persuaded to be frank."

"Why should she withhold information?"

"For one of two reasons," Archy said. "Because her knowledge is guilty knowledge or because she is obeying orders."

"Orders from whom?" the sergeant wanted to know.

"From a downy old bird who makes his own rules," Archy answered. "A finagling, devious, dominating old dodo by the name of William Makepeace Hawks."

"Your boss," said Van Patten.

"My boss," Archy said.

"Then," Van Patten said, "this skulduggery, whatever it is, smells of oil."

"Of course. But oil ramifies. As fact piles on fact, it gives me an ironclad inkling that it is not drilling for oil that is involved, or refining of oil, or marketing of oil, but, Mr. Mounted Policeman, the transportation of oil. And not by land, but by sea."

"Tankers," said Van Patten. "But tankers can't get to Shining Brook Field."

"They can," suggested Archy, "get to Vancouver. They can lay down oil from the other side of the world in your port of Vancouver cheaper than it can be transported from Shining Brook Field, as of today. From Abadan or, for the sake of argument, from Guatemala or South America."

"And," Van Patten added, "Mr. Leon Moffitt is the vice-president in charge of ocean transportation for Gandolin Oil."

"A network of oil tankers, sailing all the Seven Seas, would make a handy device," Archy reasoned, "for someone in a place of authority who wanted to use them to transport something other than oil. Let's go far afield and say narcotics or other contraband, or even stolen goods."

Van Patten was silent as he considered the possibilities. He was appalled. The thing was huge, its possibilities for criminal traffic enormous.

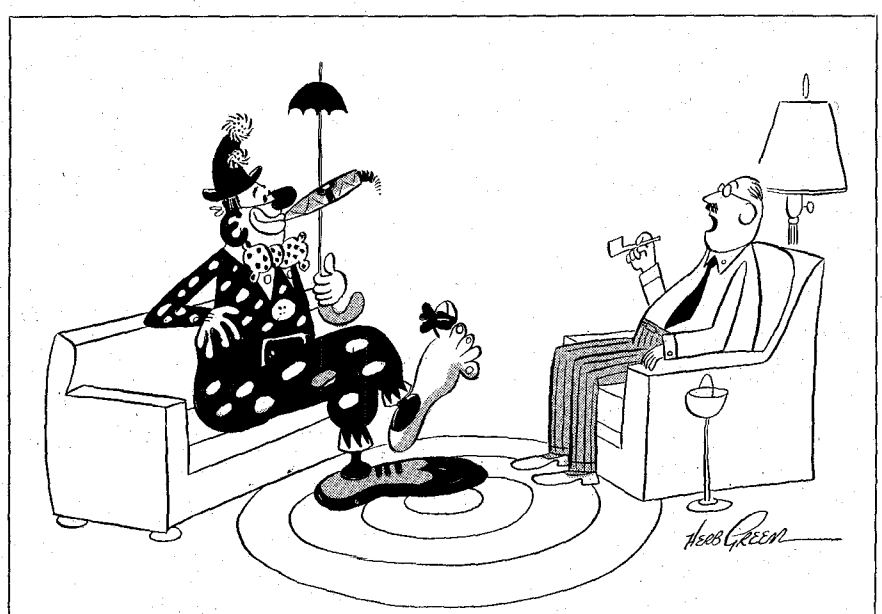
"J. A. Baldwin, president of Gandolin," he reasoned, "might have become suspicious. He might have investigated. He might have found proof."

"And," Archy added, "he might have been killed before he could use that proof. Also, if that proof were in the form of written reports, it might have been abstracted."

"But by whom?" the sergeant wondered. "By the murderer or ——"

"Or?" prompted Archy.

"You Americans have a word," Van Patten said. "The patsy. The fall guy. The one they tried to make the patsy—the young (Continued on Page 123)



"MaryLou tells me you're with the circus."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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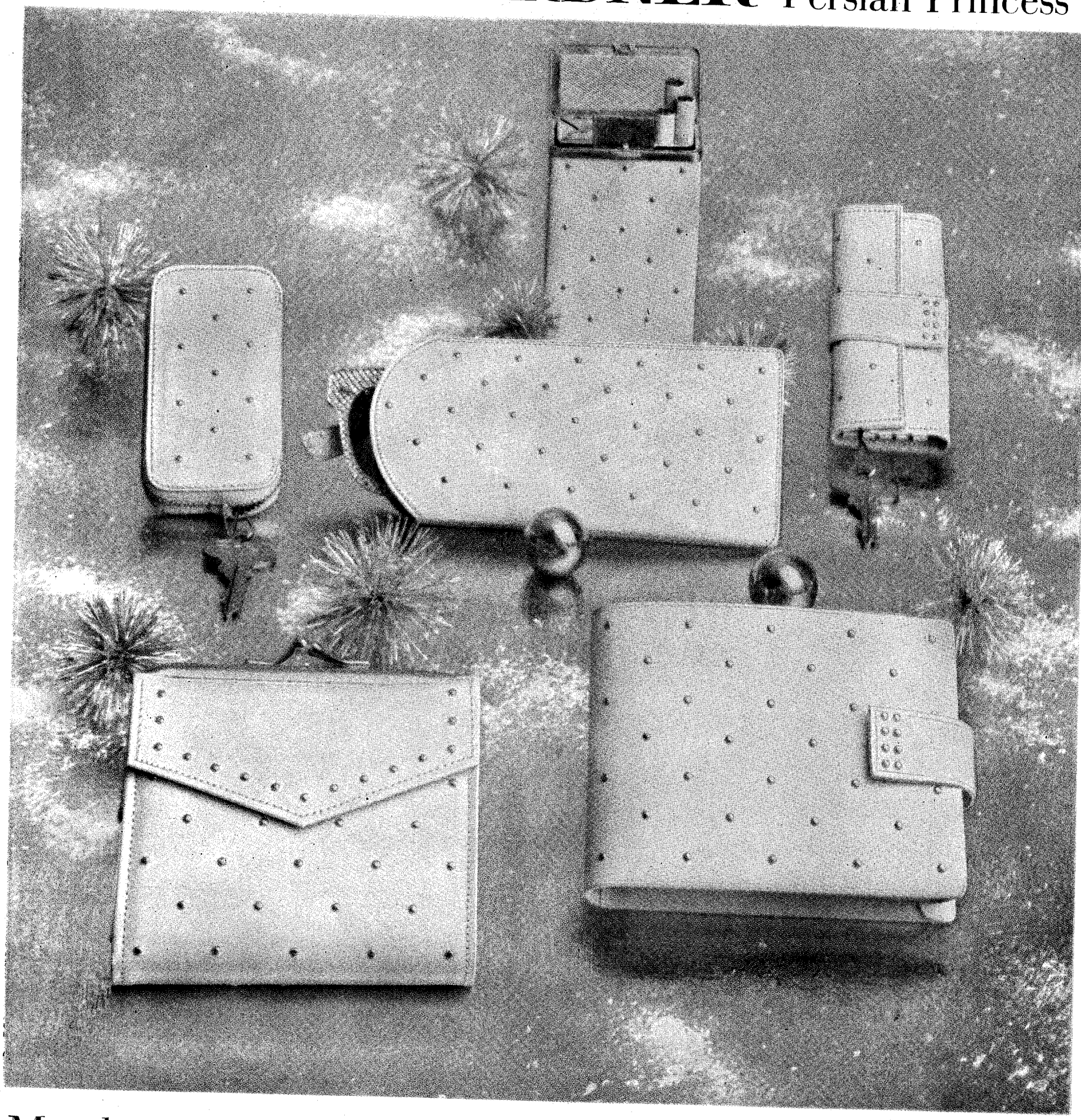

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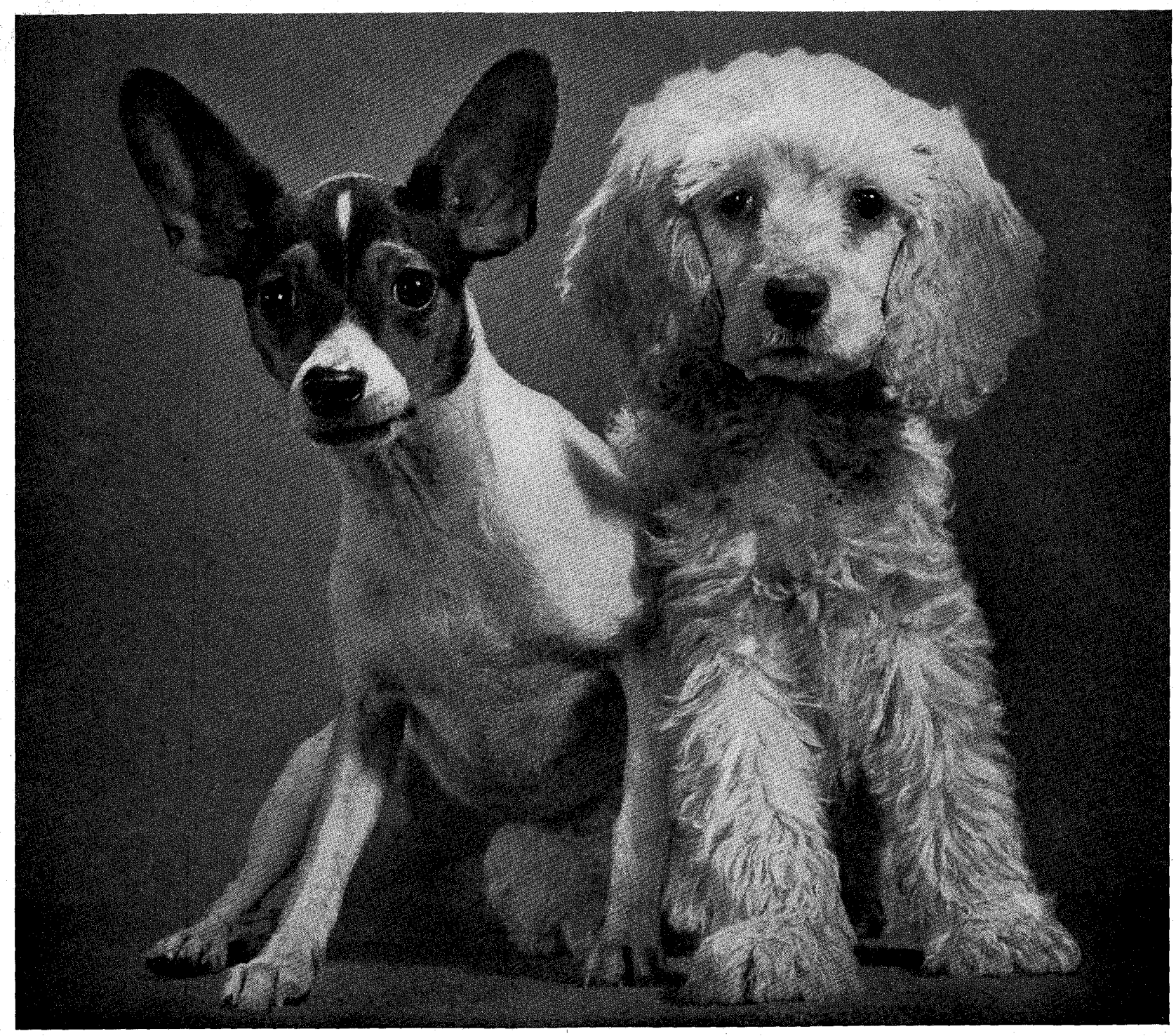

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(*Continued from Page 120*) woman who was Baldwin's secretary, or lady friend, or what have you. Miss Quinto. Who, my friend, might not have been the patsy at all. Who did a bunk. Could she, Mr. Butts, have scurried with the evidence? Could she have brought it here?"

Archy shrugged. "Do we agree," he asked, "that there is swag? And that the swag is on its way to Shining Brook?"

"With that," Van Patten said, "I agree."

"Probably by way of Vancouver?"

"Almost certainly."

"By airplane?"

"Possibly," said the Mountie.

"Tonight," Archy said, "would be a dandy night for it."

"Right," the officer said. "But no plane, not even a small one, can land here."

"Not land," Archy said; "drop."

The body of the mounted policeman jerked. This was a thing he had not envisioned. A parachute! No landing, but a dropping. A plane passing over, and something dropped from it in the darkness of the night. A small parachute, not capable of carrying a man but only a small package.

"Say, for instance, a little bundle of emeralds."

"Robbed from the museum in Guatemala during the revolution."

"We're guessing," said Van Patten.

"Not guessing. Deducing," Archy said. "But there is a joker."

"Such as?"

"There are two hundred and fifty thousand acres in Shining Brook Field. A tremendous spread of land. At what spot will the drop be made?"

"That," said Sgt. Douglas Van Patten, "is what we bright young seekers after knowledge must find out."

"But quick," Archy agreed. "And we'd better get on the job."

"Right." Van Patten's face clouded. "But what about Miss Quinto?"

"There," said Archy bleakly, "we'll have to hope for the best and rely on Mrs. Magin's shotgun."

Mr. Magin was in his chair on the porch. Archy Butts sat on the railing. Sgt. Douglas Van Patten stood by his car, behind whose wheel sat the trooper, ready to drive back to the village. Not more than ten minutes had elapsed since Lolly Grebus had been carried into the store. Suddenly Mr. Magin pointed eastward. Archy turned his head and saw, just emerging from the woods and crossing the ditch into the road, a man carrying a burden. It was a huge man with a lesser man on his back.

"Now what gives?" he asked.

John Smith, the Fisherman, strode toward the store as if he carried no load. He did not look up or give any sign that he was aware of the presence of others until he came to the foot of the steps, where he dropped the man he carried as if he were a sack of wheat. They saw then—or noticed then—that John also carried under his arm a rifle, a .30 Remington. This he stood carefully against the railing.

"This," he said, and his gargoyle face was stern, "is the killer." He touched the inert body with his foot. "His," the Fisherman continued sternly, "was a crime that cannot be condoned. Foolish she was—a silly child with a pagan simplicity—but she did not deserve to be killed."

"She is not dead, Fisherman," Archy said.

"It is all the same," the Fisherman said. "All the same." He was impressive as he towered there, as if he had a right to stand in judgment. "Guilt," he said, "is in the conception of the act, not in its execution."

"You saw this man fire the shot?" asked Van Patten.

"He was lurking," John Smith said. Then—and it was strange to see—the expression of his hideous face altered. It was no longer stern, but gentle with a strange, ineffable sort of gentleness. "Because," he said, "I stood under obligation to her, I struck down this man and brought him to you. She came to me in this desert and became my handmaiden and comforted me. She was of the earth, earthy, but she made her contribution." He swung his strange eyes to meet the gaze of Archy Butts. "If I incur a debt," he went on, "I pay it, no matter what the cost to me."

This was not sanity, but if it was madness, it was not ordinary derangement. It was evident to Archy Butts that the man accepted harum-scarum, undisciplined, amoral Lolly Grebus as a priestess serving at his shrine. There was a childlike gratitude to her for her ministrations, but above that was the resentment at the impiety of an assault upon one who served at his altar. So complicated a creature would be unpredictable.

Sergeant Van Patten had nothing to do with such imponderables. He was a peace officer with defined duties.

"You charge," he said, "that this man fired a shot at the Grebus girl?"

Any man who guesses a woman's age correctly ought to be ashamed of himself.

HOMER PHILLIPS

"I do," said John Smith.

"If I place him under arrest on your complaint, will you appear against him to testify?"

"If," John said, "it becomes necessary." He frowned at the policeman. "This man is only a hired hand," he said. "My real quarrel is with the instigator."

The captive was showing signs of returning to consciousness. The trooper was bending over him.

"Anybody know who he is?" he asked.

"He's a roustabout by the name of Simpson," Lumpy Sawyer said. "Buddy of Bones Leary."

The man Simpson struggled to sit up. He moved his head from side to side as if his neck was painful. The trooper hauled him to his feet and looked at his sergeant for orders.

"We'll run him to Entwistle," Van Patten said. "Question him there."

He looked fixedly at John Smith, as if he could not make up his mind what to do with him. Then he shrugged. "If I want you I'll know where to find you," he decided.

The Fisherman smiled. "A good many people have thought that," he responded.

"Coming to town?" the sergeant asked Archy.

"Presently," Archy answered. "I've things to do."

"Remember," warned Van Patten, "I'm the law."

He got into the car, made a good-by movement with his hand and drove away.

Boots Quinto stepped out of the store door and halted suddenly as she saw John Smith. She bit her lips and took a step backward, as if she would flee. But she mastered her fear, if fear it was.

"She will be all right," Boots told him. "No consequences but a bad headache."

"Why," asked the Fisherman pathetically, "are you afraid of me, Miss Quinto? It is not I who would harm you. Why?"

"I'm not afraid of you," she denied.

"Oh, yes, you are," he said regretfully. "You shrink. Is it," he asked, "because I fascinate you? Is that it?"

"The perverse charm," she said almost in a whisper, "of the inhuman. The attraction of the hideous. Of deformity."

"I beckon and they come," he said, as if it bewildered him. "Good women.... Would you come if I beckoned?"

Archy did not wait for her to answer—if she could have answered. "She wouldn't come if you beckoned, John," he said.

"Why not?"

"Because," Archy said, "I would prevent her."

"Could you?" the Fisherman asked.

"Always," Archy said flatly.

"How would you know that? How can you be so certain?"

"Because," Archy asserted, "a man like me can always beat a man like you at anything."

Boots Quinto stared at him out of wide eyes, as if seeking some reassurance. He smiled at her.

"Even physically?" John Smith asked.

"Even physically," Archy replied.

Mr. Magin interjected a word. "That," he said hungrily, "would be a sight worth seein'."

"But not now," John said. "Sometime, but not now." He turned away, but stopped and faced the porch again. "Go home to your trailer, Butts," he continued. "Stay there tonight. Make music, you and Mr. Sawyer, with your harmonica and guitar. Stay out of the woods tonight."

Again he turned his back, and his great, powerful legs carried him up the road away from them, in the direction of his tent on the river's bank.

Lumpy Sawyer broke the silence. "Where do we go from here?" he asked plaintively.

It was a moment of discouragement, of frustration, such as Archimedes Bolivar Butts never before had experienced. He knew what forces were arrayed against him, what problems, what people. And what space! First, there was the space between New York—where all this business originated, where the first of the murders had occurred, where he first had encountered William Makepeace Hawks and Boots Quinto—and Shining Brook Field. Next was the enormous space which made up the field itself—two hundred and fifty thousand acres of it. And mostly trackless wilderness. All the indications were that something was to happen tonight somewhere in that area, at some pin point in that vastness. To locate that pin point was hopeless.

It was impossible to keep an eye on all the persons apparently involved—upon Leon Moffitt and Bones Leary; upon Nadine Clark and Fisherman John Smith; upon Boots Quinto, who still remained enigmatic. One man, two men, could not watch them all, follow their movements. If he concentrated upon one, he would lose track of the others—and the one upon whom he concentrated might lead him up a blind alley while the others, or one of them, accomplished their objective unhampered.

And finally, due to the eccentricities of William Makepeace Hawks, he did not know what was expected of him—whether it was to solve the New York murder of Baldwin or to solve the mysteries of Shining Brook Field.

He was conscious that Boots Quinto was watching him solicitously, with sympathy.

"Discouraged?" she asked.

"Not optimistic," he answered.

"In every jigsaw puzzle," she said, "there is a key piece—key pieces."

"How does that help?" he asked.

"If you find it, the rest falls into place."

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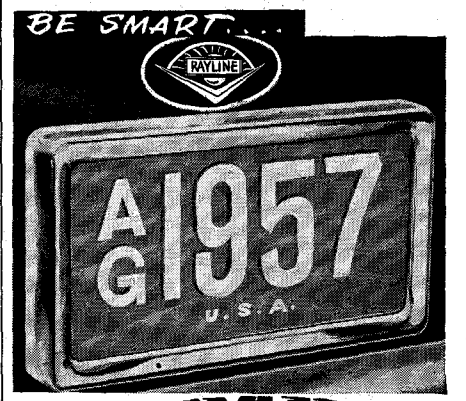

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"Maybe," Archy said, not too agreeably, "your woman's intuition can tell me what it is."

"I think so," Boots answered. "If you can get Nadine Clark to fall into place, you'll have the picture. Why did she come here? Why does her arrival—and it was an unexpected arrival—infuriate Leon Moffitt? Why is he afraid of her?"

"Is this," he asked, "deduction, guesswork, or have you knowledge?"

"You called the shot," she said, and her smile was impertinent. "Just woman's intuition."

"The which," interjected Mrs. Magin's husband, "you better pay heed to."

"Have you got a gun?" Lumpy asked.

The question surprised Archy. It was out of the context.

"No," he said sharply. "What's the idea?"

"You better have a gun," Lumpy persisted. "You better go back to the trailer and get all dressed up in a trusty thirty-two."

Mrs. Violet Magin appeared in the doorway and spoke grumpily. "Ye better go some'eres," she said. "You won't dig no potaters here. The flibbertigibbet's comin' around. She's been mumblin' about emerald earrings. Seems like she calc'lates on havin' emerald earrings. Emerald earrings don't grow on bushes in Shining Brook Field." She fixed Archy with an acid glare. "Ye better be about your business," she snapped.

The shadows of afternoon were lengthening. Archy looked at his watch. If the riot in the contractors' camp was to break out at ten o'clock, then only five hours remained to him. Only five hours remained in which to locate the pin point in Shining Brook's two hundred and fifty thousand acres upon which, if his conclusion was right, a fortune in Central-American emeralds was to be dropped from a plane.

He peered at Boots in indecision. She read correctly his hesitation.

"You don't," she said, "need to be my bodyguard. Everyone will be too busy tonight to bother about me."

"And," said Mr. Magin, "there's Mrs. Magin and her shotgun."

Archy turned reluctantly toward his car. "I can leave Lumpy," he suggested.

"No need," insisted Boots. She crinkled her nose at him. "And don't," she said, "forget about the key piece." Her eyes snapped. "Don't neglect delectable Round Heels. But let your research be strictly in the way of business."

Archy, followed by Lumpy Sawyer, drove away from the Pansy Grove store. He did not want to go, for he felt that it was a desertion of Boots Quinto at a time when she might well stand in need of him. He drove his car into his allotted parking space and strode back to his trailer. Immediately, when he opened the door, he saw that the room had been ransacked. Drawers were open, hand baggage gaped wide and belongings were scattered on the floor.

He went to the bag in which he had left his revolver. The holster was there, but the weapon had vanished.

Archy closed the handbag and sat down on his bunk. The gun had been there this morning, so it must have been removed during the day. By Bones Leary? Presently he arose and went outside, standing on the duckboards and looking about the clearing. A couple of hundred yards away was the contractors' camp, a clutter of tents and trailers. Closer at hand was the capped well and the tank in which the oil would be stored. Directly across was the line of neat trailers which housed the married couples. At the moment there was no sign of life. The little community was indoors at the end of the day's work. Smoke arose from the chimney of the cookhouse, where the evening meal was being prepared.

Archy walked the short distance to Leon Moffitt's trailer. He looked about him and was confident that he was not observed. Boldly he tried the door and was gratified to find that it was not locked. The interior was more luxurious than the interior of the trailer in which he and Lumpy lived. It was larger, more expensively fitted. At the left of the entrance was a commodious bedroom. Facing the entrance were the galley and bathroom. At the right was an office-living room, off which a door gave into a small room where, doubtless, Leary slept.

... ...

Request for Quiet

By John D. Engle, Jr.

When I am tired and weary
give me rest
From words and useless acts
which ask for words.
Let me relax in quiet. Let
the best
Of solitude be mine. You
may bring birds,
Quiet or singing, but deliver
me
From too much human
speaking. I could bear
The whisperings of sleepy,
wind-bent trees;
And I would like the silent
twilight prayer
Of honeysuckle. These
would bring me ease
And relaxation. Maybe I
could fling
Myself down in the hushed,
secluded grass
And listen to the lonely
silence sing—
Forget the world of
speaking; let it pass.
There I could breathe a
mute immortal breath
While noisy humans talk
themselves to death.

... ...

Archy went first to this compartment, where lingered the faint odor of the smoke of Bones' narcotic cigarettes. The narrow bunk was in disorder. Leary was not a neat housekeeper. Archy pulled out the top drawer of the narrow, built-in dresser. He pawed over its contents, and under a snarl of cravats and handkerchiefs his fingers encountered a familiar shape. It was the missing revolver. He dropped it into his pocket.

Now he stepped back into Moffitt's lounge and office. On a desk was a portable typewriter. A steel filing cabinet was fastened to the side wall. In addition to the chair at the typewriter, there were two comfortable armchairs and a wide, cushioned bench.

There would not be time for a search, for an examination of the files, but he did hastily glance at the few papers thrust in pigeonholes of the desk. There was nothing of interest. Under a paperweight was a folded paper in the shape of a road map, but when Archy spread it flat, it was not a road map but a detailed plat of Shining Brook Field. This he thrust into an inside pocket on the off chance that it might be informative.

Before he left the trailer he gave a swift once-over to Moffitt's bedroom. On the dresser was a framed photograph of a group standing on the fantail of a vessel. There were half a dozen people there, men and women. There was a heavy-set man of middle age and distinguished appearance; next to him, her hand on his arm, was Boots Quinto. Moffitt stood at the opposite end, with Nadine Clark smiling up at him. The other couple, a handsome girl and a slender young man, meant nothing to Archy. But he wondered who the man beside Boots might be. He guessed that it was J. A. Baldwin, the murdered president of Gandolin Oil.

That photograph gave ample food for thought, but he postponed thinking about it. He had not been in the trailer ten minutes, but dared remain no longer. He stepped outside and closed the door behind him. No one was in sight. He had accomplished his illegal entry unobserved.

He returned to his own trailer, took off his coat and fitted in place his holster, into which he dropped the revolver he had recovered. Somehow it bolstered his morale.

Lumpy had not put in an appearance, and Archy vaguely wondered why. He sat down on his bunk and spread over his knees the map of Shining Brook he had filched from Moffitt's office. It was a large-scale, detailed map showing the wear and tear of intensive study. Roads in existence and proposed were shown; the path of the river was there. Discovery well was located, as were the few farms and even Pansy Grove. In the lower margin was scribbled in ink a cryptic notation of numerals and letters: Lsd 4, Sec. 14, Twp 46, Rge 8, W5M. It was a surveyor's location.

Archy replaced the map in his pocket. He shaved, put on a clean shirt—and it was six o'clock by his wrist watch. He strolled over to the cookhouse and was first at the U-shaped table, but was not alone long. Field Superintendent Riggs came in with young Morton, the seismic specialist. They came in in earnest, technical conversation. ". . . an intensive step-out drilling program is what's required to determine the extent of the Cardium sand oil accumulation," Morton was saying earnestly. He broke off to nod greetings to Archy.

"Hi, Butts," said Riggs. "Shining Brook's been trying to get you on the wire. Half a dozen times."

"Who?" Archy wanted to know.

"Young Meggs made a note of it."

"Thanks," Archy said. "Any signs of trouble in the camp yonder?"

"None. Why do you ask?"

"Just a pricking of my thumbs," Archy said.

"They police their own crews," Riggs said. And then, "Here's Meggs. . . . You have a message for Mr. Butts, Stanley?"

"Yes, sir. Sounded urgent." He looked on a slip, which he passed to Archy. "The number's there," he said. "Name of Clark. Woman's voice."

"Obliged," Archy said. "Will I be able to get through?"

"As soon as I get a bite," said the boy, "I'll put it through for you."

It was a satisfying meal of vegetable soup, roast beef, boiled potatoes and gravy, peas and, for dessert, apple pie of quality.

"Ready?" asked young Meggs, and Archy walked with him to the trailer where the telephone was located. After some little annoyance, young Meggs got through to the village and gave the number. Almost instantly there was a voice on the line, and Meggs handed the instrument to Archy.

"Butts speaking," he said.

"I'm so glad," she said. "I'm so glad. This is Nadine Clark. I've been trying to get you for hours. I've got to see you right away. Where are you? Can you come at once?" Her voice was on the verge of hysteria.

"Hold everything," Archy said. "First, why should I come? We're not exactly buddies, you know."

"I'm afraid!" she said shrilly. "There's nobody but you! Please come! Quickly!" Her voice lost its edge, became wheedling. "A partnership!" she said. "Whatever you ask. Only come! Come quickly!"

"Changing sides?" he asked harshly.

"Yes; oh, yes." She seemed desperate, but Archy was suspicious of her desperation. "Emeralds," she said chokingly. "A million dollars' worth of emeralds! . . . Tonight . . . I'll show you where ——"

Then came a muffled scream, a crash as the instrument fell—and silence. Archy spoke into the transmitter urgently, but there was no reply. The line remained open, but no voice responded.

He replaced the instrument on its cradle. The call, the fear, the appeal, might be genuine. Nadine Clark might at last have overplayed her hand. She might have become a danger to someone—to Moffitt and what he represented. She might really be in peril. Her offer—the bribe she offered—might be genuine. To save herself she might lead him to the spot where the emeralds would drop, hoping for a share of those emeralds, perhaps. Or the whole thing might be bogus. That would be more in keeping with the reputation that was hers. A black widow, Hawks had said she was. If he responded to her cry for help, he might be walking into a deadfall.

He hesitated only a moment. Then he went out, started his car and drove at reckless speed to the outskirts of the village of Shining Brook. He backed his car off the road into concealment and then cut across lots toward the village's one street. The rear elevation of the house in which Nadine Clark lodged loomed before him. There were no lights in the kitchen nor in the rooms at the back of the house above the kitchen. Keeping in the blacker shadows close to the wooden structure, Archy made his way toward the front. The parlor was lighted and, through the drawn shades of Nadine's windows, dim light was visible. He saw nothing to excite his suspicions. Someone was playing a tinny piano.

He retraced his steps to the rear and climbed the steps of the kitchen porch. The door was not locked, and he stepped inside, feeling his way across the room. In a house of this size there would be a back stairway, and probably, beside it, steps leading down to the basement. His exploring hands found two doors, side by side. One of them gave upon a flight of stairs leading down, the other upon steps climbing to the second floor. He walked close to the wall, treading there where there was less apt to be a squeak. On the top step he paused, his ear against the panel. There was no sound except the muffled noise of the piano in the parlor below. The door opened as if on oiled hinges and he stepped into the dimly lighted hallway. This led past the well of the front stairs to the door he remembered as giving entrance to Nadine's apartment. Again keeping close to the wall, he inched ahead until he touched Nadine's door. Someone played boogiewoogie very badly on the piano, but Archy could detect no sound in the room beyond the door. He bent double to place his eye at the keyhole, but the key was in place, blocking his view.

For minutes he stood patiently, ears straining. (*Continued on Page 126*)

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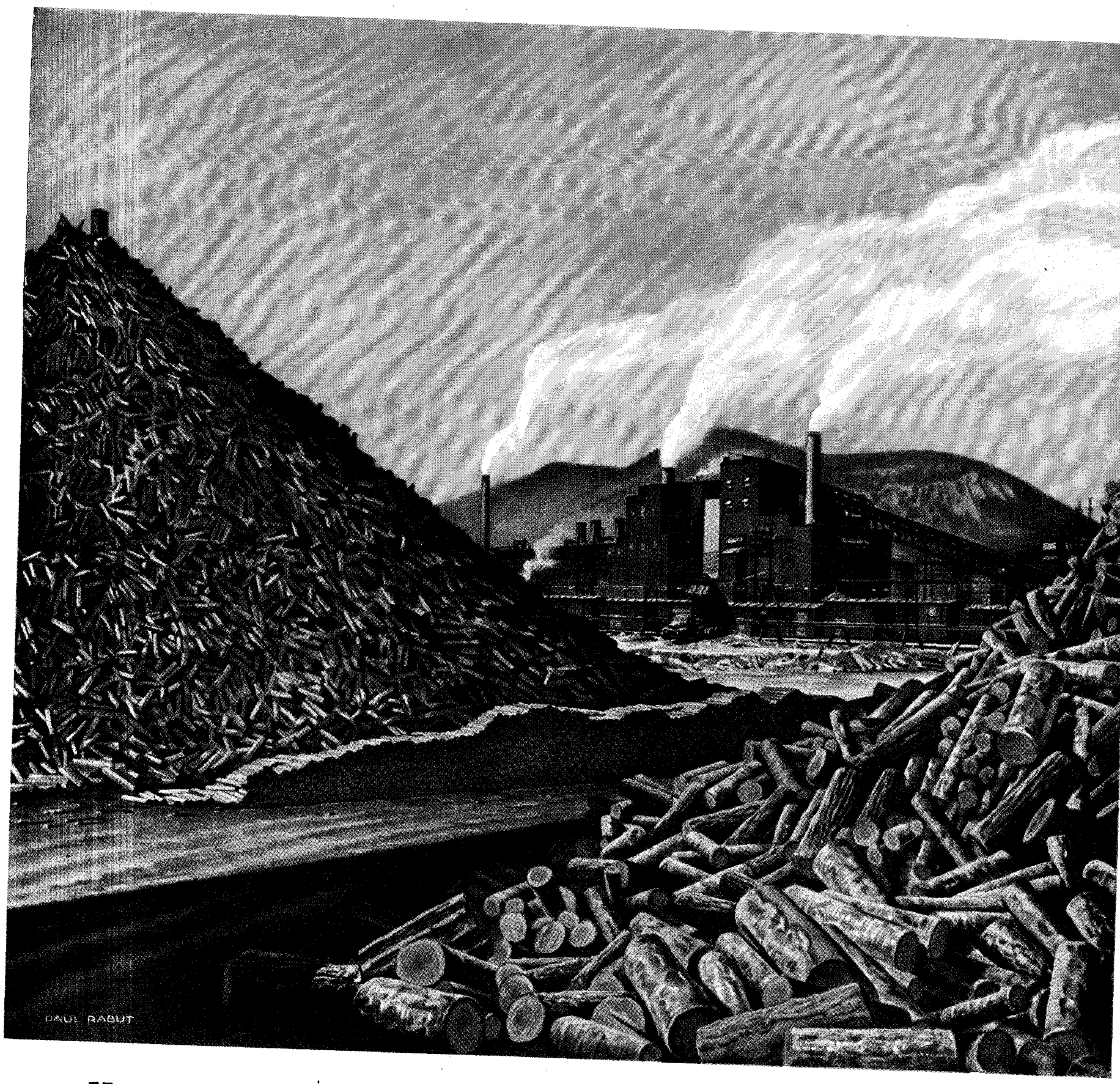

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(*Continued from Page 124*) It was impossible that a human being inside, if one was there, could persist so long in utter silence. There would have to be some movement, some rustle, some betraying sound of breathing. With infinite patience Archy began to turn the doorknob, so slowly, so cautiously that it seemed not to move at all. After what seemed half an hour the knob was turned as far as it would go and he exerted pressure to open the door.

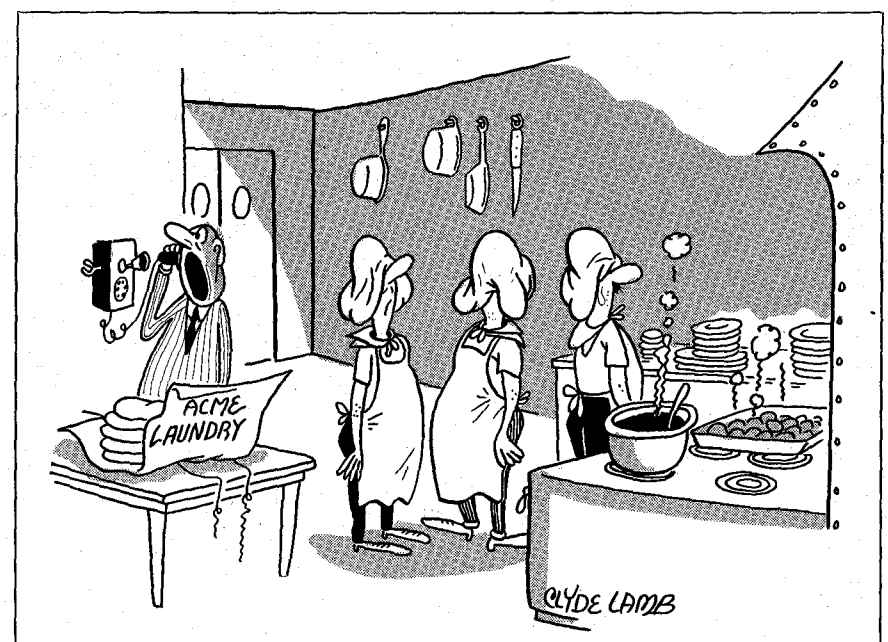
He slipped the revolver from its holster, pushed suddenly, and took one long stride into the room. But someone had been there. The telephone lay on the floor, its wires torn from the wall. Archy strode to the bedroom door. There was no one there. On the carpet near the telephone was a stain, a wet stain. Archy touched it, and his finger was red. He stood erect and looked about the room—at floors, at walls, at ceiling, at furniture, looking for something that might tell the story or give a clue to the story.

On the table on which the telephone had been, there were various objects—a book, an inkwell which had been overturned, so that its contents had flowed over the tablecloth. There was a lamp and a cheap china vase and a memorandum pad, face downward. Archy stood looking down at this huddle of objects. On the cardboard back of the memorandum pad was a doodle which consisted of aimless crisscrossings, and a row of letters, repeated. They caught Archy's eye. "N.B., N.B., N.B., N.B.," repeated senselessly.

"N.B." was an abbreviation for the Latin words *Nota Bene*, an injunction to "note well." It could be accident, mere aimless scribbling, or it could be significant. Archy picked up the pad, turned it over and saw writing there—numerals and letters of the alphabet: Lsd. 4, Sec. 14, Twp 46. Rge 8. W5M.

Archy snatched from his inside pocket the plat of Shining Brook Field. The letters and numerals on its margin were the same as the letters and numerals on Nadine's memorandum pad—a surveyor's figures denoting a specific location. Archy spread the map of the field. It was divided into squares, each square a section. He quickly found Section 14 of Township 46, Range 8. It was located not far from the road that led southward past Pansy Grove store—not the road that led to the river, but that road, rudimentary, partly gouged out of the wilderness by the bulldozer of the doodlebuggers in whose company Archy had been on the day he found Boots Quinto hiding on the hillside.

It appeared, then, that Nadine had been setting no trap for him; that she veritably was in fear, and that, so far as it lay in her to do so, she had meant to play fair with him, play fair with him to a point. And possibly, if worse came to the worst with herself, to see to it that she upset Leon Moffitt's applecart. However you read her conduct, there was a double-crossing of somebody.



"Hello? . . . Acme Laundry?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Archy did not linger, for time was wasting away. He made his way back to the dark kitchen, into the rear yard and in a beeline to his car. There was no attempt at concealment now, nor was any necessary. He started the motor and headed westward on the hard road. No other car was on that lonely highway. He swung southward on the road under construction, making what speed was possible over its lumpy, uneven surface.

As he approached the Pansy Grove corner, he glanced at his watch. If Lumpy Sawyer had heard correctly, there remained forty-five minutes before the riot would break out in the camp of the contractors at headquarters.

He pulled in at the hitching rail and killed his motor. The store door opened and an electric torch shone upon him.

"Oh, it's you," said Mr. Magin. "Git down and come in."

They walked through to the kitchen, where Mrs. Magin and Boots Quinto were sitting.

"The flibbertigibbet's gone home," Mrs. Magin told him. "We ketched up her pony and she was able to straddle it. What you doin' back here? Come courtin'? If that's your purpose, Mr. Magin 'n' me'll go sit some'eres else."

"Have any cars passed here going south?" he asked.

"Nary one today," Mr. Magin said.

Boots was looking at him intently, eyes dark with worry. "Where are you going tonight, Archy?" she asked.

"Specifically I'm going to Section Fourteen." He took the map of the field from his pocket and opened it. He pointed to the markings on the margin. "If," he said, still lightly, "I fail to show up for breakfast, you might suggest to Sergeant Van Patten that he see if I'm not detained in that neighborhood."

"What," she demanded, "is going to happen in this Section Fourteen?"

"I might," he said, "be able to wind up the job that brought me here."

"The job Mr. Hawks sent you here to do?"

"Yes," he said. "And then we both can hyper back to New York."

"Not I," she said gravely. "Not until ——" She stopped abruptly.

"Not until," he said, "William Makepeace Hawks gives you the all-clear. Honey," he said, unconscious that he had used the endearment, "if my luck holds tonight I may be able to give the boss what he needs—what J. A. Baldwin was trying to get. What the private dick, Seth Bowen, was on the track of."

"Mr. Baldwin and Seth Bowen are dead," she said.

"Which I earnestly hope I shall not be for a long, long time," he replied.

"Do you have to go alone?" she wanted to know.

"It seems to have worked out that way." He walked to where she sat and bent over her. His lips touched her hair. "Just for good luck," he said and, flicking his hand in good-by to the Magins, he walked to the door.

"Wait!" Boots said imperatively. She walked to where he halted and reached both hands to his cheeks, drawing down his head until his lips were in reach of her lips, and after she had kissed him she laughed at him with laughter that was tight, that was close to tears. "If," she said, "you've picked me for a mascot, the least I can do is bear down with the magic."

"Obliged, lady," he said. "Much obliged."

He strode out to his car and turned back into the road that led to the southward. He watched his speedometer as it measured distance. Well before he reached the corner of Section 14 he pulled off the road and abandoned his car. Then, bringing into play all the woodcraft of which he was capable, he plunged into the woods and worked his way roughly in a southeastward direction. It was difficult to estimate his rate of speed because he trod with caution, striving to make no sound. Now and then he paused to listen, but the wilderness was silent save for the sleepy peepings of little birds and the occasional rustlings of small animals as they moved through the undergrowth.

The illuminated dial of his watch gave him the hour. It was time. Before him reared a knoll, and he scrambled to its top and crouched there, his eyes on the heavens. Off to the southwestward he heard the sound of an approaching airplane. It was flying without lights, but as it reached a point nearly over his head a blue light blinked. Instantly, and not a hundred yards from where he knelt, a bright beam cut through the darkness and moved to and fro, signaling. The airplane circled, flew lower, and then, from a point dangerously close to the treetops, something detached itself from the aircraft and floated downward. Brighter and more flaring than a shooting star it was. The breeze carried it erratically. The airplane zoomed upward and disappeared in the western sky.

Archimedes Bolivar Butts stood erect and ready. Now he could hear movement in the woods, the crashing of hurried bodies following the flight of the descending flare. A vagrant wind caught it, veered it in his direction. Miraculously it did not become entangled in the boughs of a tree. It swept suddenly toward the earth and plumped to the ground not thirty feet from where Archy stood. And the forest seemed to come to life.

TO BE CONCLUDED

Girl With a Grudge (Continued from Page 27)

She smiled, but only with her mouth. Her green eyes, the color of inshore water, stayed sad. "You wouldn't be interested, Mr. Nelson," she said. "Will you have your coffee here or in the house?"

"Here," I told her. Our boys and our one daughter were born under that shake roof. My Margaret passed away there, in our room that looks west from the British Columbia main to the Vancouver Island hills. I didn't want to go into the house again for a spell. "And while you're about it, suppose you fetch out your scissors. Two-toning may be fine for automobiles, but a piebald woman is against nature. What's wrong with your husband that he lets you go about like that?"

"There's nothing wrong with Dan," she said. She was still studying me, and I had the feeling she was trying hard to reach some kind of a decision. But not about me; whatever it was, I was outside it.

The girl left me there. I leaned my shoulders against one of the fir snags Margaret and me never did find time to burn out, whipping up sour thoughts about my fifty Herefords munching their heads off in leased pasture, down-coast. I'm no softy; it would take a lot more than tear stains on a pretty girl's cheeks to make me let them stay. But there seemed no call to be unfriendly; and in spite of her gosh-awful topknot, this Mrs. Evanoe—she'd be nineteen or thereabouts—put me in mind of our Judy, her that eloped with the American sergeant in '43.

"What's your name?" I asked her, when I had her settled on a low stump with her coffee beside her and a towel around her shoulders.

"Margaret," she told me.

"They call you Peggy?" I'd addressed my Margaret so, although she'd never been partial to the name.

"Dan calls me Maya."

"He's a squarehead, I take it. Norske, or perhaps a Svenska boy?"

"Swedish," she said, a little stiffly. I let it go at that, for fear she'd consider me a nosy old man, and set to work. The rowboat crossed the estuary and mooched on north. The killer whales had gone and the mountains were beginning to show as the September smoke haze thinned for evening. I was remembering the many times I'd cut our children's hair, one or other of them setting on this same stump, when I noticed the girl was crying again.

"Look, Maya," I said to her. "It's not that I want to put you off. But I need this place; I've got to have it."

She dabbed at her eyes with a corner of the towel and said in a low and troubled voice, "We'll find another place. It isn't that, Mr. Nelson."

"Well," I said, "if you need a rain barrel to holler down, I'm a good listener. Only sit still, unless you want your ears docked too."

It's an odd fact that people will spill things to a stranger which they've kept hid even from their nearest. I didn't interrupt her with questions; anyhow, there was no (*Continued on Page 128*)

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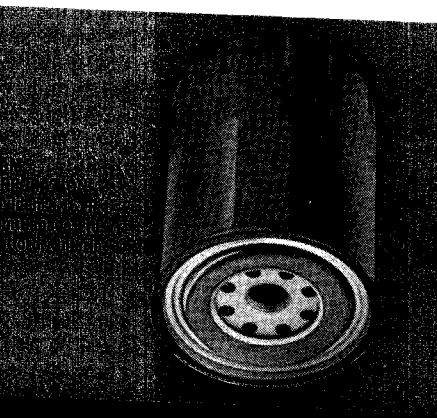

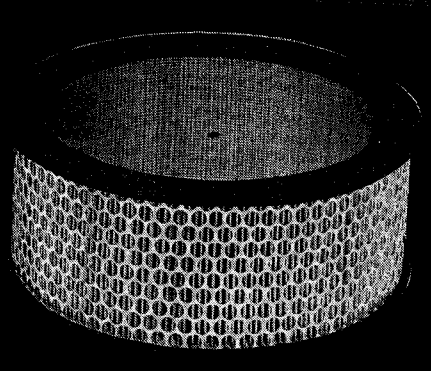

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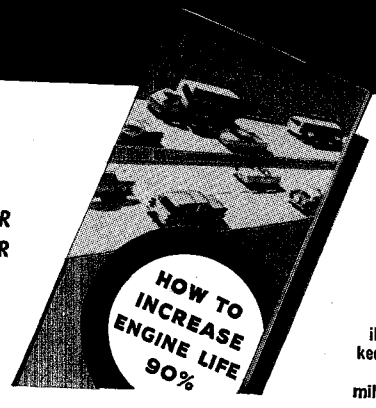

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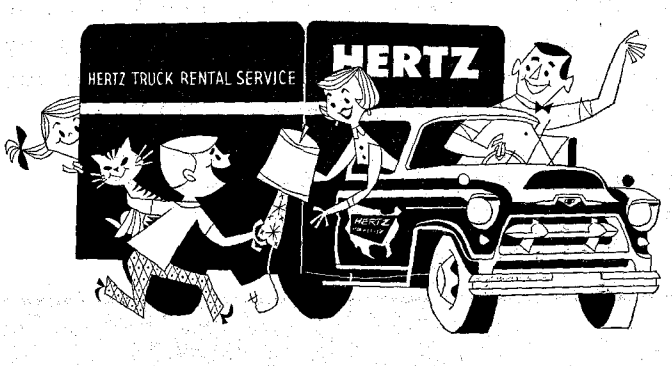

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(*Continued from Page 126*)

need. I could see it a lot more plainly than I wanted, the young girl alone in Vancouver, in more trouble than she knew how to carry.

The thing that tipped the balance wasn't having her marriage annulled—the fellow she'd run off with proved to be a mamma's boy whose folks had influence and the bad will to use it—or even finding the company she'd worked for didn't want her back. She traveled west by bus, taking her pride with her, and got office work in Vancouver without difficulty. It was around then she dyed her red hair; seems she meant to close the book on her past life and her former self with a proper bang.

Even when she knew about the baby, she asked no help. It was after he was born that her problems got the better of her.

She knew she couldn't keep him as a child ought to be kept, and the thought of signing adoption papers was worse than dying. So much worse that when he was a little over six weeks old, she kissed him good-by at the foster home and walked across the city to Lions Gate bridge that spans the harbor entrance. But height had always terrified her, and the thought of the long fall was too much for her. So she crossed the town again in the wet dusk, found a towing-company dock lower to the water than most, and stepped off it.

She couldn't swim, and she didn't try. The last thing she remembered was deciding she was a natural for hellfire, but that hell mightn't be too bad a change from earth.

When she came out of it, she wasn't in hell, or heaven either. She was curled in the bottom of a rowboat with blankets around her and a big black gumboot on either side of her, and blue eyes smiling at her through a mess of bandages. A dreaminess was on her, and a calm, as if by walking off that wharf she'd reached a place outside her troubles.

"Where are you taking me?" she asked Dan Evanoe, not finding it at all strange to be sharing a small boat with a bandaged man she'd never seen before.

"To a good place," he answered her, speaking to her as one does to a sick child. "Only we go the long way round to get there."

She saw her topcoat and suit jacket spread along the gunwales and wished in a drowsy way that this big dumb ox had made bold to skin off her soaked skirt too. She dozed and wakened and slept again, and between naps she talked with Dan Evanoe while the rowboat passed from the mud line of Fraser River estuary to the blue of the Inside Passage. As if telling of someone else's troubles, she dished up a bunch of half truths for him, about her parents being dead and having no friends, and being unable to find a job. But she didn't tell him about her marriage, and least of all about her baby, for that was one grief she hadn't left in the deep water from which he'd dragged her.

Dan Evanoe asked no questions. At the end, he nodded.

"So you got nobody and nothing," he said. "Me neither, Maya. Only this little boat, which was my tender, and a couple dollars, and my license for commercial fishing." The voice, coming slow and kind from the bandages, carried a gentle reproof. "Still, you don't catch me yumping off any dock."

"What happened to you?" she asked him, not really caring. She had no interest in this Simple Simon fisherman, nor, since she'd been doing her best to get rid of her life, did she feel any special call to be grateful.

"A flash fire," he said. "Gas fumes exploded, my fine troller burned. A purse seiner brought me to hospital. Last night I yust up and walked out."

"What will you do?" she asked, and the bandages stirred to his grin.

"Catch salmon. Make money. Build me another boat—a forty-footer this time, a vessel, a little ship. Then we go to the good place I've found."

"We?" she said, sleepy again, warm in the rough blankets.

"You and me, Maya," he said. "If you want. I think it will be better if we hook up. That way we don't need to be lonely."

"Suppose you tell me about this place of yours," she asked him indulgently, and he told her, the oars dipping, the tide patting its hands like the ghost of a lost baby against the rowboat's stem.

"To find it," he said, "we go north. Up through the Seymours; then across and along to where Quanth River makes in. There is a tree the eagles like, tall and dead above tidewater. When the salmon run, the eagles sit there, whole families together, Maya, with the sun on their white heads. Up where the river flows fresh is a farm nobody lives on and a little house. When we get there, I fix that house up nice for you."

She was too listless to laugh at the big fool. In her bad year she had built up a casing of bitterness, and that, too, had survived the drowning water. She'd loved one boy and ended hating him for a poor, weak ninny, and the hate had spread to all men everywhere. But she did change Dan Evanoe's dressings in the fly camp he rigged on a Gabriola Island beach, and he thanked her, although she made a blundering and clumsy job of it. They ran Porlier Pass next morning in a cloud of gulls with a pod of blackfish for convoy. The killer whales frightened her with their six-foot-high dorsals and their windy sighing, but Dan laughed at her fear.

"You are safer than in the city," he comforted her. "Much safer, Maya, here in this boat with me."

The weeks and the islands dropped astern—Galiano, Saltspring, the Penders, Discovery where Dan Evanoe shed his bandages at last. His few dollars, spent grudgingly at the steamer landings, bought them the coffee no Scandinavian can live without, and a little food. The low-tide beaches and Dan's two hand lines—all that remained of his fishing gear—provided the rest. Late in May they drew down to the last of the Canadian islands, Little Kuno, near where the Inside Passage turns the corner to meet Juan de Fuca Strait. To the girl, numbed from many hours in the rowboat, Little Kuno seemed the ugly butt of creation, but Dan Evanoe was merrier than she'd yet seen him.

"Here we will make our start," he told her, hulking out of a rain squall with a giant's armload of drift for their fire. "Here we really fish, not for food, Maya, but for money. This is where spring salmon off the Swiftsure cross over to America." He crashed his load to the shingle, grinning like a boy who plans mischief. "Well, I think we will fetch a few of those salmon back!"

What he meant, of course, was poaching. I said as much to Maya while I worked to bevel off the shearing job I'd done. I had shortened her hair from below her shoulders almost to her ears by this time. The dyed clippings lay thick around the stump, and the sun had dropped into the alder tops cross-river. The eagles had come to their snag, half a dozen of them, and their white heads shone in the late light.

"This Scowegian of yours," I said, "he certainly don't hold with property rights. I know those waters. The United States

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Coast Guard watches them. It's a wonder you didn't get nabbed."

"We did," the girl said. She sat quiet under the shears, and I knew she was away south on the border, alone on Little Kuno with a viking born a thousand years late.

She had learned to spell at the oars and help in the camp work, but Dan Evanoe meant no more to her after those weeks of gypsying than he had on the first day. He treated her with a gentleness and a respect that she once would have found touching. She knew the boy was in love with her, but he never laid a hand on her, except maybe to help her over a weed-slick beach or to steady her when they changed positions in the boat. On Little Kuno, the island he'd come to, half blind from his gutted troller, he shored up a shack used long ago by Japanese codfishermen, beachcombed an oil drum for a heater and fitted store-bought stovepipe.

"Marry me now, Maya," he said to her huskily, after he had finished his work. The sea winds had tanned her and fetched the wave back to her hair. She had rounded out too; she was a right pretty girl again. "Across at Shell Cove is a preacher. Pretty soon, an hour or so, the tide wind dies ——"

She stopped him with a smile. "Look-ng like this?" she said lightly. "In these rags, Dan?" She thought, cynically, of telling him about the baby in the foster home in Vancouver, but the hurt was still there, she couldn't turn that grief to her purpose. Instead she touched a hand to her dyed hair, now auburn for an inch from the roots. "You mightn't like it, marrying a brunette and having her turn into a redhead. Wait till my hair grows out."

He took it as a promise, the foolish man, and left the matter there, rigging his leaky tarpaulin for a shelter and sleeping on dried eel grass with sand fleas for company.

The strait off Little Kuno isn't small-boat water, and the salmon that travel through are heavy and wild; strong fish to be handled from a powerboat with motor-driven gurdy spools and steel wire. Dan's cotton lines cut even his tough palms, but they caught fish, he and Maya slipping out at dawn to a bank where kelp streamed in a churning tide. The Canadian buyer north at Shell Cove didn't inquire where those thirty- and forty-pounders came from.

There were other boats, big, well-found American trollers out of the San Juans and the Olympic ports. But Dan Evanoe kept his distance, and if one of those others fished a near course, there was always a fog patch to ease into, or shoal water where a deep-drawing hull couldn't follow. He talked a lot about the good place upcoast and about the troller he planned to build, even going so far as to lay out sketches on brown paper. The wallet he carried so carelessly in his hip pocket grew fat; the girl watched their stake grow, and one day at Shell Cove, in mid-June, she shook free of Dan Evanoe long enough to buy a steamer ticket with what she'd scrimped from their grocery money.

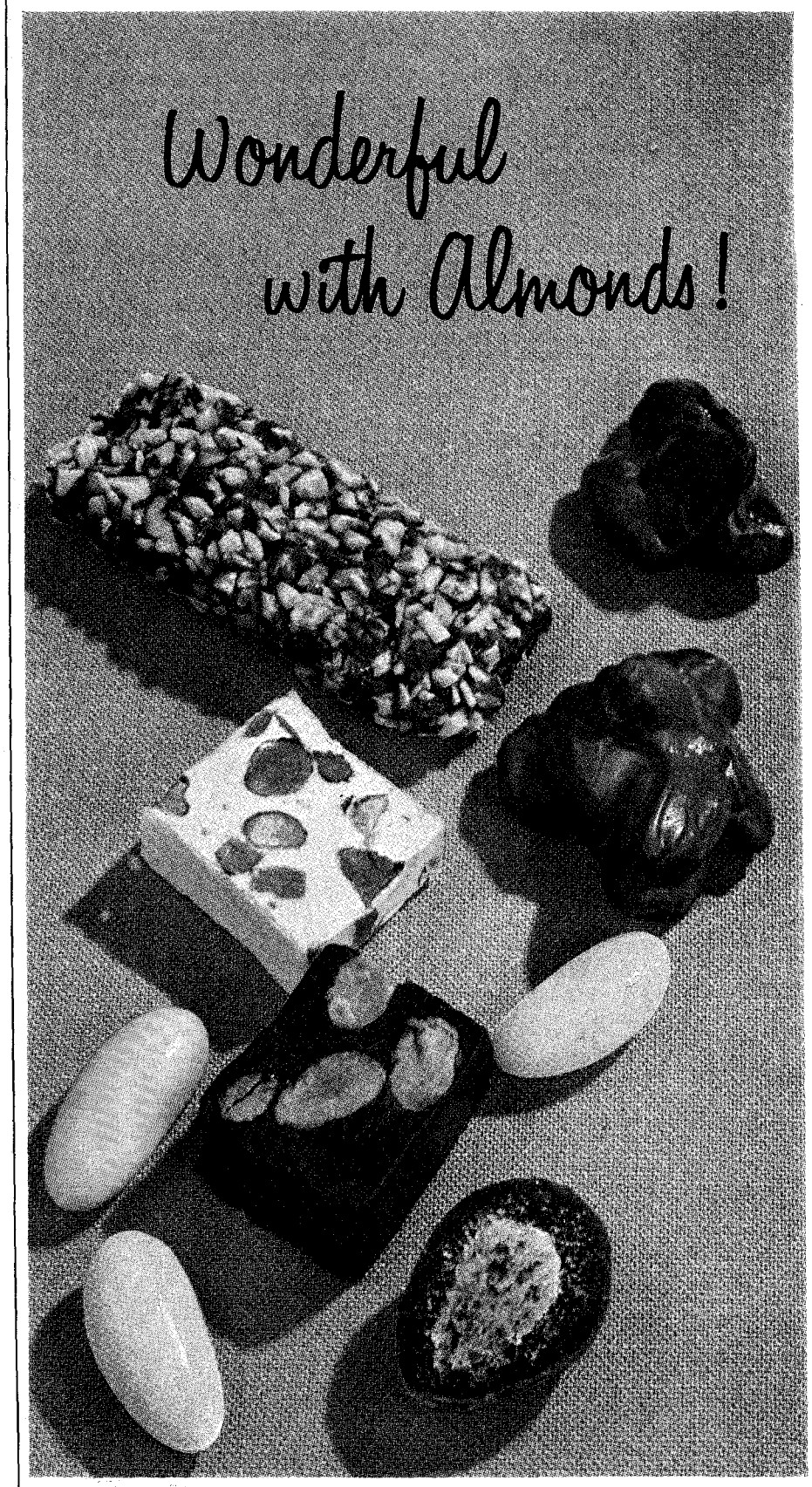
As she saw it, the picnic was over. Dan Evanoe might get to his upcoast river with its treeful of eagles and tumbledown farmhouse or he might wind up in a Washington jail. Either way, she didn't care. For herself, she had an inland town already picked, where she'd find a job and build a life of sorts again.

On a Friday morning—the steamer called at Shell Cove on Saturdays—she eased Dan's wallet out of his dungarees while he lay asleep in his leanto. She took the few dollars she figured she'd need, buttoned the bills into her shirt and replaced the wallet. Then she fixed breakfast and woke Dan, and they pulled out to the kelp reef.

Maya heard the killer whales before she saw them. The sound of their blowing drifted out of fog that stretched woolly white from the American shore. Dan Evanoe scowled, afraid the killers would spoil his fishing, but got his lines over and settled to row at the plodding pace which he could hold twenty-four hours at a stretch if need be. They heard horns several times, and once the hooter of some larger vessel cut loose. Dan listened with head cocked; if the Coast Guard happened to be nosing around, they could be into the fog in seconds. But when the hooter next sounded it was farther away, and right then a fish hit on the port line.

Maya took it. This salmon came easily, straight toward the boat as if the devil was at its tail. She had paddled perhaps ten yards of line inboard when the changed look on Dan's face, the sudden widening of his eyes, warned her. She saw

"You're right . . . it is warm!"



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a fin, thin and high, knifing the tide with a foam ruffle at its base. Under it, she guessed rather than saw the black torpedo bulk. Her salmon lunged violently, up to the surface and through it. Flukes flourished. There was a commotion greater than any tide boil, the line burned across her palms, whipped against the outwale and snapped.

Dan Evanoe's face reddened, and he shook a fist, cursing heartily in Swedish.

"The thief!" he exploded. "You see that, Maya? A thirty-pound spring salmon he takes at a bite! If I had me a rifle——"

The girl shuddered. She'd seen, all right. That glimpse of wicked eye and peg teeth set in rows, of thirty-foot length with the devil's own curlicues painted white along it, had been more than sufficient.

"I want to go in," she said, in a voice that wobbled in spite of her. "Please, Dan, let's go in!"

But Dan Evanoe shook his head. "We have another line," he said stubbornly. "Maybe that bull steals a fish or two, but he won't hurt people in a boat. I've seen many killer whales, Maya. You take my word for it."

He set their other line fishing. In the next hour, tide on the turn and fog still hanging off the bank, they took three good salmon. They heard the hooter a few times, but never dangerously close. Once the rapid slamming of a rifle came to them, flattened by fog, and Dan chuckled at the sound.

"Someone else, some American boy, has blackfish trouble," he said. "I think, with a magazine of slugs in him, that damned robber of a bull will now clear out."

Their next salmon was too heavy for quick hauling, a slow and powerful brute that took line in lazy surges, towing the rowboat, hogging his way along the bottom.

"Sixty pounds," Dan Evanoe said, standing with feet wide-braced. "Maybe seventy; or eighty even." His teeth flashed white; he was busy at the job he was born to, the work he loved, Coast Guard patrol and raiding killer whales forgotten. The waking breeze stirred his blond hair. Absently, thinking ahead to the Saturday steamer, the girl noted he'd popped another button off his ragged blue shirt.

The sea spoke to them from the murk off their port quarter. Sunlight burned through to wink on a redder vapor. The girl saw the periscope dorsal, the foam wrinkle and the oval slick that raced before it. The wounded killer bull fluked, throwing himself half out of water. He surfaced in the turmoil of his own making, then rolled again while the bloody mist of his blowing still hung in air. His dorsal chopped the sea, rising taller than Dan Evanoe's head, driving toward them on a short diagonal. The girl knew she was screaming—saw Dan in one continuing motion yank out his belt knife, slash the taut line and grab an oar.

The boat heeled to his single, violent thrust. Then the killer shouldered along it, tossing it as if it were a chip. Shocked beyond terror, Maya saw gear flying in a whirl of red spray. A fluke struck beside her with a cracking impact. She heard Dan bellow as the tide snatched her.

It was different this time. She wanted to live, she struggled for life against the weight of boots and clothing, gulping water, then air, then salt chuck again. A dim shape bunted her—the blackfish, she thought dazedly, in for the kill—then her face was clear and she floated with Dan Evanoe's arm crooked under her chin. Half drowned though she was, she had the wit not to struggle. Dan towed her, swimming with her on a down-tide slant toward the kelp that streamed in two-fathom water.

The spike fin towered behind them, quartering as if the rifle-peppered killer hunted on a scent. The bull settled on course, closing them fast, but Dan clawed them deep and still deeper into the kelp. At the edge of the reef the killer veered away. They hung in the slithery mat of bulbs and leaves. For the moment, they were safe, but their swamped boat bobbed far down the tide, and the water was killing cold.

The girl heard Dan's voice hoarse in her ear. She swung her head and saw more blood than water on his face.

"Hang on, Maya!" he gasped at her. "Yell loud! Someone will hear!" He was trying to smile at her; he muttered, "So we don't get to my good place, after all." Then she felt the strength slack out of him, and clamped her fist in his hair, fighting to hold him while she screamed for help that wouldn't come.

But it did come. She heard the hooter, sudden and near. Bows eased out of the fog. A voice answered her with a shouted, "Stand by!" and a life ring with line trailing splashed into the kelp.

The girl's scissors were dull, and what with that and listening with my mind only half on my work, I nicked her ear. She said, "Ouch!" and swiveled around on the stump.

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"All right, all right," I told her. "You expect a professional job, go to one of those beauty parlors. . . . So it was the devil or the deep blue, eh? And the United States Coast Guard got you."

"Yes," she said, "they got us, Mr. Nelson. They patched the cut on Dan's head. They gave us hot coffee and recovered our boat. Then they let us go."

"I don't believe it," I said; and she told me, "I couldn't believe it either."

Perhaps it was just because the evidence of poaching, their fish and fishing gear, had gone overside when the killer whale tossed them. Or it could be—although one doesn't look for softheadedness in official circles—that the Coast Guard chief who skippered that patrol vessel had kids of his own. Be that as it may, he chose to look on it as a simple case of shipwreck and distress. He turned them loose in their banged-up rowboat with a bawling-out to speed them home to Canada.

"Better if he'd taken us to jail," Dan Evanoe mumbled. He rowed steady and easy as always, but his voice was as dull as his eyes. Something had gone out of the big fellow, as if the spunk had drained from him along with the pint of blood he'd shed. "My wallet is lost, Maya. In the boat I put it in our tackle box as I most times do. It is sunk with the rest of our gear; we have less even than we started with." The glance he gave her was shamed and miserable. "I will take you to Shell Cove," he said. "Maybe you find a yob there. You don't get anywhere, hooked up with a clown like me, a stumble-foot that bad luck follows."

She huddled in the sternsheets, her hair still stringy from the wetting. Always, in their weeks together, Dan Evanoe had been the strong one. She'd leaned on him and drawn on his strength while nursing her own bitterness, and to see him like this was like a knife being twisted in her vitals. Something happened to the girl then, or maybe it had been happening for quite some time, and she'd just now come to know it. She put her hands on the fists that gripped the oars, and kneeling on the bottom boards, kissed Dan on the mouth.

"We've lost nothing," she told him. "Nothing we can't spare. You made me a promise and you'll keep it, Dan Evanoe. We're going to your good place."

"In what?" He tipped his chin at the boat bottom, where water seeped ankle-deep through stranded planks. "In a busted rowboat, Maya? A couple hundred miles?"

"In a busted rowboat, Dan," she told him, seeing the smile wake on his scarred face and the life come back to his eyes. "Only first you'll put in at Shell Cove and marry me."

I whisked the towel off her shoulders and shook it out. "Finished," I said to her, "and quite an improvement, although I say it as shouldn't. I still can't see why you didn't take these shears to yourself long ago."

"I made a bargain with myself," Maya said, "I decided that when it grew out I'd tell Dan about my baby."

"Well," I said, standing behind her, looking down at her bright head, "I'd judge you're overdue."

"I'm scared," she said, so soft I could hardly hear her. "Just plain scared. I love him so much, and it might make him—— He might feel differently about me." She turned and lifted her tear-marked face. "Please, Mr. Nelson. What should I do?"

The rowboat was well into the river mouth, shoving up against the current. I could make out Dan Evanoe's wide shoulders and yellow head without the help of any rifle 'scope. Down there, where the slough cuts back, I could see a boat in frame, a forty-foot skeleton of ribs and keel.

"I'm not the Almighty," I said. "I can't settle anything for you, young woman. Depends somewhat on how you feel about that child. If you don't want him——"

"But I do!" she cried at me. "Oh, I do!"

"Then you hike yourself up off that stump," I told her, speaking to her as if she were my own daughter for sure. "You just take yourself down to that float and tell him."

She went down the trail slowly, the way our Judy used to dawdle times her mother sent her to cut a gad. I watched while Dan Evanoe tied up. The thing I remember most is the boy had a hat in his hand, looked to be store-new. He stood quiet, staring at Maya while she spoke her piece. Then he roared out a laugh fit to chase the eagles from their tree, and skimmed that new hat halfway across the river, and swung the girl off the planking into his arms.

I've said it before and I'll say it again, so nobody gets a false notion. I'm no softy, not one of those like that Coast Guard skipper who'd catch a couple of poachers and turn them loose. My Herefords are ranging in Quanth River valley this very minute. Between seasons the Evanoes help me with them by way of payment on the mortgage I gave that pair. I've fixed myself living quarters in the barn, and when the children come pestering around, as they're all the time doing, I'm real strict with them. Only the other day I told young Danny—and you can bet he knows I mean it—that if I once more catch him lifting my gun off the pegs, he don't go deer hunting with me next fall.

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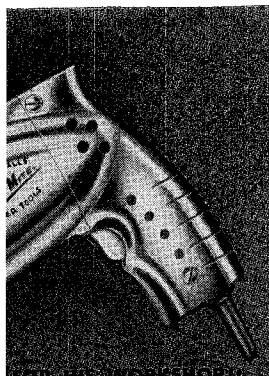

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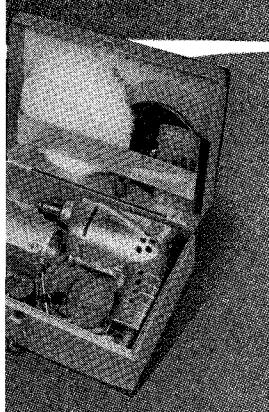

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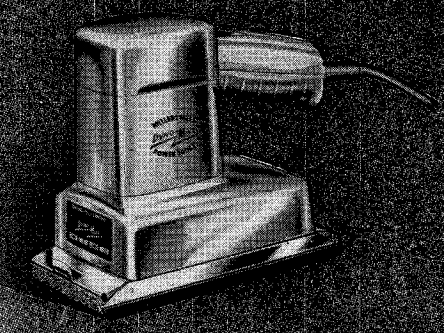

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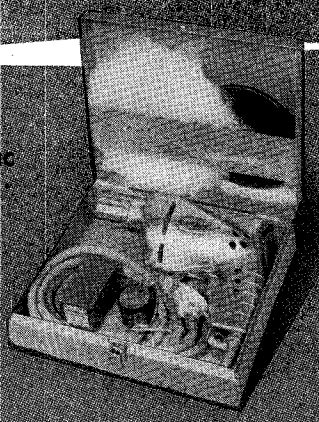

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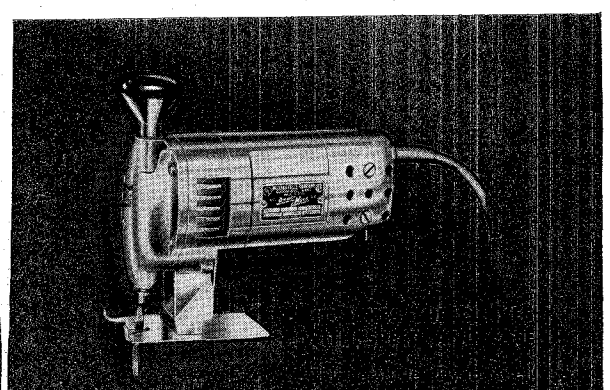

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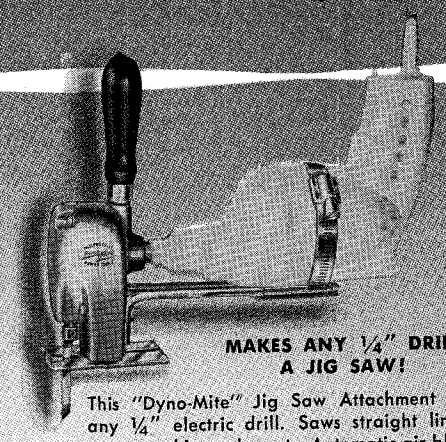

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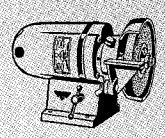

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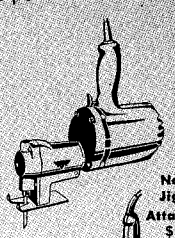

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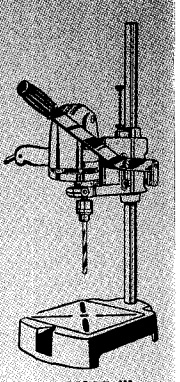

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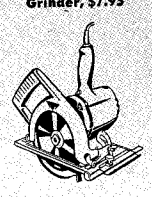

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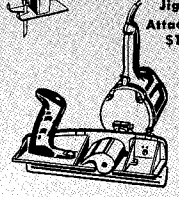

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Rebel in Concrete (Continued from Page 33)

Le Corbusier, whose real name is Charles Edouard Jeanneret, traces his lineage back to the Albigensian heretics of Southern France whose individualism was put down with a good deal of bloodshed eight centuries ago. His ancestors escaped and settled in the Alps, where, in due course, they became Protestants and Swiss. Charles' father was employed at hand-enameling the faces of Swiss watches in the watch-making center of La Chaux-de-Fonds.

Charles was a lad of thirteen in 1900, when he began, as an apprentice pupil in the local trade school, to do ornate engravings on the backs of watches for export to the South American markets. Before he was eighteen, however, he was building a house "in the Burgundian style" for the school's understanding principal, L'Eplattenier. From then on, the young man thought of himself as a born builder, and using his first fee to travel leisurely through Europe, looked in on various schools of architecture.

Schools seemed detestable to him. Settling in Paris, whose easygoing freedom he preferred to Switzerland's slow, plodding ways, he paid a friend five francs a week to teach him mathematics.

It was, for a young architect, a fruitful ıd exciting period. New notions and ew shapes were in the air. With the revulsion against ornate décor—Renaissance windows, Gothic gables, Roman porticoes, Egyptian columns, Grecian caryatids—came an enthusiasm for a new simplicity. Bold, revolutionary plans for human habitations were taking shape on Austrian and German drawing boards. Young architects the world over, helped by such innovations as reinforced concrete, which made it possible to shape bold cantilever profiles, were soon experimenting with the "functional" new style. In Paris, Charles served briefly as assistant to Auguste Perret, who had built France's first concrete structure.

But he was far too restless and intractable to contemplate a planned career. After a year in Germany and a seven-month walking tour across the Balkans and parts of the Middle East—he spent three weeks on the Acropolis, "acquiring the idea of irreducible truth"—Charles found himself once more in Paris; this time in the incongruous position of manager of a construction firm.

The business folded, sure enough, and the young genius was thrown back on his more natural talents, which included painting. He painted in the semi-abstract, tovepipe-and-guitar style which was then coming in. The group of promising young men with whom he conquered worlds at Left Bank café tables included Amédée Ozenfant, a cubist painter. In 1920 the two soul mates started publishing a magazine, L'Esprit Nouveau, in which they propagated radical ideas in the field of art. Charles signed his work "Le Corbusier," a name he had borrowed from an ancestor, and the new label was to stick. Most people have since known him as "Corbu."

It was his crisp, staccato writing in L'Esprit Nouveau that made Corbu a famous architect. "Architecture," he wrote, 'has nothing to do with the various styles.' The styles are to architecture what a feather is on a woman's head; it is sometimes pretty, though not always, and never anything more. Architecture has graver ends. . . . Mass and surface are the elements by which it manifests itself."

Accusing living architects of having put aside this classic rule, he then explained that structure, and not décor, made a building beautiful. The "great primary forms"—cubes, cones, spheres, cylinders or pyramids—were always the most beautiful, as every child and savage knew. What was reducible to these basic shapes was, in Corbu's opinion, good architecture; what wasn't, was bad architecture. Those of his contemporaries who were still "lost in the sterile backwaters of their foliage, their pilasters and their lead roofs," were told to look for inspiration to American grain elevators and factories, "the magnificent first fruits of the new age."

All this, in the early 1920's, was new. It had not been spelled out before. In 1925, when Corbu set up his own pavilion at the Paris Exhibition of Decorative Arts, his life-size model of a functional apartment created a sensation. Utility was the sole yardstick here, furniture was there to "equip," not to adorn, and what décor was needed "to evoke poetic reactions" consisted of beach pebbles, laboratory utensils, airplane models. Here was a new, stripped-down design for living which somehow corresponded to the spirit of the age.

Corbu already was in business. Together with a younger cousin, Pierre Jeanneret, he had set up an architectural firm in Paris. The partnership ended with World War II, but the small Left-Bank studio where the business began still serves as Corbu's headquarters. Located on the second floor of a Jesuit monastery, which was sequestered under France's anticlerical laws when Corbu rented it, it really is no more than a short, walled-off section of an ambulatory. The Jesuits, since readmitted, are glad to let the master co-exist.

In this secluded spot Corbu held forth. From the far corners of the world, young architects would come to be indoctrinated, and he put them to work as draftsmen. The business was not a runaway success. The private villas he designed, in the '20's and early '30's, were largely favors to fellow painters, sculptors and intellectuals. Gracing the leafy Paris suburbs, they have been objects of curiosity ever since they went up. These early works are good examples of Corbu's "plastic" style which gives a house a sculpture-like appearance. Some of them, including a three-story villa inhabited by Maxwell C. Elliot, Paris manager of the American Express Company, put dining room and kitchen on the top floor, bedrooms below.

A milestone, built in 1931–32, was the Swiss students' house in Paris' University City. This is a sharply cut, five-story slab of concrete, whose curving surfaces convey an optical illusion of hugeness. Actually, there are rooms for a mere fifty students, who live in functional simplicity. The building's principal characteristic, however, is the row of rough-cast concrete stilts on which it rests.

Stilts have been Corbu's trade-mark from the start, but it would not be fair to call them his invention. Houses were built on piles by prehistoric man, and you can find stilt villages today in places like the Philippines, where snakes and other pests make it desirable to live at a safe distance from the ground. Corbu's stilts have, however, a more complex function. Considering the massive hulk of a big building an obstacle to the pedestrian's free movement and unhampered view, he simply pulls the structure up by its own bootstraps, allowing promenaders to pass underneath and to enjoy the scenery.

Modern construction methods make this easy. Aesthetically speaking, the heavy concrete piles, made more unseemly by the imprint of the wooden boards that formed their sheath when they were wet, are anything but lovely. As for the space thus gained, alas, the public finds, instead of the familiar shops with their attractive windows, a damp and drafty nothing, favored by dogs and urchins. Still, as long as Corbu, the thinker, ordains stilts, Corbu, the builder, will design them. And his innumerable imitators, from Naples to Calcutta, will put their houses on Corbusian stilts.

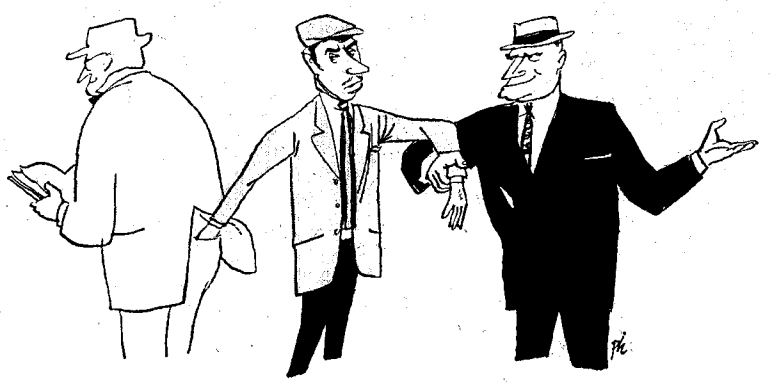
By 1930 Corbu's name already was well known. His grandiose project for the League of Nations Palace in Geneva, and its rejection by a narrow-minded board—on the pretext that the drawings were done in the wrong kind of ink—had caused a flurry of attention. Corbu was suddenly sought after as a lecturer and, for a while, expounded his philosophy to spellbound audiences in Europe and Latin America.

Among those interested in his radical approach was the Soviet Government, which asked him to construct a fitting building for its Ministry of Light Industry, containing office space for 3500 civil servants. Corbu drew up the plans and Moscow did construct the building. It was the biggest structure he had, until then, designed. Greatly encouraged, Corbu, in 1931, took part in a competition for a Palace of the Soviets, complete with a grand meeting hall for 15,000 people, a smaller hall seating 6000, and an outdoor meeting place for 50,000. But though he was informed his plans had won approval, the Soviets shortly afterward switched back to more "reactionary" forms of art, and built themselves a palace to their liking.

The pattern of his life, as it was now emerging, was not a happy one. Whether it was his mercilessly modern thinking or merely his unwillingness to get along with people, the public was more eager to listen to his talks and read his books than see him build his houses of the future. Cursed with a creative mind and bubbling over with ideas, Corbu was not exactly swamped with orders. Only three major projects, in the fertile '30's, came his way: the Swiss students' house, a dormitory for the Salvation Army in Paris, and the Ministry of Education and Public Health in Rio de Janeiro, on which he worked as a consultant and which, together with his books and lectures, established his dominion over South America.

Corbu, in 1930, had married Yvonne Gallis, a dark-eyed girl from Monaco, a good companion and a splendid cook. Spending half of his day in his monastery-studio, the other half painting, writing and theorizing in his suburban penthouse, Corbu was rapidly becoming the crotchety, irascible, lovable person he is today. He had founded his own, world-wide association, C.I.A.M.—Congrès International d'Architecture Moderne—whose meetings made ideal sounding boards for his Promethean fantasies. And as he pamphleteered, cajoled, conversed and lectured, he gradually warmed to the idea that he, Charles Edouard Jeanneret, was called upon to change the surface of the globe.

Even at the 1925 Paris decorative-art show, he had filled an annex of his stand with two enormous dioramas—one showing a utopian city of 3,000,000, the other a dramatic rearrangement of a large part of Paris. Involving concepts new to architecture which were, in Corbu's words,



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Dippy the pickpocket sidled up to a plump, prosperous-looking old man and slipped a probing hand into his hip pocket. Unfortunately for Dippy, the old man's wallet, containing several hundred dollars, was in another pocket. Worse still, a detective who had been watching him caught him with his hand still in the empty pocket. The district attorney charged him with attempted grand larceny, an offense involving half the penalty of successful grand larceny.

"Although there was no money in the pocket into which Dippy reached," the district attorney argued in court, "he not only intended to steal his victim's wallet but made an actual effort to do so. That adds up, under the law, to an attempt."

"You are trying to convict Dippy of an attempt to commit the impossible—to steal a wallet out of an empty pocket," defense counsel replied.

If you were the judge, would you free Dippy?

• •

Dippy went to prison. The court said a person may be guilty of attempting to commit a crime even though, for reasons unknown to him, he could not succeed in doing so.

Based upon a 1939 California decision.

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"the fruits of a mind preoccupied with the problems of the future," both projects proposed crowding city dwellers into sixty-story skyscrapers, standing on stilts and separated from one another by large patches of greenery. Traffic would move along straight, axial throughways.

In the three decades that have since gone by, Corbu has fought for his Utopolis with the fanaticism of his rebel forebears. He has inveighed against the bedlam and the idiocy of our cities, against "streets plunged into eternal twilight," showing the sky as "a remote hope far above." These "dislocated organs that no longer function," in his opinion, must be scrapped in order to make room for the Corbusian dream—the Radiant City of the future.

"A town," says Corbu, "is a tool." Sometimes by order of a mildly interested city council, more often on his own, Corbu has redesigned some famous cities in Europe, Africa and Latin America. What baffles him is that, in every case, not merely cost but sentimental factors argued against his plans. Why people should prefer to live in snug and crowded quarters where neighbor rubs against familiar neighbor, rather than in the lofty isolation of well-spaced sixty-story skyscrapers, eludes Le Corbusier as it would have eluded Robespierre had he turned city planner. As for historic landmarks, Corbu is willing to be generous: his Paris would retain the Louvre.

Arriving in New York in 1935 for an American lecture tour, Le Corbusier delighted the reporters by saying, "Your skyscrapers are much too small. They're too close together." The quip made banner headlines. Manhattan, though "the temple of the New World," was a far cry from his ideal city. The visitor was sorry, but it had to be done—New York would be replaced by something "just as noble, but efficient."

Surrounded by well-wishers and admirers throughout his tour, Corbu soon turned his chilly gaze upon our suburbs. Because the men commute, he pointed out, they and their wives were "running on different voltages." The family was cut in two. The remedy: abolish suburbs. "All cities are constructed inside out," he solemnly concluded.

Corbu has since perfected his hobby to the point where not an acre of the planet's habitable surface escapes the pickax of his mind. In the Corbusian universe, radiant skyscraper cities are connected by broad, bundled arteries of traffic—rail, air, road, canal; fast, medium, slow. There are no suburbs. Factories are arranged in a neat pattern on one side of the throughways between cities. Workers and managers are housed in dwelling units on the other side. The rest is wheat fields—doing nothing by halves, Corbu has spent many a week in the French countryside, and has come up with what he thinks is a good plan for rearranging the world's villages.

After the liberation, Le Corbusier, who had spent the war years thinking, but not building, was summoned by France's Minister of Reconstruction. The talk, Corbu has written, went like this: "What city are you working on?"

"None whatever."

"What building are you doing?"

"None whatever."

The upshot was a government order for the first self-contained Corbusian unit, a house for 1500 people in Marseilles.

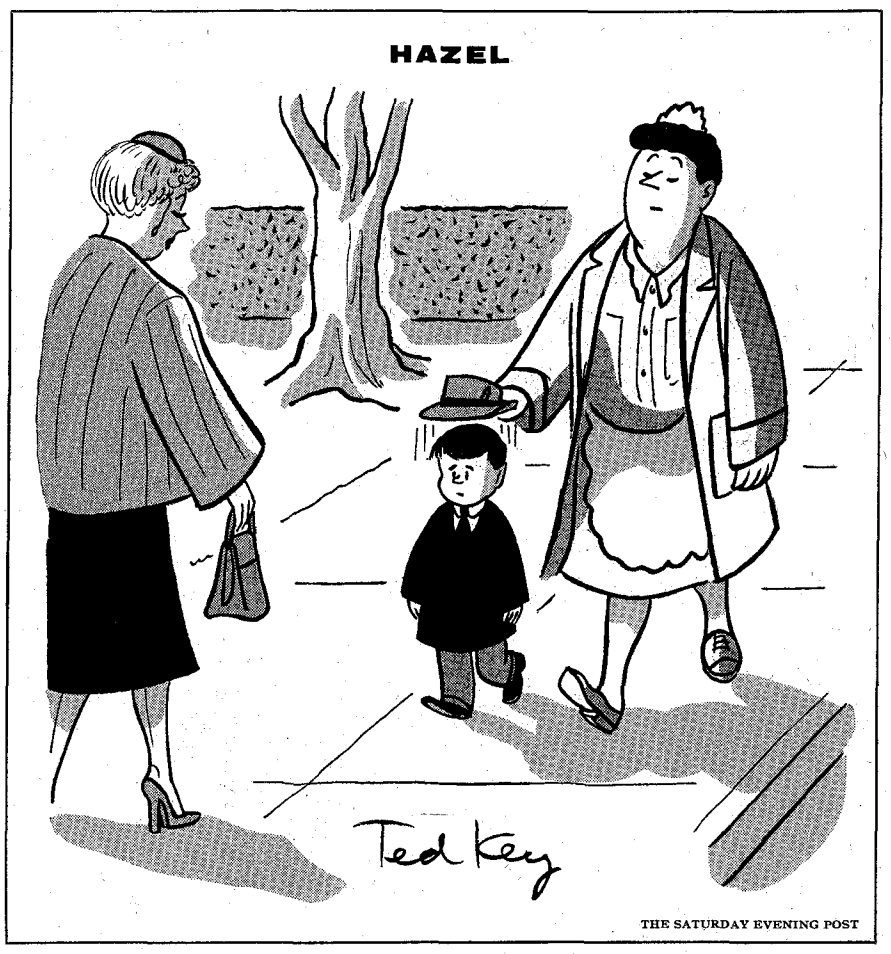
It proved quite an order. All through its long construction period, the seventeen-story, $6,000,000 building was the center of a raging argument. Meetings were held, articles written, petitions filed and resolutions passed, damning Corbu's experiment as unhygienic, impractical, a firetrap, a slum or merely ugly. No less illustrious a public body than the Council of State formally reprimanded the Minister of Reconstruction for having, on Corbu's request, suspended certain building rules; a prominent French psychiatrist declared the building would favor the outbreak of mental diseases; and Marseilles' leading hardware house refused to furnish locks for Corbu's unit, for fear of ruining its reputation.

Today, the visitor to the gay city of bouillabaisse and Mediterranean sunshine finds his way lined with signs directing him to the *Unité d'Habitation Le Corbusier*—the local populace refers to the establishment as *la Maison du Fada*—the nuthouse. Rising abruptly from the windswept coastal landscape outside the city proper, the long gray structure looks surprisingly like a big ship ready to steam out to the warm blue sea which shows on the horizon. Inside, the compact little flats themselves are shipshape, laid out with the economy of steamer cabins.

With total disregard for the established ways of Old World France, Corbu has done away with cozy nooks and corners. The kitchenette blends into the combined living-and-dining room; the bedroom is an open gallery where people must undress in public, so to speak. Like passengers on a large ocean liner, the tenants should find most of life's necessities within a few steps from their doors. There is an "indoor street" for shops and restaurants, and a café, an auditorium and a renting library are to be found on deck. The tenants have, in fact, but few complaints, and one distinguishes, in listening to them, a certain pride at living in a test tube.

From Corbu's point of view, the building is a compromise. Ideally speaking, it should be three times as high, and there should be nine or ten other units, scattered across a landscaped surface reaching to the sea and forming a Corbusian city of the future. Nevertheless, he looks at the experiment as a successful demonstration of his favorite theory. His seven-acre plot holds just as many people as one would find on seven acres in a crowded city. But here only one tenth of the green grounds is occupied—and even that one tenth can breathe because the building stands on stilts.

When, in 1946 and 1947, plans for a headquarters of the United Nations were taking shape in the United States, it was no more than logical that France wanted its foremost architect to be in on the preparations. Corbu spent several months in New York City, first as a member of the U.N. Site Committee and later as a member of a team of ten consultants headed by the U.N.'s chief architect, Wallace K. Harrison, of the United States. He came up with a clean-cut project which, to him, was the end result of his own painful evolution. Unfortunately, he was never asked to take part in the actual construction, and though the huge glass sandwich on Manhattan's East Side sticks closely to his scale model, Corbu has called the building "questionable." He would have given it at least some stilts.



The whole affair has left Corbu extremely bitter.

"They told me," he recalls, "I should have been more diplomatic. Sure, they were right."

However, the publicity connected both with this project and with the "Scandal of Marseilles" gave him the mighty shove he needed. He has been overwhelmed with orders ever since—among them one he had been waiting for some forty years: he was commissioned to create a city.

The Hindu state of East Punjab, carved out of the Indian subcontinent in 1947, needed a capital to house a hoped-for 500,000 people. Le Corbusier was asked to lay it out in a vast, empty plain south of the Himalayas, and build a capitol complex consisting of four large administration buildings. This project, known as Chandigarh, is, without doubt, the biggest thing Corbu has ever touched. True, it is not a "Radiant City"—the houses will be small, one and two family affairs—but there will be a revolutionary traffic pattern made up of seven types of roads, from V-1—for *voie*, or route—throughways down to V-7 bicycle-and-pedestrian paths. Corbu keeps worrying about his Indian venture, and twice a year flies out there to inspect the site and overawe the flock of youthful Hindu architects to whom the project has become a kind of graduate school. Already Corbu's style is being emulated throughout India, and he may in the end transform the face of the subcontinent as he has changed the face of South America.

Surveying Corbu's latest projects, one finds him moving forward steadily along the line of analytic reason. A hospital he is now building in Normandy is based on a new plan designed to give the patient a greater feeling of security and comfort. An art museum he is putting up in Tokyo makes use of a square spiral pattern, so that it may expand *ad infinitum* as the contents grow. A monastery he is building near Lyons for the Dominicans provides a novel frame for contemplation. He recently completed a chapel in the foothills of the Vosges Mountains whose massive roof recalls a nun's coif. He is constructing an improved edition of his Marseilles prodigy in West Berlin. And he is building a Corbusian settlement, containing 2000 apartments in five units, at Meaux, a growing town not far from Paris.

Though Corbu likes to occupy his mind with tricky problems—he has devised elaborate "sunbreakers" to keep his buildings cool, and he is the inventor of the "modulor," a measure reconciling foot and meter—he keeps away from the more humdrum aspects of his calling. He usually lets a project gestate in his mind for several weeks, and he will sketch, when labor pains set in, on anything that's handy, preferring, as a rule, the backs of envelopes.

What he comes up with looks like the crude crayon drawing of a ten-year-old. Done in four colors on transparent paper, this first design shows what he calls "the organism" of the thing. Details, such as staircases, façade, and so forth, are worked out later in the cloister by Corbu's team of five apprentices—a Greek, a Hindu, a Venezuelan and two Frenchmen. And, finally, the finished project is handed to André Wogenscky, a talented young architect who has been Corbu's partner since the war, and who knows how to haggle with construction men.

Now sixty-nine, Le Corbusier still crams as much into a working day as it will hold. Working away all morning at the cloister, he spends the afternoon at home painting or writing. His barnlike penthouse studio is cluttered up with books, notes, paint jars, Corbu's wood carvings and stacks of Corbu's paintings. He can be found up there most of the time, stooping over a giant drawing board which he has rigged up on two chairs to form a table. A pitch-black cocker keeps him company.

Although he likes to eat, drink and be merry with companions, his own rough manner has thinned out the circle of his friends. Corbu makes up for it by reading poetry. Not rich—the architect, in France is relatively poorly paid—he is austere in his personal habits, dresses carelessly, does not go in for entertainment, and spends his summers with his wife in a one-room hut on the Riviera.

An individualist himself, Corbu will never understand why people call him a promoter of collective living. "To live in a huge, teeming house, with neighbors on your right and left, on top and underneath," he said the other day, "—is there a better way to enjoy privacy?"

The pros and cons of his machines to live in, the pros and cons of modern architecture as a whole, are likely to be weighed for many years to come. Le Corbusier could not care less—or so he says. Whatever the historic verdict, he knows that he is likely to be mentioned among the men who left their thumbprint on the twentieth century. THE END

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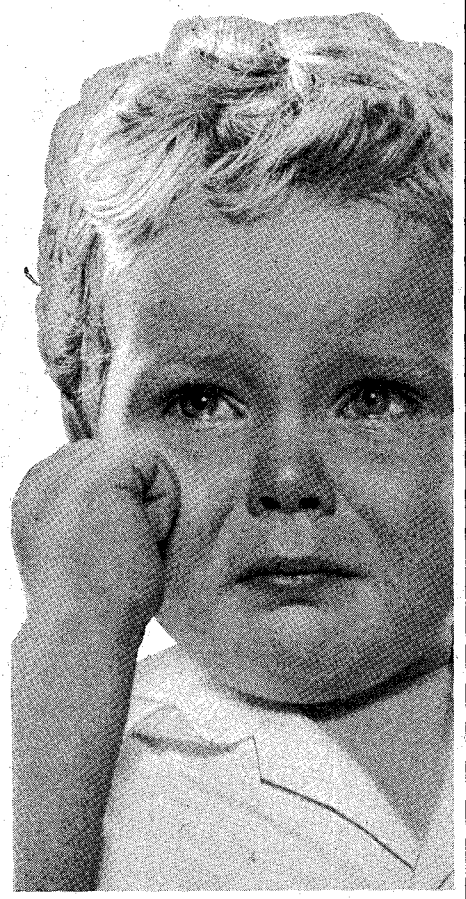

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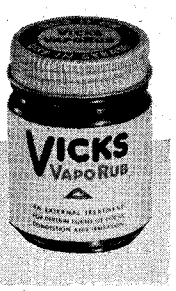

World's Most Trusted Colds-Medication

Keeping Posted

John Toland, Biographer of Dirigibles

John Toland and his young people, Marcia and Diana.

When John Toland was a boy, he saw the dirigible Shenandoah fly by, and he never got over being fascinated by those great ships of the air. One day, when he was older, he watched the Hindenburg swing serenely over New York City. A few hours later she went up in flames at Lakehurst, and so did an era of flying.

Toland presently acquired a second fascination, writing, and an author advised him, "To be a good writer, see all you can of your country." So the young man, then attending Williams College, spent four summers hitchhiking on freight trains all over the map, rendering himself soot-black doing so. One night, finding himself in Danville, Illinois, after riding a banana express from New Orleans, he presented himself at the door of his grandmother, and when that startled lady finally discovered a relative inside the soot, her emotional greeting was, "John! Is this *really* necessary?" It evidently was; he became a good writer.

Last year Toland's two fascinations got married—he decided to write a piece about the last hours of the dirigible Hindenburg. When a publisher, Henry Holt, suggested that instead he do a book recording the whole tragic panorama of dirigible aviation, he thought that was fine. First he experimentally tackled the Hindenburg section, researched for seven weeks, then suddenly had nightmares nearly all night for three straight nights. To get the nightmares out of his system, he sat down and, in a day and a half, wrote the first draft of the double-length story that opens on page 23. Later, as fresh information rolled in, he rewrote the story thirteen times before submitting it to the Post. His completed book, which comes out in February, definitely has the feel of a winner.

The Hindenburg story reads as though Toland went right through the disaster himself with many different people. In retrospect, he did; all told, for his book, he interviewed 350 persons and corresponded with 150 others. This mighty research began with talks with former Hindenburg-ground-crew members at Lakehurst Air Station; then, from person to person, it snowballed all over America and Europe. A richly helpful source finally turned up in Frankfort, Germany—Capt. Max Pruss, of the Hindenburg, and his son, Klaus. Toland comments sadly, "They still sturdily champion the dirigible as a practical aircraft."

Toland lives in Red Bank, New Jersey, and he and his youthful daughters, Diana and Marcia, have fun climbing New Hampshire mountains—usually, that is. Last summer they tried a peak which has three ladders riveted up the face of a rock wall; thousands of climbers had found them perfectly safe. The girls went up first, but when Toland reached the top of the third ladder, it began to break loose and Diana grabbed his arm. Toland yelled for her to let go, as he was pulling her over. She wouldn't. The father, finding a foothold, shinnied on up, and the ladder fell forty feet.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"New War on Hit-and-Run Killers"

"If you want to murder somebody and get off easy, hit 'em with a car," says a policeman bitterly. Read how Chicago is warring on hit-and-runners who are killing or maiming adults and children.

They Called Him the Flying Photographer

When Gus Pasquarella was a photographer for the old Philadelphia Ledger, he routinely covered arrivals of the airship Hindenburg in Lakehurst, but on May 6, 1937, he took special pains to have his camera get on the dirigible just as her nose came to the mast for the final tie. On her previous arrival, she had made a rather poor landing, and reporters had helped by grabbing the ropes; and now Pasquarella was alert—just in case. Then there was an explosion—"it was a suction-sound *whoof!*"—and a stunning upward whirl of flame. The photographer did what comes naturally, and his famous picture on page 23 later was used in Navy probes as the one taken nearest to the instant of the explosion.

In the unearthly seconds that followed, Pasquarella made historic photos of the holocaust as you can see on pages 24 and 25. Presently, fearing that naval-reservation officials might decide to impound all films at the gate, he hid the holder of his first photo inside his shirt and skipped for his office—no trouble at the gate. His worried office mates, who, until he arrived, hadn't known whether he was alive or dead, sat the dazed fellow down and gave him a drink while his brother Don—now with the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin—and others processed his films. Soon everybody was walloping him on the back. His boss yelled, "You've done it again!"—referring to the fact that Gus (then known as "the flying photographer") had previously made other renowned disaster pictures.

The Flying Photographer in 1938.

Early in Pasquarella's Ledger career, he learned to fly, his teacher being the famous stunt flyer, Jack Weyman, now an official of Eastern Air Lines. Pasquarella flew his own plane with a camera clamped to the fuselage; he would throttle the engine to stop vibration, glide down "into" a picture, and click! In 1933 when the airship Akron broke up off the Jersey coast, he hitchhiked out in a Coast Guard plane and made pictures of the struggle to save lives. In 1934, with Jack Weyman piloting, he made famous photos of the burning of the SS Morro Castle; he says, "Thirty miles offshore, in an open cockpit biplane, visibility one mile in a nor'easter—quite a trip."

Gus Pasquarella, modern version.

The big war brought five years of worse trips, mostly photographing the Pacific fighting; he rose from naval-aviation ensign to lieutenant commander and logged twenty-four Pacific crossings as a plane commander. While on terminal leave, he got his first Post assignment and he has long been one of Photography Editor Borgstedt's stars. Gus and his wife live in a Philadelphia suburb when he isn't on a trip. With 8000 flying hours, he is slowing down some on piloting, but he does enough for a commercial license—just in case.

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